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STATUE OF GUSTAVUS WASA.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o VI.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE public places of Stockholm are ornamented with numerous statues in bronze. In a former article I have described the statue of Gustavus III. by Sergel. There are also statues to Gustavus Adolphus and to Charles XIII., as well as to the great liberator of Sweden, Gustavus Wasa. The history of the last-named sovereign presents, perhaps, more of interest to the American public than

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that of any other Swedish monarch. It is full of strange adventure and romantic incident. Now we find him laboring as a peasant among the mountains of Dalecarlia, pursued by the emissaries of Christian II.; at times indebted for his life to the heroism and presence of mind of the Dalecarlian women; or again, haranguing the Dalesmen, and exciting them to revolt against the tyrant; at last, sovereign of the country, and founder of a long line of kings. I have, therefore, furnished an illustration of the statue of this remarkable man, whose history we shall hereafter trace during our wanderings in Dalecarlia.

The equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, I have before remarked, is in no way creditable, as a work of art, to Sweden's capital, or to the name of him in whose honor it was erected.

Occupying the center of the largest square in Stockholm is a statue to Charles XIII., erected by the late king. This work seems peculiarly obnoxious to the people. A sentinel is stationed continually near it to preserve it from their attacks. It was certainly in bad taste for the late king to have forced this statue upon the citizens of Stockholm. The unprincipled selfishness and treachery of Charles XIII. are but too fresh in the minds of many. He was the immediate antecedent of Bernadotte, and, consequently, lived within the memory of some of those who are now upon the stage of life. In fact, there are many persons here who believe that Charles XIII. instigated the assassination of his brother, Gustavus III., in order to succeed to the throne. Besides this, there are numerous other acts which cast a deep shade upon the history of his reign.

MIDSUMMER'S FETE.

For two or three days previous to this joyous festival an uncommon degree of bustle had been visible in Stockholm. On the evening immediately preceding it all seemed animation. An unusually brisk trade had been going on during the whole day in the market-place, reminding one somewhat of the day before Christmas in Germany.

In the morning a servant at the hotel reminded me, with a peculiarly happy expression of countenance, that to-morrow was midsummer's *fête*, and on my way home in the evening I saw an uncommon number

of persons who evinced, by their unsteady steps, that they had indulged a *little too much* in *brandy-vine*, as the drink of the common people is termed here. The children, also, whom I met in my walk, wore unusually joyous faces, and many of them were burdened with toys; among these I observed a sort of midsummer's tree, of a similar character to those used in Germany at Christmas time.

Speaking of the unsteady steps which I encountered on my way homeward, this is by no means an unusual sight in the Swedish capital. After having wandered over most of the countries of Europe, I am decidedly of the opinion that in no other are habits of drunkenness more visible to the traveler. On the first of May in each year is another festival, when the people are allowed to get as drunk as they please, and the civil officers are supposed to take no notice of it. On this occasion one of the peculiar customs is that of lighting fires on the highest points of the hills, around which the people assemble and carouse. In fact, the license given at this time is taken due advantage of by many. Miss Bremer has given a very interesting account of this *fête* in her "Life in Dalecarlia," and a glowing description of the picturesque effect of the *Valborg-mass* fires among the mountains, at the head of the beautiful Lake of Silja.

The morning at last arrived, midsummer's *fête*; the air was fresh, but mild, and not a cloud visible. In Sweden there is not, perhaps, a day in all the calendar which is anticipated with so much interest as this. Business is entirely suspended; almost every house, and particularly all the public places, are decorated with fresh boughs of birch. At various points in the country a pole is erected, and adorned with considerable care, around which the people dance, reminding one of the old English custom upon the first of May. In some places the most beautiful young lady of the parish presides as the bride of midsummer's *fête*, resembling also the old English rural custom of crowning the Queen of May.

From the very earliest hour of the day, the people commenced going into the country. No less than seventeen steamers left the docks during the morning for various excursions, and many faces looked out from among the throng of passengers full of joyous anticipations.

The Djurgard during the whole day presented a scene of uncommon life and animation, although by far the greater portion of the citizens sought scenes more removed from the capital. The Dalecarlian boatwomen were exceedingly busy, notwithstanding the crowds which had left by the steamers. Their little crafts were adorned with fresh twigs of birch, and their costumes even more striking than I had seen them upon any previous occasion. They labored hard throughout the day, and when I returned at evening, they still wore the same happy, good-natured faces; which, indeed, they seem never to put aside.

I have nowhere before visited a people who are so fond of out-door life as the Swedes during the summer. It is quite useless ever to think of finding any one *at home*. The whole season is like a complete *gala day* to the people. But why should not the glorious reign of the summer's sun produce in the North a feeling of perpetual joy unknown to more southern lands? Their summer may be termed but a fitful gleam of light, brilliant as is the effect of a meteor, and almost as suddenly settling into darkness.

The midsummer's day, to the people of the North, is, indeed, a glorious festival; but it only serves to remind them that now the days begin to shorten, and soon they must expect the long nights and chilling blasts of winter. The flower which blooms to-day in such peculiar gladness and beauty—for no flowers are more beautiful than those of the North—disappears almost as suddenly as it comes. So to summer and its festive days, succeeds the gloom of winter. It is melancholy to think how speedily these delightful days will give place to the *long night* of winter, and the ice and snow lock up these beautiful sheets of water, now exhibiting such fullness of life. But in our own existence the night soon succeeds to day. It is a poetical idea, that inculcated by the Edda, that "death is but the passing away to another light." I wonder that the Northern mythology had not taught that life beyond the grave was a perpetual summer.

There is, I think, a peculiar fondness among the Swedes for keeping up all old festivals which have been handed down to them. There is one singular custom on midsummer's day still kept up in some

parts of the country: that of throwing a piece of money into certain wells as an offering to the divinity which presides there; a practice said to date even further back than the time of Odin. Again, in some portions of the interior, the peasant still leaves his sheaf of grain, when he is harvesting, for Odin's horses.

As I write, the bell of a neighboring church tower strikes the hour of eleven, and yet I have not lighted candles, which are, however, required for the next two hours; at half-past one they are no longer necessary, as the glow of light in the east soon expands into the full glory of day. The steamers and small boats are returning from the environs with numerous passengers; but many will remain to dance about the May Pole, and to salute the sun on his appearance. This is an old custom, doubtless coming from the pagan age. But when the Swedes, on midsummer's night, make the resolve ~~that they~~

"Will dance all night
Till broad daylight,"

there is nothing very formidable in a literal accomplishment of the vow.

BELLMAN, THE POET.

THE Stockholmers have another rural *fête*, which occurs annually on the 26th of July. This festival is celebrated in the Djurgard, in the immediate vicinity of the bust of Bellman, the people's poet, who has been often termed the Burns of Sweden. On this occasion the people assemble about the bust of their favorite poet, which occupies a beautiful position in the park. Here are performed his songs, and many of his musical compositions. There is also a dinner served in the open air, near the monument, and toasts are drank to the memory of the poet; after which is a ceremony of crowning the bust with a wreath of laurels.

There is something very enchanting in many of the Swedish native airs; but I think none of them are more pleasing than some of Bellman's compositions. The Swedes delight in many anecdotes of this strange and wayward genius. A reckless, generous-hearted, *scapegrace* of a fellow, he seems to have been. His talents as an improvisatore were very remarkable; many of his finest songs are said to have been produced in some of his drinking frolics, on which occasions per-



DELLMAN'S BUST.

sons would follow him to some low drinking house or cellar, and write down the words and music, as composed by him, on the spot, and performed extempore, and usually when he was a good deal the worse for drink. At these moments, it seems, both the genius of poetry and music were particularly with him; and his productions are said to have been more brilliant on such occasions than at any other period. The world is ready to apologize for a life of reckless dissipation in a great and erratic genius. But how melancholy at times to contemplate the prostitution of talent which the beneficent Creator has bestowed upon us for higher and nobler aims.

The Scandinavians appear very fond of drinking to the memory of the departed. At the university class-meetings of the graduates it is always customary to drink to the memory of the deceased members of the class, each one's name, and perhaps peculiar claims upon the regard of his remaining circle of acquaintances, being brought forward by some one of his most intimate friends. The ancient Scandinavians were in the habit of drinking to the health of their gods before the introduction of Christianity. Odin, who received the spirits of those who departed this life

worthily, Thor the thunderer, and Baldu the meek and beautiful, were always remembered on occasions of festivity, and their healths drank. After the introduction of Christianity the priests were quite unable to suppress this old practice, which had become as firmly ingrafted into the hearts of the Scandinavian people as had their fondness for horse flesh, into their appetites. And it was only by a compromise which permitted them to drink to the health of the one God, in place of the numerous ones of their old mythology, that the people would consent to give up this custom.

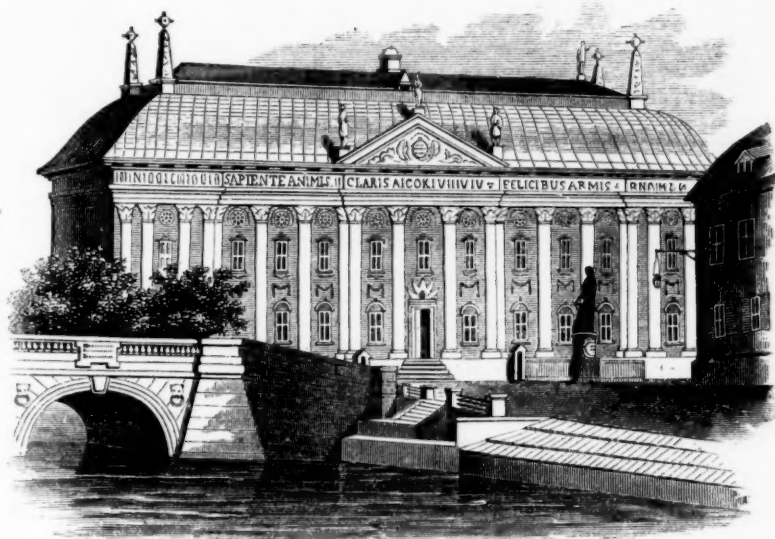
THE SWEDISH DIET.

THE Riddarhus, or house of the assembly of nobles, is a handsome structure; but its internal arrangements can scarcely be said to compare favorably with some of our own representative halls in the different states. The ceilings are lofty, and the walls literally covered with shields of nobles who are entitled to a seat in the house. The whole number of the Swedish nobility amounts, at the present time, to nearly fifteen thousand; but it is only the head of each noble family who is entitled to his seat and vote. He, as the senior, represents all derived from the same family

tree, without election. Of these heads of families, there are something more than twenty-five hundred who are entitled to seats here. But at the present time it is rare for more than five hundred members to take their places in the diet. This may be accounted for from the fact, that there are numerous noble families, whose heads are by birth entitled to a seat, but who have become so reduced by poverty that they never avail themselves of the privilege. The king has the power to create as many nobles as he pleases, raising them to the rank of counts, barons, &c.

The titles of count, countess, &c., meantime, do not belong exclusively to

the senior representatives of the different families. But each noble sends his brood of children abroad into the world, with the same title which he holds himself. He may have half a dozen penniless sons, and as many daughters, who start upon the journey of life without sufficient means to secure for them a subsistence, and sometimes without as much of a *setting out* as a farmer in comfortable circumstances would be able to provide for his children in the United States. And yet they go forth into the world rejoicing in the high-sounding titles of count, countess, &c. Consequently, one may occasionally see a count or countess re-



THE HOUSE OF NOBLES.

duced to such extremities as to be compelled either to emigrate from the country, or to seek here means of support which must necessarily be extremely galling. In Stockholm I heard the names of scions of some very ancient and noble families, who are engaged in commercial and other pursuits in the United States.

But to return to the Swedish Diet. This is composed of four separate chambers, that of the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants. Every measure must of necessity pass through each chamber separately, and is adopted or rejected by the plurality of chambers.

Leaving the House of Nobles, I pro-

ceeded to the House of the Clergy, from thence to the House of Burgesses, and afterward to the House of Peasants. In the House of Nobles I remarked the elegant *negligé* of manner, and the quiet and collected bearing so peculiar to this class of men in all European countries. In the House of the Clergy the seats were more luxurious in their fitting up than those in the House of Nobles. Here all were draped in black. The clergy were a calm, dignified, and intellectual-looking body of men.

In the House of Burgesses the contrast with the other two houses was striking. The calm dignity which characterized



STREET VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

more or less the other assemblies, was here changed for a bustling, business-like manner, and a certain restlessness of proceeding which reminded one somewhat of "change" hours in Wall-street.

In the House of Peasants I found a more intelligent-looking body of men than I had anticipated from what I had previously learned of the condition and character of the peasantry of Sweden. There were, indeed, countenances which resembled much some of those sensible, hardy, and substantial ones which we see in our own state legislatures—men who have left the plow to come to the halls of legislation. But I looked in vain for persons of that superior cast who usually make up a portion of our state legislatures. Here all seemed "of the earth, earthy."

ARCHITECTURE OF STOCKHOLM.

It appears strange that the fine models in architecture which Count Tessin has bequeathed to the Swedish people should have failed to excite some little architectural taste among them. Yet, as a whole, Stockholm is most lamentably destitute of taste in its buildings; the few speci-

mens which I have given, in my illustrations of the Swedish capital, embrace the majority of those which have the slightest claim to architectural elegance. Among these the palace unquestionably ranks first. In the environs, with the exception of royal establishments, there are no villas of any considerable size; in fact, none that would compare favorably with residences which one usually finds in the United States, in the vicinity of interior cities or towns, of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. Lake Malar presents many beautiful sites for villas, few of which are occupied, and of those residences upon its shores in the vicinity of the capital, scarcely any can be said to give a pleasing effect to the landscape. In the Djurgard are a few villas, among which I would mention that known as Bystrom's villa, and another, a charming little spot, occupied by Mr. Dué, the minister of state for Norway, a gentleman well known to strangers in Stockholm for his kindness and hospitality.

The street architecture of the city is particularly deficient. The buildings in general present an appearance singularly bare and almost entirely destitute of any-

thing to relieve the eye. The private houses are so arranged that people live almost entirely upon flats, with a general entrance, and sometimes a carriage drive through the house, common to all the inhabitants of the building.

RAMBLES IN THE ENVIRONS.

PERHAPS no other European capital is so rich in varied places of resort for the people as Stockholm. I refer more particularly to the parks and gardens, which are very numerous in the environs, and are the constant resort of the middle and lower classes.

Most important are these breathing places to the health and cultivation of the poorer classes. The charms of nature are always humanizing and refining in their effect upon the very worst. They must serve to produce, or rather to rekindle, some spark of the divinity, however dim it may be, which still lingers in the breast. There are few so lost to harmony, that their souls will not bound within them, as the ear catches the sweetly warbled bird-notes among the forest trees, even though they may be unable to appreciate the most brilliant mechanical performances of an orchestra, or the highly cultivated and artificial notes of a *prima donna*.

Every day I discover some new charm in the beautiful deer park which induces me to repeat my visit. Some wild nook or corner, where it is easy to forget the neighborhood of a large city, and to imagine one's self in some far-off wilderness, remote from the busy din of life. Here every variety of scenery is included; ancient forest trees, picturesque rocks, wild glades, and an occasional tiny bay, which adds greatly to the beauty of the scene.

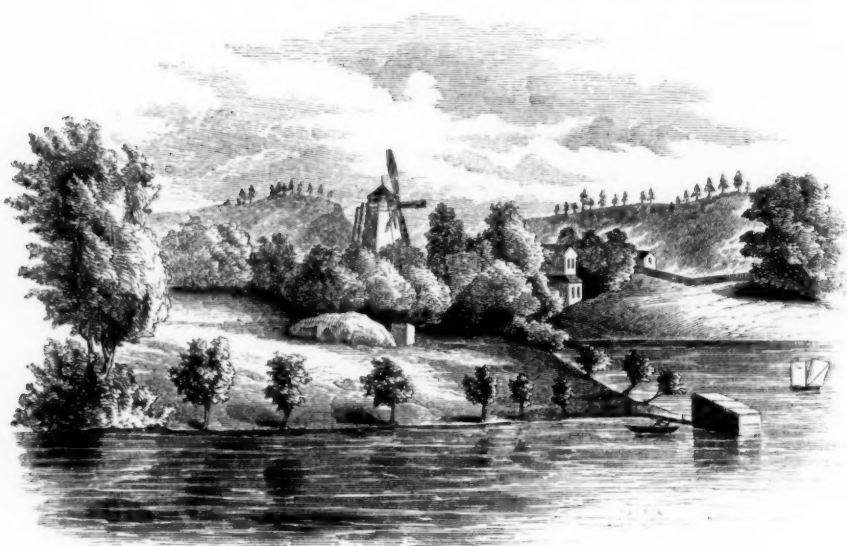
From the Deer Park I extended my walk, one afternoon, to Haga Park, where I found an immense crowd of people, collected to witness the elevation of a new bust of the late Prince Gustave, the second son of the king. The day being fine, and the people so fond of every *spectacle*, I found the park almost literally a mass of human beings. The motto, or, at all events, the practice of the present excellent sovereign is one which acknowledges among his duties as a king, the importance of the old French maxim, "*Il faut pour le roi qu'il amuserait le peuple*." I know not whether the character of "the

French of the North," as Voltaire has termed the Swedes, renders this policy as important to a Swedish sovereign as it has ever seemed to be in France.

Upon no other occasion had I observed so much display in equipage. The carriages of the court and of the nobility were generally out, and flaunting liveries, remarkable for their ponderous buttons of brass, were to be seen in all directions. Some few of the equipages were in good taste, and very complete, but far more presented laughable contrasts, in their gay liveries and indifferent carriages, with still poorer horses. In fact, with considerable real style, there was at the same time a kind of mimic grandeur, which was rather theatrical in effect. Two excellent bands of music were employed for the occasion. The Swedes as well as the Germans are passionately devoted to music.

In a previous article I have remarked that the greater portion of the really arable land in the vicinity of Stockholm is occupied by royal parks. Much of the land about the city is broken and rocky. There are many large tracts which present little or nothing to the eye but solid masses or ledges of rock, so that a fertile patch appears, indeed, like an oasis in the desert.

But the almost entire possession of these beautiful tracts by the crown, is far from being a disadvantage to the people, as they enjoy the privilege of free access to them at all times, and with very few, if any, restrictions. So great seems the liberality of the king in this respect, that it must necessarily deprive himself and family of much of the privacy which is desirable in domestic life. But Oscar I. appears in all things to act upon the principle that the king is made for the people, and not the people for the king. At Haga Park, where the royal family is at present residing, the dining saloon is very slightly elevated from the ground, in a kind of pavilion, inclosed almost entirely with glass. The park, meantime, is the resort of people of every class, who are even permitted to group about the pavilion when the family are at dinner, and to extend their rudeness so far as to watch the king and his family while at table. Such liberties with us would be deemed perfectly insufferable for people of any position in society, and certainly



THE DEER PARK.

bear evidence of the good humor and long suffering of his Swedish majesty.

On my return from Haga Park, I stopped for a little time at the Royal Observatory, which is beautifully situated upon an abrupt eminence, just without the city. As will be seen from the illustration, this establishment is upon a limited scale; but from its position it forms a prominent feature in the landscape.

THE ROYAL WARDROBE.

ONE of the most unique and interesting collections of which the Swedish capital boasts, is that contained in the palace of the Crown Prince, known as "the Royal Wardrobe." Although often advised to visit this place, it was not until an occasion occurred when I did not well know how to occupy myself, that I turned my steps thither. There are other collections which contain a greater variety of curious suits of armor, like those of Dresden, of Vienna, and of London; but none, I think, which offer more articles of historic interest. The numerous costumes of the monarchs, nobles, and vassals of different centuries, I found peculiarly attractive.

The first apartment entered is devoted to the costumes of court servants in different reigns; the gaudy trappings of silver

and gold lace, once so brilliant, have grown somewhat dingy by the lapse of time. Two sentinels, in the costume of the age of Gustavus Adolphus, guard the doorway, reminding one somewhat of that now worn by the Pope's Swiss Guard; but without the striking contrasts of color which Michael Angelo is said to have introduced at Rome.

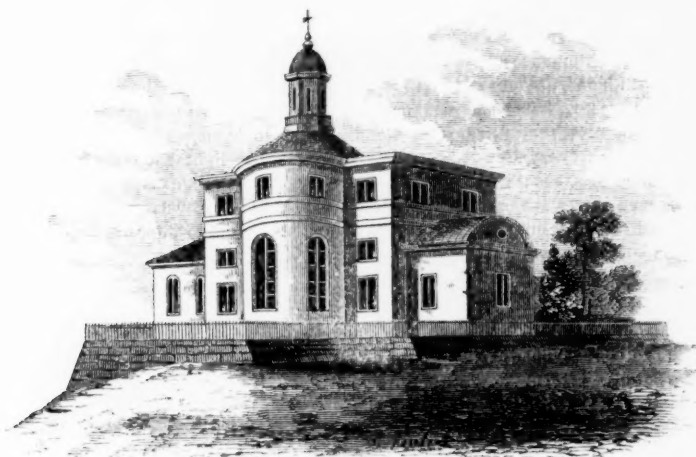
Curiosity will not long detain the visitor in the first of this series of apartments; the faded finery of court pages soon wears one. But in the second room we find the splendid costumes of many successive sovereigns. Let us pause for a while before the cradle and toys of Charles XII. Rock the cradle for a moment, and fancy the child sleeping in all the quiet repose of innocence which belongs to the period of infancy and helplessness, or perhaps stretching his little arms toward his mother, with the weak wailings of a child begging for food. Now he was easily satisfied and amused; the motion of the cradle, and the delights which that toy afforded, which now stands by its side, were all that he required. "It is but a step from the cradle to the grave." Let us go into the next room for a moment, and lift the immense sword which the warrior wore when he defied the Turks at Bender. He is not now easily

diverted; the voice of ambition whispers to him, ever onward, to conquest or to death.

Stop a minute: here is a portrait of the fiery warrior, taken from life. Near it hangs the same costume from which the picture was painted. Over it is a hat, perforated by a ball; this hat tells a dark story; it was worn by the king at his last battle—that of Friederickstadt. You will remember the evidence was conclusive, that the great warrior was not killed by a ball fired from the enemy, but by the hand of one of his own people. History informs us, the king raised his hand to his head as he received the wound; yes, so he did; observe, that glove is clotted

with blood; it is no longer bright in color; the lapse of time has left only a brown stain upon the gauntlet. Here we might stop and moralize for a time; but the scene is unpleasant. Let us pass on.

Here, in these glass cases, are costumes which tell a more pleasant story; they speak of seasons of festivity and joy, "when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours." Examine, for a moment, that magnificent ball dress, and the one next to it, with a train of such length as would seem to require at least two or three pages to support it; how sparkling is still its embroidery of silver and gold. Observe how rich and varied are the dresses in this case; the looms of Lyons,



THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

and the hand-workers of Belgium, have contributed each their share. Surely this is no scene which speaks of death, but of life, and the fullness of life; but, remember for a moment, where are they all who once wore these robes so overladen with gold and gems—the beautiful and the gay?

Just beyond, at the next case, we will stop for a while; here are also magnificent costumes, dazzling with embroidery. You will observe a peculiar elegance in the articles which this case contains; in fact, all bears evidence of a taste the most cultivated and refined, and yet of a great lover of the magnificent. There hangs a certain costume among these rich ones, rather remarkable for its somber hue; it is a simple gray; the material is silk, of the heaviest fabric; over it hangs a hat of

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rather fantastic form; and observe, looking out from just under the hat, a grinning and ludicrous mask; there is something sinister and mocking in the expression of the face. Let us look a little more closely at this gray costume; here, too, a ball has perforated, and again it is not the ball of a foreign enemy, but that of one of the sovereign's own subjects; here, again, the blood has become quite dark from the effect of time. In this same costume, with his face disguised by that same grinning, mocking mask, amid the sound of festive music, and the giddy whirl of the dance, the elegant and accomplished Gustavus III. fell by the hand of an assassin.

But enough of the dark side of history for the moment. Let us walk onward. Here, too, are costumes and comparisons

which speak of brilliant days in the Swedish court. Saddle cloths of gold and silver embroidery, ornamented with a profusion of pearls; bridles, rich in precious stones; and stirrups, sparkling with diamonds. There, just at our left, is a case in which the costume does not appear to be of past generations, but even of to-day, the various articles apparently just laid aside from use. These were worn by the young prince, Gustave, the second son of the reigning sovereign, who has but recently died; opposite hangs the bridal costume of the present queen, and with it many articles belonging to the late king, (Bernadotte.) Near these are the bed and hangings of Gustavus Wasa.

But now, dear reader, we must either pass some articles of great historic interest, or come again in contact with the blood of a king. It seems that the pathway of Swedish monarchs has been often stained with blood. Here is linen of exquisite fineness, and beautifully embroidered; but observe the profusion of blood which stains it: every drop seems to have been deemed precious; and here the linen is preserved in a glass case, in the same besmeared condition in which it was taken from the body of a king. And this is the blood of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which was shed in the cause of the reformed faith, as he went forth to his last battle with "God's harness on."*

But enough of costumes. The next apartment of the series contains numerous equestrian figures in armor, also a large collection of swords, &c., of the sovereigns and great generals of different ages. A suit of armor, worn by Charles IX., is, perhaps, the most remarkable; the shield is a fine specimen of the work of the distinguished Florentine Benvenuto Cellini. That worn also by the bloody tyrant, Christian II., possesses a certain description of interest. Near this a brass cannon tells in part its own singular and adventurous history, in an inscription which reads thus: "With God's help was this piece taken by Charles XII., at the battle of Clitton, the 9th of July,

* "Since his wound at Dirschau, he had ever found it painful to wear armor, and he set usually no value upon the heavy accoutrement hitherto worn, which he in great part abolished in his army. 'God is my harness,' he said, when his equipments were brought him on that morning."—*Geijer's History of the Swedes.*

1702." The following additional particulars of the adventures of this gun, I learned from an authentic source; in fact, they are, for the most part, written upon a card attached to it. A soldier and favorite of Charles XII. was condemned to death. The king, meantime, happening one day to visit the prison where he was confined, the criminal shouldered this immense piece, and presented arms to him as he passed; and so highly pleased was he with this circumstance, that he granted pardon to the criminal, and presented him the gun. But even here the adventures of this wonderful piece do not end. The released prisoner afterward presented it to his kinsman, Admiral Campinfelt, of the British service, who placed it on board his own vessel, the Royal George, whose melancholy loss, "with twice four hundred souls on board," as the old song expresses it, is well known. This vessel was sunk in the English Channel, off Spithead, in the year 1782. Here, for a period of some sixty years, the gun seems to have rested, when it was again brought to light from the wreck of this vessel, and, on account of the inscription which it bears, was returned to Sweden and presented to the government.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE FINAL REST.

We know not what is best for us on earth,
Although in quest of happiness we go;
But disappointment waiteth on our steps,
Bright hours move fleet; the darkest, ah!
how slow!
But when, submissive to His will divine,
Who glads the heart with never-dying
flowers,
Peace and contentment all our steps await,
While real joy and happiness are ours.
Then let us ever make our Saviour's will
Our constant rule of action and our guide;
Trusting in all his gracious promises,
Whatever pain, whatever ills betide.
For he will surely lead us safely on
In paths of peace allotted to the blest;
Till we shall tread those bright and golden
courts,
Where way-worn pilgrims shall at last find
rest.

At last find rest! How weary mortals pant
For rest and quiet from the ills of life;
Their steps are faltering ere their journey ends,
Their spirits oft seem fainting in the strife.
Do they remember the sure promise sweet,
That "as thy day is so thy strength shall be?"
Then, weary mortal, when thy heart is faint,
O! may this promise ever comfort thee.

W. R. LAWRENCE.

[For the National Magazine.]

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN
ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

PURSUING the order indicated in our first chapter, we come now to the *Rasores*, or *Gallinaceous* birds, of which the distinguishing peculiarities are clear and well-defined. They are all granivorous, feeding almost exclusively on vegetable diet. As a general thing, their bodies are stout, plump, and heavy; and, with some exceptions, the wings are round and concave. The common barn-yard fowl is a type of the family, which includes the many varieties of pigeons, doves, turkeys, peacocks, pheasants, grouse, partridges, quails, and others less familiar.

The birds of this group are, for the most part, capable of scratching up the surface of the ground in quest of food. Many delight to throw the dust over their plumage and wallow in the dry sandy earth. They are especially averse to humid situations, and a long spell of wet weather renders them dull and spiritless. They are characterized by a strong muscular gizzard, by means of which food, previously macerated in the crop, is ground up in order to digestion.

The gallinaceous birds are very prolific. The young are covered with down, and in a few hours are able to run about after their parent. They pick up the food to which the mother conducts them, without having to be fed like the young of other tribes. The males of the species are pugnacious, and often fight until one or the other is killed. The females are devoted to their broods, and lose all sense of personal danger in their defense. The flesh of all of them is fit for food, and of many it is a great delicacy.

Of the *Pigeon* family, the most remarkable, in some respects, is the *Carrier*, readily distinguished by a broad circle of naked white skin round the eyes, and by its dark blue, or blackish color. Its wonderful power of flight, not less than its remarkable attachment to its home, has rendered this bird specially useful to man in carrying messages from one place to another. A wager was laid some years since, to determine the rapidity of the carrier's flight. One was sent from London to Bury St. Edmunds, and with it a

request that two days after its arrival it might be set at liberty at precisely nine o'clock in the morning. This was done accordingly, and the bird reached its home, a distance of seventy-two miles, in two hours and a half. Mr. Martin gives an interesting account of two young carriers which, after being shut up for several weeks, were set at liberty. After several circles high in the air, they started off in one direction, straight as an arrow, far out of sight. He gave them up for lost. But five hours afterward they both returned, settled on their dove-cot, and were eager for food and drink. "Let it be remembered," says Mr. Martin, "that they had never been previously at liberty, and yet, after a voluntary excursion of many miles, they returned with unerring precision to their home. This was repeated so often, that they gave us no concern respecting their safety, the more especially as they flew above gun-shot reach."

It has been asked, Is it by the eye that these birds are enabled to direct their course with such unerring precision? The answer is in the affirmative; and hence, we are told, if very long distances are to be achieved, training is requisite. They must be accustomed, by a graduated series of removals, to at least the greater part of the road; and even then, if a fog obscures their way-marks, they are apt to wander and be lost. Mr. Martin's theory is as follows: A carrier pigeon is taken to a distance, say a hundred miles from home; it is turned loose, it mounts to a great elevation, and performs a series of circles, wider and wider still. At home it has performed the same. Now from any part of the circle, let it perceive an object which, while performing its circles at home, has caught its eye, it has at once a clew to the right direction; that object once attained, a succession of others familiar to it is rapidly passed, till its home greets its keen and long-surveying powers of vision.

Our prescribed limits will not allow us to dwell upon the great variety of the pigeon tribe. Two or three only may be noticed. Here (figure 37) is the largest of the species. It is the *Crowned Goura Pigeon*, a native of the great Indian Archipelago, but found also in New Guinea, as well as in Java, and in most of the Molucca islands. It is usually twenty-eight inches in length, and its bill two inches



long. The head is adorned with an elevated semicircular crest of narrow feathers. Its color is a grayish blue. It feeds upon berries, seeds, and grain of all kinds. In the East Indies, the Goura Pigeon is frequently tamed and domesticated, dwelling in the barn-yard with other poultry. It has the habit of other pigeons, billing, inflating the breast, and cooing, not gently however, but with a loud and discordant noise.

The *Passenger Pigeon* of our own country is found in immense flocks in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, where they generally make their appearance about the tenth of April, and disappear with their young before the end of May. Both Wilson and Audubon give graphic accounts of the singular habits of this

bird. Speaking of their numbers, Wilson says:

"Coming to an opening by the side of a creek called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance; they were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot, in several strata deep, and so close together that, could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended, seeming everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half past one; I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase both in numbers and rapidity; and anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed Kentucky River, at the town of

Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them in large bodies that continued to pass for six or eight minutes, and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same southeast direction till after six in the evening. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved, would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place, which, by several gentlemen, who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles."

According to the rough estimate of this close observer, the number of birds in this flock amounted to 2,230,272,000, which he thought was below the actual amount. Allowing each pigeon half a pint of food daily, this flock would require the almost incredible quantity of seventeen million four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels for one day's support.

Audubon tells us that

"As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing, by the flapping of their wings, a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forest to see if any danger is nigh. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in

quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost."

Of the *Dove* there are also many varieties. It is a Scripturally-classical bird. The verses of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, addressed to the turtle-dove, carry us back to the time of the Deluge:

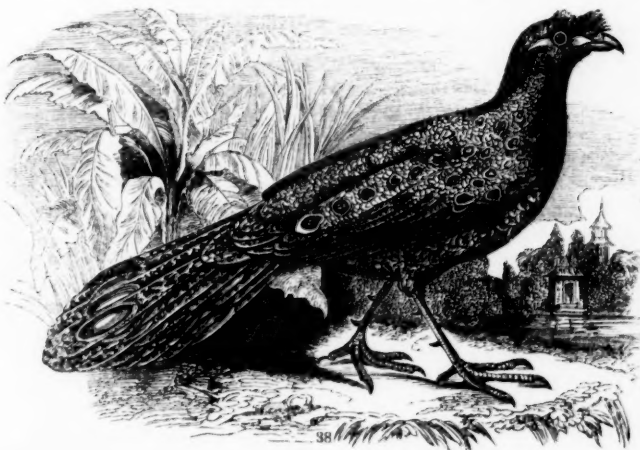
"Ride on: the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of
clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!

The ark from its terrific voyage rests
On Ararat! the raven is sent forth:
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the severing
clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:

"Go, beautiful and gentle dove;
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

"The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird and kiss'd it. Many a
night,
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
And when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.
She kisses it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

"The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn to dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.



O! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone has been my way;
O! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

"So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark;
Again it came at evening fall, and lo!
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its
bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more, and watch'd its
flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then, gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:

"Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away:

"No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

"O! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree:

"Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison cell;
Go then, to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well."

Moore wrote nothing more beautiful than these lines:

"The dove let loose in Eastern skies
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle wanderers roam.

"But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

"So grant me, Lord! from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee!

"No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings."

It is sufficient to name the *Pheasant*, says Buffon, to remind us of the place of its origin. The pheasant, that is the bird of the Phasis, was exclusively confined to Colchis before the expedition of the Argonauts: those Greeks, ascending the Phasis, beheld these fine birds spread along the banks of the river, and by bringing them back to their own country, bestowed upon it a gift more precious than the golden fleece.

Pheasants are, however, now common in almost all parts of the Old World. They are plentiful in England, Spain, Italy, and the south of France. In China they are said to be abundant, and some are found in Siberia. Our engraving (figure 38) is the *Chinese Peacock Pheasant*. It is, in fact, neither a peacock nor a pheasant, but appears to include some of the peculiarities of both. Its name indicates its native habitat and its general character. Pope, in a few expressive lines, describes the common variety of this well-known bird, and indicates his hapless fate when he ventures within range of the sportsman's gun:

"See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold?"

No. 39 is another variety of this bird. It is the *Argus Pheasant*, a bird of recluse habits, solitary and shy, a native of Sumatra and Southern India. It is a large bird, little inferior in size to a turkey. Its wings are little adapted for flight, but its legs admirably qualify it for running with great speed. It is a unique and beautiful bird.

The *Peacock* is enumerated in the Scriptures among the costly articles imported by the ships of Tarshish in the days of Solomon. It is still found in a state of nature in Southern Asia and the vast Archipelago of the Eastern Ocean. The chase of the peacock is one of the chief amusements in Bengal and in the isles of Java and Sumatra. Colonel Williamson, in his account of peacock-shooting, states that in the Jungletery district he saw them in immense numbers. "I speak within bounds," he says, "when I assert that there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred pea-fowls of various sizes within sight of the spot where I stood for an hour." In its native state this bird may well rank first of the feathered tribes for the matchless brilliancy of its plumage, its large size, and imposing manners. By the ancient Romans it was called the bird of Juno, and the poets feigned that the queen of the gods adorned its tail with the eyes of Argus, and thus bestudded it

with gems—"et gemmas caudam stellantibus implet." Allusion is made to the peacock in the book of Job, (xxxi, 13,) as evidence of the skill of the great Creator. The poet's description is accurate, and leads us "from nature up to nature's God:"

"Bird of refulgent tints, whose beauty charms
The eye of all beholders! dazzling bright
Thy lovely plumage, spreading to the sun;
Most striking of the living objects known.
Who but a God could wings construct like thine?
Well might the patriarch Job His wisdom praise,
In this one proof of the Omnipotent hand;
Gav'st Thou, said he, the goodly peacock's
wings?"

Take but one plume, and scrutinize it well;
Look at the fragile, slender, tapering shaft,
Fringed as it is with long loose silken barbs,
Glittering in splendor with metallic light,
Now green, now golden, as if liquid fire.
The ocellated disc with which is tipped
The whole, what words can speak its varying
hues!

Its purple how intense, its emerald green,
Which circles round this deep rich dye,
Who can imagine? Or the broad expanse
Of choicest bronze, a rich though soberer tint?
And then, again, who shall attempt to paint
The margins delicate of yellow green,
And these all fringed with countless waving
threads,

Of colors varying, purple, green, or bronze?
Say, who can copy these transcendent tints?
Art shrinks from the attempt, nature alone
Has skill to manufacture dyes like these!
Vain man may call them the effect of chance,
But he who thinks aright God's hand beholds!"

Of all the gallinaceous tribe, however, the *Turkey* is, at least in one respect, the most important. Into the mouth of one of them Gay puts this gobbler-interpreted stanza:

"Man, cursed man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine,
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board."

It is an American bird, and Franklin suggested it as far more appropriate for the national emblem than the rapacious eagle. Its range, in its wild state, extends from the northwestern territory of the United States to the Isthmus of Darien. It is found in great numbers in the unsettled parts of Indiana and Illinois; in Arkansas also, and in Tennessee and Alabama. From the rapidity with which they are destroyed, it is feared that this bird in its wild state will soon cease to exist. They are becoming every year less and less numerous. As a singular charac-

teristic of the wild turkey, it may be mentioned that the males associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females, who keep together for the protection of their young, which the old males attack and destroy by reiterated blows on the skull whenever an opportunity is afforded them. The average weight of a wild turkey is from fifteen to eighteen pounds, but some have been known to weigh even thirty-six or forty. Audubon gives us the following remarkable fact:

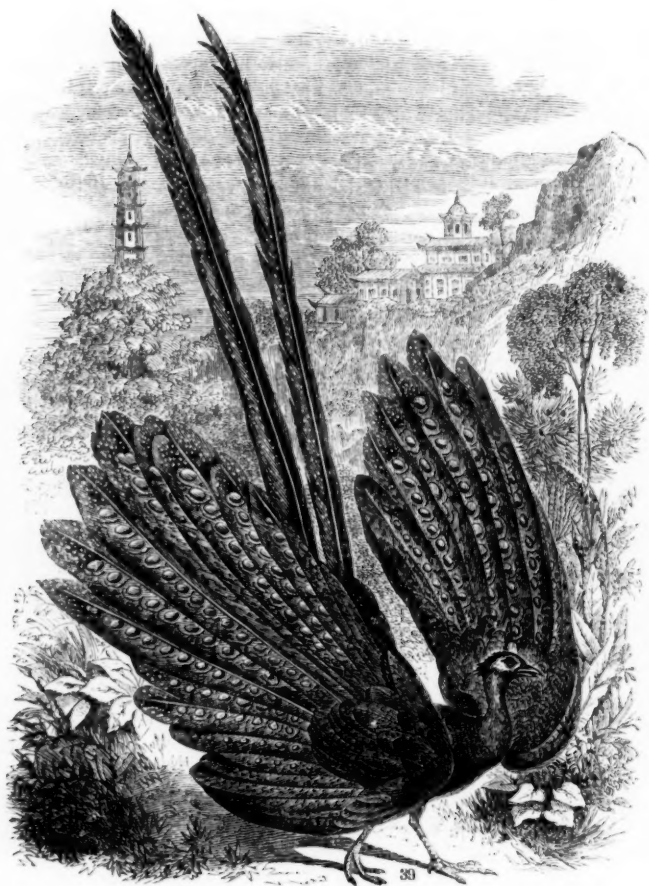
"While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine male turkey, which had been reared from its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when not more than two or three days old. It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favorite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly betook itself by night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn.

"When two years old it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the inclosure as night approached. It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting place to the top of a high cotton-tree on the banks of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore, the river there being nearly half a mile wide, and return toward night.

"One morning I saw it fly off at a very early hour to the woods, in another direction, and took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going toward some lakes near Green River, to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along.

"Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey, I saw, with surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped, and turned her head toward me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favorite bird, and discovered that it had recognized the dog, and would not fly from it; although the sight of a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once.

"A friend of mine, happening to be in search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him, and carried it home for me. The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird, and brought to me on being recognized by the red ribbon which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition, made by my favorite turkey, of a dog which had been long associated with it in the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct, or of reason—an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?"



Passing by the various fowls of the barnyard, the Brahmopootras, the Cochinchinas, the jungle fowls, as well as the grouse, black and red, we pause a moment to look at the *Ptarmigan*, (figure 40.) It is a Scotch bird, but found in various parts of continental Europe. We give it in its winter dress. The changes in its plumage are remarkable, exceeding those of any of the feathered tribes. While in summer their feathers are of a brownish yellow, with stripes of black, in winter they are of the purest white, with the exception of a few in the tail, which retain their original glossy black hue. Herein, says Cassell, there is a benevolent provision for the safety of these birds. Thus, in summer the brown patches of heath on the rocky sides of the mountains assimilate

well, in their broken and blended tints, with the attire of the ptarmigans; and as concealment from their enemies is one of the laws of nature, this end is effectually answered. But when the mountains are covered with snow, and all around is attired in a mantle of dazzling white, were the plumage of these birds to continue as it was, they would at once attract the Icelandic falcon and the snowy owl. The white feathers, on the contrary, are sure to defend them from their foes.

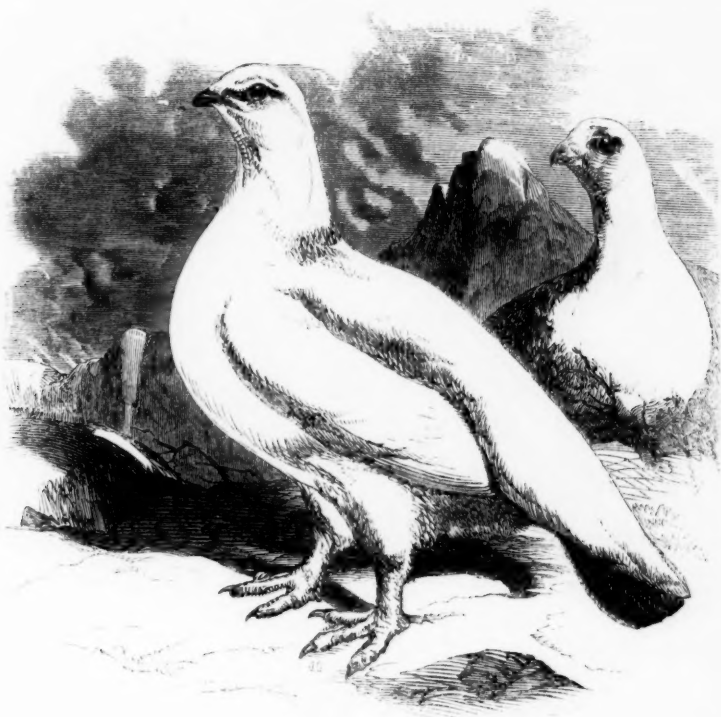
The saying of the poet may often be recalled in the study of this as well as of other portions of the Divine operations :

"In human works, though labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second, too some other use."

And so it is here. The white plumage is a defense against the cold of winter, as are other provisions by which it is accompanied. For then the legs of the ptarmigan, which have been covered with feathers of a hair-like and downy texture, extending as far as the toes, are now so enveloped as to resemble the feet of a well-furred quadruped; while the bill is almost hidden. The additional reason of this will speedily be apparent.

It is well known that color greatly in-

fluences the rate at which bodies either reflect heat, or acquire and part with it, and that objects which reflect heat the most part with it the least. Reflection takes place most readily in objects of a white color, and from such, consequently, heat will radiate with difficulty. If, then, two animals, one of a black color and the other white, be placed in a higher temperature than that of their own body, the heat will enter the one that is black with the greatest rapidity, and elevate its tem-



perature considerably above the other. But when these animals are placed in a situation the temperature of which is considerably lower than their own, the black animal will give out its heat, by radiation, to every surrounding object colder than itself, and speedily have its temperature reduced; while the white animal will part with its heat by radiation at a much slower rate. The winter color of the ptarmigan, therefore, combined with its increased fullness of plumage, tends to limit the expenditure of the vital heat generated in the

system; though some expenditure must take place. This power of generating heat in the animal system, it may be added, is the principle on which all animals are enabled to withstand the effect of cold, and to preserve life and health in a low temperature.

Our next illustration (figure 41) is the *Capercaillie*. It is a native of the Scandinavian peninsula, and was formerly found, occasionally, in Scotland and the northern parts of England. It is a variety of the *Grouse*, and its name, which is said to be



of Gallic origin, means, literally, the *horse of the wood*. Mr. Lloyd, in his "*Field Sports of the North of Europe*," describes it as living to a great age, and as weighing from ten to thirteen pounds :

"It is often domesticated in Sweden ; indeed, at both Uddeholm and Resäter, as well as in other places, I have known those birds to be kept for a long period in aviaries built for the purpose. These were so perfectly tame as to

feed out of the hand. Their food principally consisted of oats and of the leaves of the Scotch fir, large branches of which were usually introduced into their cages once or more in the course of the week. They were also supplied with abundance of native berries, when procurable. They were amply provided at all times with water and sand, the latter of which was of a rather coarse quality, and both were changed pretty frequently.

"It has been asserted that the capercali will not breed when in a state of domestication ;

this, however, is altogether a mistake, as repeated experience has proved to the contrary. Indeed, a few years ago, I procured a brace of those birds, consisting of a cock and hen, for a friend of mine in Norfolk. After a lapse of a few months, the hen laid six eggs, and from these, in process of time, six capercali were produced. The chicks lived until they had attained to a very considerable size, when, owing, as it was supposed, to the effects of a burning sun, to which they had been incautiously exposed, the whole of them, together with the mother, died. On this mishap, the old cock, the only survivor, was turned loose into the game preserves, where he remained, in a thriving condition, for about a year and a half. At last, however, he also met his doom, though this was supposed to be owing rather to accidental than natural causes."

According to Mr. Nilsson :

"When the capercali is reared from the time of being a chicken, he frequently becomes as tame as a domestic fowl, and may be safely left by himself. He, however, seldom loses his natural boldness; and, like the turkey-cock, will often fly at and peck people. He never becomes so tame and familiar as the black-cock.

"Even in his wild state, the capercali frequently forgets his inherent shyness, and will attack people when approaching his place of resort. Mr. Adlerberg mentions such an occurrence. During a number of years, an old capercali-cock had been in the habit of frequenting the estate of Villinge at Wernsdö, who, as often as he heard the voice of people in the adjoining wood, had the boldness to station himself on the ground, and during a continual flapping of his wings, pecked at the legs and feet of those that disturbed his domain.

"Mr. Brehm, also, mentions a capercali-cock that frequented a wood a mile distant from Renthendorf, in which was a path or roadway. This bird, so soon as it perceived any person approach, would fly toward him, peck at his legs, and rap him with its wings, and was with difficulty driven away. A huntsman succeeded in taking this bird, and carried it to a place two miles (about fourteen English) distant; but on the following day the capercali resumed its usual haunt. Another person afterward caught him, with a view of carrying him to the Ofwer Jägmästare. At first the bird remained quiet, but he soon began to tear and peck at the man so effectually, that the latter was compelled to restore him to liberty. However, after a lapse of a few months, this bird totally disappeared, probably having fallen into the hands of a less timid bird-catcher."

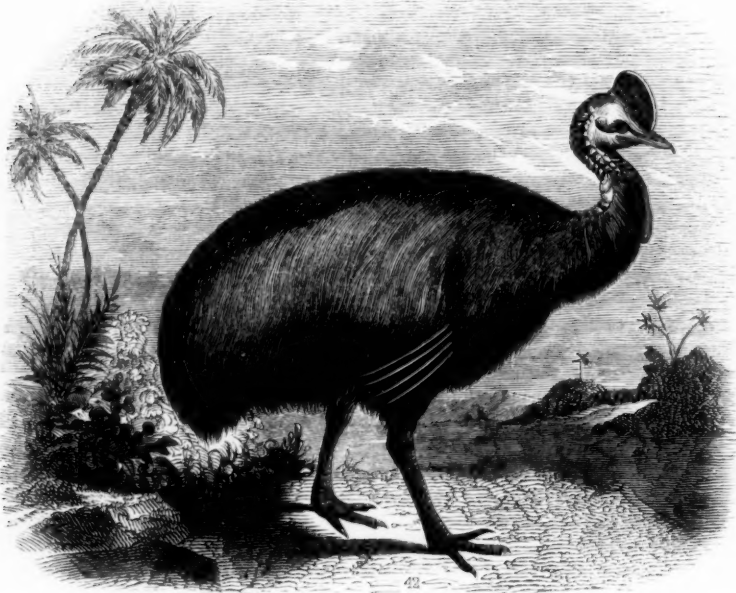
Of all the gallinaceous birds the *Ostrich* is, in many respects, the most remarkable. It has been celebrated from the most remote antiquity. By the Arabs, whose sandy plains it loves, the ostrich is called the camel-bird. It is found also in Africa, but everywhere maintains its peculiar solitary habits, shunning the haunts of

men, and dwelling in the bleak and barren loneliness of the desert. It endures thirst so well as to be frequently found in the most parched and desolate tracts which, in consequence of the absence of water, are forsaken by all other living creatures. The ostrich has a peculiar loud and discordant cry, which, even by the Hottentots, it is said, is frequently mistaken for the roar of the lion. The females are so numerous, in comparison with the other sex, that the male takes to himself from two to six wives, all of whom lay their eggs in the same nest, which is a mere cavity in the sand. As many as sixty eggs have been found in one nest, which are ingeniously placed in a circle upon their points. The hens, it is said, relieve each other in the task of incubation during the day, and the male takes his turn at night. His superior strength is then required to protect the eggs from jackalls and other enemies, some of which are frequently found dead near the nest, having been killed by a stroke from the foot of this powerful bird.

The eggs of the ostrich are considered a great delicacy, and the contents of one are equal to twenty-four of the domestic hen. The Hottentots place one end of an egg in hot ashes and stir the contents with a stick until the whole is properly cooked. Of the strength and speed of this wonderful bird, Mr. Adamson gives the following account of two tame ones which had been domesticated on the south bank of the Niger. He says :

"They were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest; no sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village; and it was impossible to stop him, otherwise than by obstructing the passage.

"This sight pleased me so well, that I would have it repeated; and, to try their strength, I made a full-grown negro mount the smallest and two others the largest. This burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went at a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little they expanded their wings, as if it were to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed to be off the ground. Everybody must some time or other have seen a partridge run, consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine, if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with both these advantages; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in



England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse; but, without all doubt, they would be able to perform the race in less time."

In illustration of the habits of the ostrich, as alluded to in the book of Job, we are told by Dr. Shaw that,

"On the least noise or trivial occasion she forsakes her eggs, or her young ones, to which, perhaps, she never returns; or, if she does, it may be too late either to restore life to the one, or to preserve the lives of the others. Agreeably to this account, the Arabs meet sometimes with whole nests of these eggs undisturbed; some of them are sweet and good, others are addled and corrupted; others, again, have their young ones of different growths, according to the time, it may be presumed, they may have been forsaken of the dam. They often meet with a few of the little ones, no bigger than well-grown pullets, half-starved, straggling and moaning about like so many distressed orphans for their mother. In this manner the ostrich may be said to be hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor in watching and attending them so far, being in vain, without fear, or the least concern of what is to become of them afterwards."

Resembling, in some respects, the ostrich, but differing in many others, is that singular creature, the *Emeu*, of which

we give an illustration (No. 42.) By some naturalists it has been denied a place among birds, because, although it has wings, they are little calculated for flight, and appear to have been designed by nature rather to assist in running. The emeu is a majestic creature, standing, when erect, about five feet high, and, next to the ostrich, it is the largest of the feathered tribes. It is exceedingly pugnacious, and its featherless quills serve its purpose as offensive weapons. Its head is surmounted with a bony prominence covered with a horny substance. The emeu is found in the island of Java, and is said to be quite common in the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago, and especially in New Guinea.

In the year 1671 an emeu was sent by the governor of Madagascar to the king of France, which lived four years in the royal menagerie at Versailles. Since that period they have been frequently taken to Europe; and are to be found in several British collections.

Here we close our descriptions of the birds termed gallinaceous. The Gallatores, or Waders, will form the subject of our next chapter.



SCENE FROM THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

SUMMER.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
 Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' nature's depth:
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes on his way;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

* * * * *

When now no more th' alternate twins are
 fired,
 And cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the luster of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd
 step
 Brown night retires. Young day pours in
 apace,
 And opens all the lawn's prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents
 shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the forest glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd
 leaves

His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

* * * * *

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labor, love, and social glee.



RESIDENCE AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S courtly qualities, his reputation as a founder of colonies, his enterprising disposition, and the tyrannical and unjust sentence which brought his life and activity to a close, have combined to canonize his character in English history. Filling various functions of public life, naval, military, and civil, he had the fortune to be illustrious in all, and to gain for himself in addition a literary renown, which has placed him in association with the loftiest minds of his generation. The more than ordinary interest accorded to his story is evinced by the multitude of his biographers; most of whom have aimed, in different ways, to do him honor, and whose researches, upon the whole, have supplied all or most of the materials required for a fair appreciation of his personal powers and characteristics, as well as of his varied services and projects.

His father was a gentleman of ancient lineage, but small fortune, settled in Devonshire, England, in which county, at a place called Hayes Farm, in the parish of Budley, Walter himself was born in the year 1552. He was the second son of a third marriage, his father being then apparently considerably advanced in life. From his earliest youth, it is said, he was characterized by great intellectual acute-

ness, and likewise by a restless and adventurous spirit.

On quitting the university—which he did on the earliest opportunity that was presented for his engaging in active life—he became a soldier; being one of a company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, which Queen Elizabeth had authorized to be formed for aiding the Huguenots in their memorable struggle for religious liberty. In this capacity he served in France for five years, and was engaged in some of the most noted battles of the period. Subsequently he served for a short time in the Netherlands; and then, returning home, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. The expedition, which was one of discovery and projected colonization, proved unfortunate; but it was so far useful as to familiarize young Raleigh with a seafaring life, and probably had no inconsiderable influence in leading him to undertake those later expeditions by which he was rendered famous.

After his return to England, he went to Ireland to assist in suppressing the rebellion raised there, in 1580, by the Earl of Desmond. On this occasion he commanded a company of royal troops, and at once became distinguished both for his valor and his surpassing skill in effecting those

sudden and rapid movements and surprises which were required by the nature of the service. His exploits were so conspicuous as to be particularly recited by the historians of the period. The country continuing in a turbulent condition, he remained in this employment for several years. O'Flanagan, in his *Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater*, says:

"Adjoining the churchyard at Youghal, Ireland, and only separated by a fence and trees, is a truly interesting mansion of the genuine Elizabethan building, which once sheltered the brave and enterprising Sir Walter Raleigh. In the garden opposite he is said to have planted the potato, which he brought from South America; and the person left to take care of the grounds, imagining that the apple which grew on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered it, and not liking the taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow other grain, the potatoes were discovered there to have vastly increased. Tobacco is also reported to have been first introduced into Ireland from this port.

"The house is now in fine preservation, and well worth a visit; it has a wainscoting of fine Irish oak, with carved panels, and the chimney-piece in the drawing-room is elaborately sculptured with grotesque figures. In the garden is a group of yew-trees, here represented, said to have been planted by Raleigh. From a number of beautiful myrtle-trees about the house, it owes its present name, Myrtle Grove; and its courteous owner, Colonel Faunt, permits the stranger to visit freely this dwelling of other days.

"Though no one had a keener appreciation of the charms of a country life, and unruffled repose from the turmoil of a court life, than Sir Walter, as is evidenced by his writings, a life of quiet and seclusion was by no means adapted to his ardent temperament."

Some differences at length arising between Raleigh and the lord deputy, they, on their return to England, brought up the matter for discussion at the council board, in the presence of her majesty; Sir Walter maintaining his cause, whatever it was, "with consummate ability as well as grace," and thereby, to use the words of Sir Robert Naunton, gaining "the queen's ear in a trice." This was one of the most important and decisive moments of Raleigh's life. His future fortunes were owing chiefly to the feelings with which he was thenceforth regarded by his sovereign. It is well known that personal recommendations went a long way with Elizabeth; and for these he was not less remarkable than for those intellectual accomplishments that so instantly gained her ear. The romantic incident, related by Fuller, as to the immediate cause of

Raleigh's introduction to the queen and to her favor, is familiar to all readers of history; how the gallant and handsome gentleman, being one of her majesty's train, when she suddenly came to a miry part of the road, and hesitated to proceed, pulled off his rich plush cloak, and, spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled—a mark of attention which so delighted the queen that, as it was facetiously observed, it gained for him thereafter many a handsome *suit*. Within two or three years from the period when he was first noticed at court, he was knighted, made a captain of the guard, seneschal of the county of Cornwall, and lord warden of the Stanneries; these honors being furthermore enhanced by the substantial grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited principality of the Earls of Desmond, whose rebellions he had assisted to suppress.

Not long after the commencement of Raleigh's successes at court, Sir Humphrey Gilbert resolved to try his fortunes a second time in a colonizing expedition to America; and his prosperous half-brother, who was now in a situation to furnish useful aid, came forward handsomely in support of his views. In a letter written from court, in May, 1583, it is stated that "Mr. Raleigh, the new favorite, had made an adventure of £2,000 in a ship and furniture thereof," to form part of the fleet collected by Gilbert. Raleigh himself remained at court to prosecute his own particular objects, but the queen sent, through the new favorite's hands, a golden anchor to Sir Humphrey, to be worn at his breast by way of ornament; her only contribution to an expedition designed to transplant the arts and industry of England to the waste regions of the newly-discovered continent. This expedition was also unsuccessful, and its brave leader perished in a storm by which he was overtaken on his return.

The fate of his kinsman, however, had no effect in diverting Raleigh's thoughts from those colonial undertakings to which the former fell a victim. Availing himself of the queen's favor, he solicited and obtained a patent, investing him with full power to appropriate, plant, and govern any territory he might acquire in the unoccupied parts of North America. This patent was granted in 1584. His first step for carrying it into effect was to fit out an expedition of observation and inquiry, to ascer-



MYRTLE GROVE, BLACKWATER, IRELAND.

tain the particular spot where it would be most advantageous to plant ; and receiving good accounts from the commanders of the vessels, it was determined to take possession of the tract of country which was afterward called "Virginia." In 1585, a body of adventurous colonists sailed from England, and were safely planted in that region, under the government of Mr. Lane. He was accompanied by Harriot, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the time, who was commissioned to make a survey of the country, and to draw up a report of its resources. That survey, and the importation for the first time of the tobacco-plant, were the only fruits of the undertaking ; inasmuch as the misconduct of the colonists, and the hostility of the natives, rendered it necessary to re-embark the whole body within twelve months from the time of landing. Raleigh, nowise daunted by the unhappy issue, took active measures to collect and send out a second body, which sailed and took possession in 1587. But again his praiseworthy designs were defeated, chiefly, as we learn, through the misconduct of the colonists themselves. The governor was obliged to return to England for additional supplies, and new instructions, suited to the circumstances that had arisen ; the settlers being left in a precarious condition during the period of his absence.

On his arrival, he found Raleigh, like all the other leading men of the kingdom, busied with preparations to meet the Spanish Armada, then threatening the shores and independence of the nation. The pressing wants of the colonists, however, were not overlooked in that emergency. Two small vessels were speedily equipped and dispatched to their assistance ; though, being unfortunately rifled on the ocean, they were obliged to put back to England. Soon after this, namely, in 1589, Raleigh made an assignment of his patent to a company of merchants ; and thus, after much loss to the projector, a great and favorite scheme was ended, and the unfortunate adventurers, as it might seem, left to an inevitable destruction. In the hands of the new patentees, the plan of colonizing Virginia was suffered to languish during the rest of the queen's reign ; and as many as twenty years elapsed before any permanent settlement could be said to have been effected.

Raleigh had been greatly blamed for the abandonment of this design ; seeing that it had induced many of his countrymen to quit their native land, and all, as it happened, perished for the want of timely help. But, on investigation, it appears that he gave it up, simply because his own means were inadequate to the accomplishment of his intentions. It was observed by Hackluyt, "that it would have required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out." Raleigh was without the prince's purse, and had now expended all his available resources ; and therefore the assignment of his patent must be deemed justified by the necessities of his situation. He had not contemplated the full difficulties of the undertaking, nor been able to calculate the cost of it ; but entering on it with zeal and spirit, he had done the utmost that could be effected by the straitness of private enterprise ; having proved himself a worthy leader in the heroic work of colonization, and opened out a path to the establishment

of a new colonial empire. Nor did he forget, or withdraw his services from the ill-starred adventurers who remained in the colony in anxious expectation of supplies; although, in assigning his patent, he might have been considered to have likewise transferred his responsibilities. It is discreditable to the new patentees that, after making only one ineffectual attempt to render the colonists assistance, they left them to their fate. That the government of Elizabeth should have done nothing to rescue these persons from the certain destruction that awaited them, is a fact which has been justly regarded as a serious stigma upon her reign. Raleigh alone made exertions in any way commensurate with the urgency of the case. He made *five* different attempts to succor them, and by those means at least delayed the ultimate catastrophe. The historical proof of this was first brought forward by Mr. Macvey Napier, and is contained in a notice preserved by Purchas, of the date of 1602. It is there stated that "Samuel Mace, of Weymouth, a very sufficient mariner, who had been at Virginia *twice before*, was (in this year) employed by Sir Walter Raleigh to find those people which were left there in 1587, to whose succor he *hath sent five several times at his own charges*." Notwithstanding this, the whole colony were eventually murdered by the Indians, or perished from starvation in striving to escape from them. A sad termination to an arduous and gallant enterprise, which shows how utterly insufficient are all isolated and private schemes of colonization, whenever the aboriginal savage remains untamed within the territory.

The Virginian plantation being abandoned, Raleigh's principal occupations seem for some time to have been those of a favored courtier, an active member of Parliament, and a large adventurer in those naval enterprises and privateering expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were continually being carried on against the powers of the realm of Spain.

As regards his private life, one of the most pleasing incidents of this period is Raleigh's introduction to the poet Spenser, whom he appears to have met with during a sort of compulsory visit to Ireland, occasioned by some temporary eclipse of his popularity at court. They might have been previously acquainted during the re-

bellion of the Desmonds; but the interview which now ensued laid the foundation of a cordial and lasting friendship. Spenser was then residing at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the Desmonds, situated on the Mulla, the scene of which is beautifully delineated in his pastoral of "Colin Clout." Not long afterward, Raleigh had an opportunity of introducing him to Queen Elizabeth, who thenceforth regarded him with favor, and manifested some delight in his poetical performances. Sir Walter, in the meantime, continued to advance himself more and more in the good graces of her majesty, and, by his courtly and insinuating qualities, obtained from her many liberal benefactions.

While dangling about the court, he saw and fell in love with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the maids of honor, and after some inadvertent dalliance, was united to her by a private marriage. According to our modern notions, this would seem no very criminal proceeding; but in the eyes of the august Elizabeth it appeared to merit an imposing punishment. In her opinion, Raleigh ought to have humbly solicited her permission. Not having done so, she condemned the offending couple to confinement for some months in the Tower, and deprived Raleigh of the offices which gave him access to her presence. After an imprisonment of some weeks, the queen relented so far as to set him at liberty, though as yet she did not permit him to return to court. In no long time he had so far re-established himself in favor as to contrive to obtain a grant, through her, of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire; "a possession which belonged to the church, and the alienation of which seems to have been attended with great obloquy." There was strong apprehensions among Sir Walter's enemies that he would presently be restored to his former influence at court; but, by strong resistance, he was for some time kept away. During this season, he appears to have employed himself in making various improvements at Sherborne, which, according to the traditions of the times, "he beautified with gardens, and orchards, and groves of much variety and delight." But his was a mind which could not long remain satisfied with such simple occupations; they ministered in no degree to his ambition, which was of a restless and grasping kind, and required the stimulus

of great and continuous excitement. What seems to have struck his fancy most was the reputed existence of an undiscovered sovereignty bearing the designation of "El Dorado;" a region or kingdom which the Spanish adventurers had long been in quest of, but in the search for which they had been unsuccessful. It was supposed to lie somewhere in the interior of Guiana, and was represented as abounding with the precious metals, the very houses being covered with plates of gold, and the aboriginal rocks forever glittering with a most dazzling resplendency.

The prospect of possibly discovering El Dorado became one of magnitude and magnificence in his eyes; and the more he pondered on it, the more did he feel himself impelled to go forth in search of a territory so romantic and important.

Having made his preparations, Raleigh sailed from England on the 9th of February, 1595, with five vessels, having on board, besides mariners, about a hundred soldiers with their officers, and a few gentlemen volunteers. Part of the expense of the expedition was borne by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. Toward the end of March, Sir Walter arrived at Trinidad, where he took possession of the town of St. Joseph, and seized the person of the governor, Don Antonio de Berrio, who, the year before, had made prisoners of some of the men sent out by Raleigh on a preparatory voyage under Captain Whiddon. There was something rather romantic and dramatic in the proceeding; for Berrio had recently attempted the discovery of El Dorado, and was again preparing to go in search of it. From two hostile countries, two enterprising competitors for a golden kingdom were thus brought face to face; neither of them having obtained the most distant glimpse of the object they aspired to possess, which was, indeed, a mere creation of the fancy, and which "neither could hope to reach without encountering the most frightful perils that try the strength or menace the life of man." Truly enough, as Mr. Napier observes, "history has few scenes more singular—scenes where the actors were real and in earnest, but where the objects of action were altogether imaginary."

Finding his prisoner to be "a gentleman of great assuredness and of a great heart," Raleigh informs us he treated him

"according to his rank and deserts;" and Berrio, on his part, never suspecting that the Englishman was a rival in his own line of pursuit, communicated to him all the knowledge he had previously acquired about the site of the El Dorado, and the probable advantages to be derived from its discovery.

Departing from Trinidad, Sir Walter and his companions sailed for the mouths of the Orinoco, and so far arrived in safety. But on attempting to gain the main stream of the river, and thus proceed into the interior of Guiana, the adventurers encountered unexpected obstacles. The ships drew too much water to admit of their being used for such a purpose, and it was found necessary to leave them at anchor, and have recourse to boats. About a hundred persons embarked in these frail conveyances, and continued to navigate the river for a month; "sometimes under a burning sun, sometimes under torrents of rain, with no other resting-places but the hard boards, and no accommodations but what were common to all." Raleigh's account of their progress—"of their alternate hopes and fears, want of fortuitous supplies—of the aspects of the country and its productions—and of their entrance at last into the grand channel of the majestic Orinoco, is full of interest and variety; occasionally containing descriptive passages of much beauty, joined with traits of almost inconceivable credulity, and frequent asseverations of his belief in the commercial resources and metallic riches of the vast region through which its sea-like waters roll." After ascending the river about sixty leagues, its rapid and terrific rise compelled the voyagers to return. Raleigh was thus obliged to turn his back on the imaginary El Dorado, and to leave a region which had now, for the first time, been seen by Englishmen; though with the private determination to return at the earliest opportunity, more efficiently equipped for the enterprise. He took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, made a friendly alliance with the natives, and, after many dangers and mischances, regained the ships which had been left at anchor.

About the close of the summer of 1595, he was again in England, where he presently wrote and published an account of his voyage, under the title of "The Dis-

covery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana." Few, if any, of his countrymen had ever heard of such an empire, and, as a consequence, many of the writer's statements were read with incredulity. Viewing the whole of his representations and proceedings respecting the treasures of Guiana, it seems impossible to reconcile them to any principles applicable to the explanation of human conduct, upon any other supposition than that he was himself a believer in the substantial reality of his own representations. Raleigh, moreover, was not alone in his delusion: other travelers and writers of the age gave very similar accounts of the country he visited, and some of them, of the highest character for veracity, testified distinctly to the presence of gold and silver in abundance.

In many of Raleigh's schemes, there was a magnificent impracticableness, showing signs of the man of genius, but as yet lacking that necessary form of talent which seizes on the actual. One of his propositions was to carry out a force to Guiana sufficient to induce the sovereign of El Dorado to become a tributary and ally of England. Another, less romantic, was to establish colonies and commercial companies in the most inviting quarters of Guiana; by which means he confidently hoped "to see in London a contraction-house of more receipt for that country than there was in Seville for the West Indies." It was to promote this scheme that he so assiduously cultivated the friendship of the natives; and for the same object he brought back with him the son of one of the principal chiefs to be educated in England. His proposal to erect two forts upon the Orinoco, in order to command its navigation, has been considered by Humboldt to have indicated great sagacity and military skill. Had his views been limited to such objects, he would have probably been extolled as a statesman and a patriot; "but," as Napier says, "the fable of El Dorado, and the dream of an alliance with its imaginary potentate, threw an air of doubt and ridicule over his better designs, and diminished the respect that would otherwise have been due to the far-seeing policy which they indicated."

We can give no very distinct impression of Raleigh's figure in the House of Commons, but from the scanty report of his

speeches which have been preserved, he would appear to have displayed large and original views both of foreign and domestic policy. In an age when the cardinal principle of economical legislation was that of regulating individual skill and labor, as the means of insuring national prosperity, Raleigh anticipated the most comprehensive conclusion of modern political economy; and on all occasions inculcated the propriety of leaving every man free to employ his labor and capital in the way he might judge most beneficial for himself. The free-traders of the present century are probably not aware that their favorite doctrine was so broadly anticipated by a legislator of the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The death of this sovereign, and the accession of James I., conduct us to the darkest portion of Raleigh's history. At the court of the new monarch he could not sustain his popularity. Owing to unfavorable representations of his character, his office of captain of the guard was taken from him and bestowed on a Scottish favorite; and every precaution was resorted to by his enemies to hinder him from obtaining any share of power under the new government.

Raleigh's known dissatisfaction with the administration of affairs presently laid him open to the charge of defective loyalty, and exposed him to the accusation of favoring the treasonable designs which, within three months after James's accession to the throne, were in progress under the leading of Lord Cobham. Raleigh had been heard to express an opinion that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominions ought to be subjected to some limitations; and it was thought, therefore, that he must needs be prepared to limit it by acts of treason. When the Cobham conspiracy was discovered, it came out in the examinations that Raleigh, though not actively engaged in it, was to some extent acquainted with the plot. On the strength of the suspicions thus engendered, Raleigh, in July, 1603, was committed to the Tower.

After a good deal of discussion and delay, it was resolved that he should be brought to trial with the rest of the conspirators. The confessions of most of them had left no doubt either of their guilt, or the certainty of their condemna-

tion; but, as regarded him, it was the general opinion that there were no grounds for a conviction. On the part of the crown, the trial was conducted by Sir Edward Coke, then attorney-general, who assailed Raleigh in terms of the most odious abuse. The case rested chiefly upon Cobham's accusation; to refute which, Raleigh came to the trial in possession of a letter from his accuser, wherein he retracted and solemnly disavowed the charge. This letter was read by the commissioners, and contained these strong asseverations: "I protest upon my soul, and before God and his angels, I never was moved by you to things I heretofore accused you of; and, for anything I know, you are as innocent and as clear from any treason against the king as is any subject living." But the night before the trial Cobham wrote another letter to the commissioners, repeating and re-affirming all the retracted accusations. On evidence so flatly contradictory, it might be supposed that no lawful conviction could be obtained; for assuredly one of the statements must be utter falsehood, and a man who could lie so grossly on *either* side proved himself unfit to be believed; but no such consideration appears to have had any effect upon the jury; they retired for a quarter of an hour, and returned with a verdict of *guilty*. There would seem to have been a predetermination to convict him; and, in those days, it was not difficult to pervert justice to the ends of private malice.

But if Raleigh left the court a condemned man, the feelings of the people warmed toward him to the highest pitch of sympathy and admiration. Hitherto he had been exceedingly unpopular; but now his unjust fate, and noble bearing under it, seemed suddenly to awaken a generous public interest in his behalf. All cotemporary accounts bear witness to the composed and lofty manner in which he went through the indignities of his trial. Sir Dudley Carleton, who was present, relates that he conducted himself "with that temper, wit, learning, courage, and judgment, that, save that it went with the hazard of his life, it was the happiest day that ever he spent." Of the two persons who carried the news to the king, "one affirmed, that never man spoke so well in times past, nor would do in the world to come; and the other said, that whereas when he

saw him first, he was so led with the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged, he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to save his life." "In half a day," says another observer, "the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the greatest pity."

After his condemnation, Raleigh addressed a letter to the king, in which he sought to move the royal clemency; and no one, as Southey says, ever sued for life "with a more dignified submission to his fortune." But the king took no heed of the application. The decision of his fate, however, was from day to day protracted; and, though at one time he expected his execution to be immediately at hand, he was formally reprieved, but detained in the Tower in a state of uncertainty as to his final fate. He remained there for the long space of thirteen years. His family, in the mean time, suffered greatly from the consequences of his illegal sentence. He had some years before seen cause to convey his estate of Sherborne to his eldest son, reserving only a small life interest for himself. This latter, of course, was forfeited by his attainder; and a slight flaw having been discovered in the conveyance to his son, the estate also was seized by the crown, and bestowed by the king on his rapacious favorite Somerset; his majesty deducting from it only about £8,000 for Raleigh's family, as what he deemed a "compensation."

As regards himself and his services to mankind, this thirteen years' separation from the world is hardly to be regretted. The history of Raleigh's captivity in the Tower is identical with the history of his literary works. His great work, the "History of the World," is rightly reckoned a very remarkable production. "So vast a project as a universal history," says Napier, "undertaken in such circumstances, betokens a consciousness of intellectual power which cannot but excite admiration. Viewed with reference to our vernacular literature, it constitutes an epoch in its historical department; for though Sir Thomas More, 'the father of English prose,' composed his fragment on the 'History of Richard the Third' a century, and Knolles his 'History of the Turks' a few years before the appearance of Raleigh's work, it was indisputably the first extensive attempt of its kind in the English

language." The moral and judicial mode of viewing the achievements of the classical nations, and the providential lessons held out by history, joined with a mournful tone of reflection on the instability of fortune, the miseries of humanity, and the ultimate fate of all in death, combine to give the work a character of individuality of the most marked description, and which separates it from all others of the class to which it belongs." But perhaps its most striking feature is the sweet tone of philosophic melancholy which pervades the whole. Written in prison during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel in its perusal that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury and the asperity of resentment have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson that all is vanity.

Of Raleigh's other literary productions, none but the account of Sir R. Grenville's action at the Azores, and that of his own voyage to Guiana, and some poems, were printed during his life. Most of those attributed to him were not published till long after his death. Four of them, however, were published under the sanction of his grandson—his "Discourse on the Invention of Shipping," his "Relation of the Action at Cadiz," his "Dialogue between a Jesuit and a Recusant," and the "Apology for his Last Voyage to Guiana." Two political treatises—"The Cabinet Council," and the "Maxims of the State"—were edited and introduced to the world by Milton; the first being, as he stated, "given to him for a true copy, by a learned man at his death;" and he considered it "answerable in style to the works of the eminent author already extant, as far as the subject would permit."

The versatility of Raleigh's genius and pursuits were, as Napier remarks, strikingly exemplified in his acquaintance with the mechanical arts, and his addiction to experimental inquiries. His discourses on shipping, the navy, and naval tactics, are the earliest productions of the kind in the English language. He had little practical training in the art of seamanship, but his knowledge of it was equal to that of any sailor of his age. His tracts on ship-building have often been referred to as evincing a large amount of information; and in a discourse on the "Art of War

by Sea," of which, however, only some partial outline remains, it would appear that that was a subject which he very well understood. The strong taste for experimental inquiry, which manifested itself so signally at the close of the sixteenth century, found in Raleigh one of those inquisitive and ardent minds, such as in all ages are apt to be excited to active research by the discovery of any new avenue to knowledge. During his confinement in the Tower, he appears to have devoted a good deal of his time to chemical and pharmaceutical investigations; greatly, no doubt, to the amazement of those about him, who would naturally marvel at seeing the splendid courtier and captain of a happier day, thus earnestly employing himself with chemical stills and crucibles. Sir William Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, relates that he converted a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house; "and here," says he, "he doth spend his time all the day in distillations." This is supposed to have occurred before Raleigh began seriously to apply himself to the composition of his History, which, when commenced, must have engrossed the greater portion of his time; though, in the way of recreation, he appears to have continued his experimental researches throughout the entire period of his confinement.

Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower ended in March, 1615. Well, perhaps, would it have been for his fame, had he died before his liberation; for, as Napier remarks, "he lived to furnish a humiliating proof of the lamentable inconsistencies of human nature, even in the strongest minds; to show that the same man may in the closet reason like a sage on cupidity and ambition, and in active life pursue with eagerness the commonest objects of desire; may declaim against gold, as the 'high and shining idol' with which the greatest enemy of mankind lures them on to destruction, and yet sacrifice character and life in its pursuit; may smile at death in its most revolting form, and yet try to escape from it by the most degrading artifices." The king did not grant him a full pardon, being resolved, as he stated, to preserve such a hold on Raleigh, as to keep him in effectual subjection, and thus make him answerable, under penalties, for his subsequent behavior.

If Raleigh himself is to be credited, it

was mainly to obtain the power of revisiting Guiana that he coveted his liberty. That envied and mysterious region had never ceased to engage his thoughts.

The rumor of gold mines being always an allurements, Raleigh found no difficulty in getting together a sufficient body of associates. In the course of a few months, he was in a condition to sail with a fleet of not less than thirteen vessels, some of them of considerable size, and all carrying a proportionable number of cannon.

There were various delays and disasters on the voyage, but about the middle of November the coast of Guiana was in sight. Raleigh, unhappily, was now too unwell to ascend the Orinoco, and was obliged to appoint some one in his place to conduct the exploring party. Who, seemingly, could be better than Captain Keymis, who had visited the country before, and represented himself to be well acquainted with the situation of the mine? He, accordingly, proceeded with five companies of soldiers (two hundred and fifty altogether) to search for the spot in question. The navigation into the interior occupied a month; and on disembarking near St. Thomas, a small town erected by the Spaniards, the exploring party fell in with an adventure.

By some sort of accident or misunderstanding, or, perhaps, by intentional arrangement, our exploring party were induced to make an attack upon St. Thomas, in which conflict the governor was killed, and likewise, on the other side, Raleigh's eldest son; and the Spaniards having retreated and been pursued into the town, there took occasion to defend themselves by firing from the windows, and thereby so exasperated the English that they set fire to the place, and left it a perfect ruin. This done, Keymis, with a small party of gentlemen and soldiers, dashed forward into the country to find out the "mine," which the leader represented as being situated at no great distance. They beat about for twenty days without result; being meanwhile frequently fired upon from the woods, and suffering considerable loss. Keymis, at last, thought proper to give up the search, and fell back with his party upon St. Thomas; whence the whole body shortly returned to Trinidad, where their disappointed commander, still unwell, was lying at anchor.

Those who have most closely investi-

gated the documents which form the groundwork of Raleigh's History, are decidedly of opinion that his main purpose in proceeding to Guiana was, not to discover gold mines, but to plant a colony in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlements.

On rejoicing his commander, Keymis, unable to bear the reproaches with which he was received, and feeling likewise that he had been the immediate cause of the failure, which would now undoubtedly involve Raleigh in certain ruin, took the thing seriously to heart, passed a few days in sullen abstraction, and then destroyed himself. As to Sir Walter, he, in one of his letters written at this time, observes, that "God had given him a strong heart." And truly enough he had now need of all its strength. Though weak from illness, he at once set sail for Newfoundland, intending there to revictual and refit his ships for the prosecution of his ulterior designs. Before reaching that place, however, most of them dispersed to follow other fortunes; and on his arrival a mutiny took place among his own crew, some wishing to continue at sea, and others to return to England. With the latter, who were the majority, he was forced to acquiesce and sail homeward, his private intention being meanwhile very different. It is generally agreed that his resolution was, if possible, to keep at sea; and it is believed that he designed to try his fortune at the expense of the Spanish settlements, or by some other act of piracy. In an examination, after his return, he "confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexican fleet, if the mine failed."

In July, 1618, after being about a year from England, Raleigh returned to Plymouth. On arriving, Raleigh learned that a royal proclamation had been issued, strongly condemning his conduct in regard to the attack upon St. Thomas, and calling upon all who could give any information upon the subject to repair to the privy council; and soon after landing he was put under arrest by Sir Lewis Stukely, Vice-admiral of Devonshire, to whom a warrant for that purpose had been intrusted. He had previously gone on board a vessel with the view of escaping to France; but, owing to some unexplained and unaccountable emotion, he returned without making the attempt. Not long afterward he was re-committed to the

Tower. At this time there was pending the negotiation for the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain; and as Raleigh had made himself particularly obnoxious to the rulers of that country, his life was demanded by them as one of the conditions of their assent to the match. The demand was readily complied with; but the novelty, and the extraordinary circumstances of the case, occasioned much difficulty among the lawyers as to the proper course of proceeding. Being under an unpardoned sentence for treason, it was held that Raleigh must be considered as civilly dead, and therefore not triable for any new offense. Had he previously been pardoned, he might have been brought to trial for the attack upon St. Thomas, and the consequent violation of international law; but since James, with his precious cunning and kingcraft, had provided against the chance of that, there seemed no course open but to fall back upon the old sentence, which, for upward of fourteen years, had been left unexecuted. One of the most revolting acts that ever stained the records of British criminal procedure was thus perpetrated, and, as an appropriate consequence, the memory of James I. rendered odious to all posterity. Without doubt Raleigh was sacrificed by the crafty monarch to gratify the resentment, and to appease the fears of the ancient enemy of his country. "Surely," says Mr. Napier, "if aught done against his own and his people's honor can consign the memory of a ruler to lasting reprobation, the following admission ought so to dispose of that of James: 'Let them know,' says one of the dispatches written to the British ambassador in Spain, 'let them know how able a man Sir Walter Raleigh was to have done his majesty service, if he should have been pleased to employ him; yet, to give them content, he hath not spared him, when, by preserving him, he might have given great satisfaction to his subjects, and had at his command as useful a man as served any prince in Christendom.'"

In execution of the antiquated sentence under which he had been originally condemned, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618. His behavior on the scaffold was firm and calm, and kindled the deepest emotions of pity, wonder, and admiration in the spectators. After addressing the people in justification of his

character and conduct, he took up the ax, and observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; "and then," added he, "fear not, but strike home!" He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head: "So the heart be right," said he, "it is no matter which way the head lies." On the signal being given, the executioner hesitated, whereupon Raleigh exclaimed, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" By two strokes, which he received without shrinking, his head fell; and thus the brave Sir Walter passed out of the world. After his death were found these verses, written the night before:

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

There are no details to supply a delineation of Raleigh's daily and familiar life. Of his personal appearance, however, we have some account preserved by individuals who knew him well. Sir Robert Naunton tells us that "he had, in the outward man, a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person;" and Aubrey adds, that, "besides being tall and handsome, he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceedingly high forehead, long face, and sour eyelids." He was apt to be magnificent in dress, and used to ride abroad with Queen Elizabeth in silver armor. One of his portraits, mentioned by Aubrey, represents him "in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck."

His mental qualities were of the kind which fit men equally for speculation and for action; and so expert and ready was he in whatsoever he undertook, that, as Fuller observes, he always seemed to have been "born to that only which he was about." His intellect had both strength and versatility; and with a fine philosophical and reflective power he combined a rich poetical imagination. "He can toil terribly," said Cecil; and, as we have seen, he represented himself as possessing an exceedingly "strong heart."

CORAL-WORKERS AND THEIR DOINGS.

A RECENT writer on the earth says that "probably there is not an atom of the solid materials of the globe which has not passed through the laboratory of life." Rocks, thousands of miles in extent, are found to be nearly half composed of microscopic shells; and deposits several feet in thickness, and stretching over



FUNGIA AGARICIFORMIS.

many miles, are made up of animals so small that "eight millions of them do not fill up a space larger than a mustard seed." With these facts before us, is not there an added interest in examining the process by which, even in our age, new tracts of land are raised from the depths of ocean?

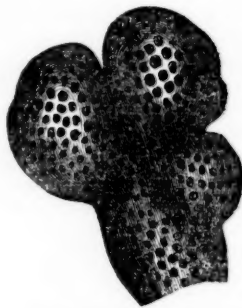
If we had heard that the great Master builder of this world of ours intended to employ creature-agency in making islands, which among the many living beings that we know should we have judged most fit for the work? Birds build most curious nests; and one, the Megapodius, a native of Australia, and found also in the Possession Islands, constructs a mound ten or twelve feet high, with sloping sides from eighteen to twenty-four feet in length, piling up earth and fragments of coral to cover her eggs; ants rear large dome-like homes and granaries; beavers dam up running streams, plaster their huts and plant their villages; man builds cities and pyramids, and more wonderful breakwaters; but all these creaturely doings fall short of the productions of the coral-workers. This is one instance among many that shows us how God chooses weak things for mighty works.

We look at the four great departments of the animal kingdom, and passing by the three former, which include all the more highly-organized animals, such as mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, crustaceans, worms, and most shell-fish, we take the fourth department, radiata. This division has three classes—sea-urchins, jelly-fishes, and polyps. We take the lowest class, polyps. This class again

has three orders. We take the second, sea-polyps, (actinoids;) and thus we find ourselves almost at the lowest step of the descending scale of animated being.

The polyps are animals fixed to one place, like plants, having a series of flexible arms round their mouth. They have curious ways. Their number is increased not only by eggs, but also by buds that sprout from the parent body, and in some kinds by division. A cleft is seen in the perfect animal, slight at first, but constantly increasing in depth, till, after a time, two are formed out of one, so much alike that you could not tell the child from the parent. Some polyps are solitary, each having an independent stem and support. Others grow in company on one common base. There is a singular connection subsisting among thousands of distinct individuals thus having a common body. There seems to be a transmission of will through the whole as perfect as in the limbs of a single animal. Thus a change of color at the base has been observed to spread upward to the tips of branching corallines. They remind one of buds on a tree, separate and yet united.

Observe the next specimen of coral that you meet with. You perceive the many small holes in its surface. When that was a living coral, the heads and arms of its inhabitants protruded from those holes; indeed, the stony part was often almost covered by the soft animal substance. The polyps have, however, the power of drawing themselves back into their hard framework. They are very large eaters; more particular about the quantity than the quality of their food. They help to clear away many impurities;



PORITES CLAVARIA.



CARYOPHYLLIA ARBOREA.

and thus perform the same good office in the water that many kinds of insects, devourers of animal and vegetable decay, perform on the land.

The kinds of corals that are the chief reef-builders belong to the genera *Madrepora*, *Astræa*, *Caryophyllia*, *Mæandrina*, and *Millepora*.

- ✓ The number of these polyps in the waters of warm climates is immense. Numbers beyond count are at work, day by day, in constructing their small but lasting cells; cells which are their homes while they live, and their graves when they die. It used to be thought that coral-polyps were able to build up steep walls from great depths in the sea; but this notion is not now regarded as true.
- ✓ No corals have been found living and working at a greater depth than from



MADREPORA ABROTANOIDE.

twenty to thirty fathoms. Say twenty-five and multiply by six, and this gives the number of feet below the sea to be one hundred and fifty. "Their upward limit of growth is determined by the lowest water at spring-tides."

Living corals are never found building upon living corals. The reefs that they construct are raised layer upon layer, by successive generations; the houses of the living race having for their foundation the graves of the past race.

This "creation" is of three kinds, atolls, encircling, or barrier reefs, and fringing reefs. The *atoll* rises above the waves, a circular or oval strip of land, varying in breadth and inclosing a lake or lagoon of smooth water. This ring-like sea-wall has generally one, and often many openings. It is always highest on its windward side. The *barrier reef* is like the atoll, only it is either found running parallel to a coast, or inclosing one



MÆANDRINA CEREBIFORMIS.

or more islands. The largest coral reef in the world is the barrier reef that guards the northeast coast of Australia. It is one thousand one hundred miles in length, and varies in its distance from the shore from ten or fifteen to a hundred miles. Its mean distance is about thirty miles. The islands that are encircled by barrier reefs are often mountainous. Their shores are washed by the smooth waters of the lagoons, and about two or three miles off, the protecting ring shields lake and islets from the might of the ocean. Some travelers have likened these islets to castles surrounded first by a moat, and then by a strong wall of defense. Others have compared them "to a framed engraving, where the frame represents the breakers, the marginal paper the smooth lagoon, and the drawing the island itself."

Fringing reefs, as their name imports, skirt the margin of a shore. They are common to continents and islands.

Within the lagoons the water is shallow, varying from one hundred and twenty to three hundred feet. Beyond the outer wall the sea is deep, and often unfathomable. Now we have seen that the coral-polyps cannot live and work in these deep places, and we know, too, that they must have some foundation on which to begin. It is also true that dead coral has been fetched up from depths below the range of living coral, and has been found on higher ground than any that the sea now washes. Mr. Darwin has a theory, now generally adopted, which accounts for these facts. He supposes that every atoll marks the site and traces the outline of sunken land. Wherever there is now a lagoon there was once an island with a girdle of coral around it. By slow degrees the land subsided, and as it sank lower and lower the corals round its base grew up higher and higher, till, when the downward progress of the land was stayed, no part of the original island was to be seen above the waves, and only a ring-like reef appeared—new land for new inhabitants. Some of the present islands are known to be sinking very gradually, while some, in other parts of the ocean, are rising. The Friendly Archipelago consist of a group of atolls, upheaved and since partially worn down. I only state this view without attempting to prove its truth. Should you think the subject so interesting that you would like to know more about it, I would refer you to Darwin's book "*On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*," or to a shorter statement in his "*Naturalists' Journal of a Voyage Round the World*." Let me also name the fifty-first chapter of Lyell's "*Principles of Geology*."

The lagoon-inclosing reefs are very numerous in the Pacific. Mr. Jukes gives the following beautiful description of their appearance at a distance in his "*Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship Fly*:"

"There is considerable beauty in a small coral reef when viewed from a ship's masthead at a short distance in clear weather. A small island, with a white sand beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water of a bright grass-green color, inclosed by a ring of glittering surf as white as snow, immediately outside of which is

the rich, dark blue of deep waters. All the sea is free from any mixture of sand or mud. Even when it breaks on a sand beach it retains its perfect purity, as the large grains of coral are heavy and do not break into mud, so that if a bucketful of coral sand be thrown into the sea, it may be seen gradually sinking like a white cloud, without producing any discoloration in the surrounding water. It is this perfect clearness . . . which renders navigation among coral reefs practicable, as a shoal with five fathoms water on it can be discerned at a mile distance from a ship's masthead, in consequence of its greenish hue contrasting with the blue of deep water."

The smooth and still waters of the lake have often been contrasted with the rush and roar of the breakers beyond. We will quote Mr. Jukes again. He speaks of a reef a quarter of a mile wide, a fresh breeze, and a heavy sea running:

"The water is perfectly clear, and of great and almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breakers was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity."

Mr. Darwin says:

"The ocean throwing its breakers on these outer shores appears an invincible enemy, yet we see it resisted and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. No periods of repose are granted, and the long swell caused by the steady action of the trade wind never ceases. The breakers exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and it is impossible to behold them without feeling a conviction that rocks of granite or quartz would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious, for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime, one by one, from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Myriads of architects are at work night and day, month after month, and we see their soft and gelatinous bodies, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist."

The corals that are the chief agents in reef-making are much larger than those usually brought home as specimens. There are massive kinds at work on the outer shores that could not live within the lagoon where the delicately branching kinds flourish. These gigantic corals far surpass in size, strength, and weight, any

fossil specimens that have been found. It is difficult to get a sight of them, alive and working, because of those heavy seas that break upon the outer reefs; but large blocks are often rolled up by the waves and left upon the land.

I have been doubting whether to insert a passage in which Mr. Jukes describes a sheltered nook, on an extreme slope, "where every coral was in free life and luxuriance." But I cannot help thinking that you will admire the beauty and distinctness of the picture, in spite of the use of many terms that you may not yet understand:

"Round masses of *mæandria* and *astræa* were contrasted with delicate, leaf-like, and cup-shaped expansions of *explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of branching *madreporæ* and *seriatoporæ*; some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and others, again, exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs of the most exquisite workmanship. Their colors were unrivaled, vivid greens, contrasting with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue. Bright red, yellow, and peach-colored *nulliporæ* clothed those masses that were dead, mingled with beautiful, pearly flakes of *eschara* and *retepora*; the latter looking like lacework in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated many beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging masses and ledges."

These bright creatures have not always peaceful lives. There are many kinds of sea animals that bore holes in the corals, and take up their lodging among them; while some kinds of fish prey upon them; and when the corals themselves die, other animals occupy their forsaken buildings. I have read a description of a block of coral that was brought up by a fish-hook from a considerable depth. Its substance was worn and dead; but it was covered with many small, delicate, and brightly-colored corallines, with sea-weed and sponges; and when broken up various kinds of boring shells were found within; while in the hollows and recesses lay worms twisted in and out, and three small species of crabs. Though not a foot in diameter, "it was a perfect museum in itself."

But how do reefs formed in the way I have described come to be islands, where trees grow and men live? We have seen that when the reef rises so high as to be

almost dry at low water, the corals cease to build. But large blocks of coral are often detached by the action first of the sun, and then of the sea, and are thrown upon the reef, so as to give it by degrees a higher elevation. Then the washing of the waves wears down the more delicate kinds of coral and rubs them into powder; and this powder fills up vacant spaces, while chemical precipitation aids in forming masses of limestone. Besides, wherever throughout the ocean rocks are found, there is also life in abundance. Sea-weed creeps over them; beds of oysters, of muscles, and of other shells, cover them in thick layers; large shoals of fish disport themselves and seek their prey around their edge. In "this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable." The hard teeth and palates of fishes, and many kinds of shells, some among the largest and heaviest of known species, serve to increase the compacted mass. Drift timber is frequently cast ashore; stones of considerable size are occasionally brought entangled in the roots of trees; insects, especially such as feed on dead animals, abound, and sea-birds find a resting place for themselves and their young. You may readily imagine how a fitting soil for stray seeds is soon formed, and how, as vegetation spreads, that soil becomes richer and more productive, till graceful and lofty trees lift their heads up toward the blue sky, above a thick growth of bushes and creeping plants. Lizards, and other small animals, are among the early inhabitants of the new land; and, at last, man comes, and soon proves himself to be master of the whole.

It is believed that the men who first peopled the Pacific Islands came from the mainland of Asia. Their appearance, their language, and some of their customs, are regarded as justifying this view. Cases are frequent of canoes being carried to long distances in these seas; a Japanese junk was recently drifted, with its surviving crew, as far as the Sandwich Islands; and looking at a map, you may see how many stopping places there are between the Malay coast and the islands lying further east. You can imagine the population spreading, at intervals of time, to Borneo, Celebes, Bouru, and Ceram, the New-Hebrides, and so on to the various small groups in the Pacific.

NATALIE'S MARRIAGE.

THE splendid city of St. Petersburg wore an air of unusual gayety and excitement on the morning of the 6th December, 18—. In the immediate neighborhood of the Winter Palace, this excitement and bustle of preparation was manifest. Servants clad in the imperial livery were to be seen running to and fro in all directions; some assisting to lift into their places the most fragrant exoties, destined to decorate the sumptuous halls; others laden with some of the choicest flowers, looking gayer and more beautiful because of the contrast they presented to the dead winter-season out of doors; while to a third set of careful hands were intrusted the transport of the large light bandboxes containing the ball-dresses of her majesty's maids of honor.

All these signs of preparation for the coming festivity belonged especially to that day; for had not the Empress Alexandrine issued her invitations, commanding those so honored as to receive them to attend her annual ball, given in celebration of his majesty the Emperor Nicholas's name-day?

At noon, Nicholas reviewed his noble regiment of the Chevalier Guards in the Champ de Mars, taking occasion to compliment, with a few well-chosen words, his most efficient officers; on whom, also, he bestowed more tangible marks of his favor, by presenting them with medals of gold, bearing his likeness. From thence he drove to the ice-mountains, where the young cadets were amusing themselves after partaking of a splendid collation, provided for them by their imperial master. Ay, and right royal and noble did he look as he leaped from his sledge on arriving on the ground; and right glad and welcome rose the cheer from two hundred young voices, clear and shrill in the frosty air, greeting his presence among them.

Thus passed the hours of the fête-day. At ten o'clock at night, the windows of the Winter Palace presented one blaze of light; and the string of carriages drawn up to deposit the guests at the great doors, betokened that the crowning festivities of the day were about to begin. By eleven o'clock, the emperor and empress had entered the ball-room, and walked through the first *Polonaise*, when two very elegantly dressed ladies passed through the

crowds of decorated uniforms that obstructed their progress, and made their way up to the far end of the magnificent saloons, to the dais occupied by the empress. As they will play rather an important part in this narrative, I will describe their position in life and their personal appearance.

Although of Polish extraction, the elder of the two sisters—for such was their relationship—possessed the style of beauty most admired in Russia. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, and was fair, fresh-complexioned, and of middling stature; well formed, but with that full figure which gives promise in after-life of *embonpoint*. Dressed with extreme taste, and blazing with jewels, she attracted many eyes as she floated through the room. Six or seven years earlier, she had married the Prince Gagarine, a noble well known to stand high in favor at court, but supposed to be so exclusively occupied with his military duties as to have but small sympathy with the wife so many years younger than himself. They had no children, and the interest and amusements of the Princess Gagarine centered in the world of gayety, where she filled a prominent place, and of which she was esteemed a most distinguished ornament.

On the evening in question, her look and whole manner denoted some especial cause of pride and pleasure, and it arose from the very legitimate circumstance that it was the first occasion of her sister's appearance in the highest society of the capital; and I call this pride and pleasure legitimate, for she filled in some degree the place of a mother to the young girl who accompanied her.

It may seem strange that this evening should have been the first introduction of that sister to the court, but it was the consequence of a train of circumstances somewhat unusual. Owing to the feeble health of their mother, she had been brought up in great retirement; and it was only on the death of this lady, some time before, that the duty of finishing her education, and presenting her to the world, had devolved on the princess. For this reason, a mixed feeling of curiosity and admiration pervaded the courtly crowd, who turned to gaze on the fair young companion the princess led so triumphantly to the foot of the throne.

Natalie Polensky was barely seventeen, and presented a great but charming con-

trast to her elder sister. Tall, slight, with masses of the darkest hair, glossy and beautiful, folded simply round her head in thick braids, with a more lofty, refined, spiritual style of beauty in her features, and a more sweet and earnest expression in her dark eyes, well might she excite the envy of some, and gratify the admiration of others, of the gazers who turned so inquiringly toward her; and, above all, well might she justify the conscious air of undisguised pleasure with which the princess presented her to her imperial mistress.

As they retired from making their obeisance to their imperial hosts, the kind eyes of the empress followed them with some interest; and she smiled slightly to see how many aspirants pressed forward to solicit the hand of Natalie for the dance about to begin. But ere she could make a selection, the Grand-duke Alexander, the present Emperor of all the Russias, passed through the crowd, and led her out from the midst of the many competitors for the first waltz. Nor were Natalie's triumphs destined to end here; the emperor himself congratulated the princess on her sister's rare attractions, and the empress hinted that, on the first occasion, she would decorate her with the *chiffre*, and appoint her maid of honor.

Never had a ball seemed so delightful, and never did a princess return to her home more gratified than she did on that memorable night; and, indeed, it was but the commencement of a series of conquests; and this might account for the fair Natalie refusing many brilliant and unexceptionable offers of marriage. Possibly, young as she was, she shrunk from surrendering her liberty so soon—possibly she nursed some girlish dream of greater love and more faithful devotion than these courtly suitors seemed likely to bestow upon her. Her sister left her undisturbed, and made no remonstrances on account of those many rejections; perhaps she did not wish so soon to relinquish the pleasure of her society, or the share of popularity that Natalie's success reflected upon herself. In the meantime, as had been expected, the younger sister was created maid of honor to her majesty; and the first separation between them occurred when she went with the court to spend the summer season quietly at Peterhof, in the happy domestic circle of her imperial mistress.

There, the attraction the empress had

felt toward her from the very first ripened into warm interest; for during the many hours of quiet life, rendered imperative by her feeble health, Natalie's beautiful voice and great musical talents contributed much to cheer and soothe her; and in the humbler occupation of reading aloud, the maid of honor spent many hours of most pleasurable retirement with the family of one she learned to love as a friend, while she revered and honored her as a mistress.

So passed the brief bright summer days at Peterhof. In the meantime, people began to wonder why the heir-apparent of the throne did not marry. His father more than once spoke to him seriously on the duty that lay before him, and questioned him respecting his feelings toward the various German princesses whose families alone could be honored by his choice. The grand-duke answered lightly enough, that there was plenty of time before him; and with a significant shrug of the shoulders, that made even his father's face relax into a smile, dismissed the topic.

By and by, the empress also addressed her son on the same subject, telling him openly how anxious she felt about it. He answered her as he had done his father; but it is not so easy to deceive a mother's eye; she well knew this assumed indifference veiled some deeper feeling in her son's heart. She determined to watch him narrowly. Judge, then, of the mingled consternation and pain with which she became convinced her favorite Natalie was the object of his affections, and when she could not but believe that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.

The Princess Gagarine was immediately commanded to a private interview; wherein, to her extreme surprise, the empress, with heightened color and nervous trembling of the voice, accosted her by demanding abruptly what she knew about her sister's audacious attachment. The princess, of course, denied all knowledge, all suspicion of the fact imputed, and endeavored to reassure the empress by declaring that she must be mistaken; but when she was dismissed, and could question Natalie in private, she found that such was by no means the case. In vain did she argue with her that it was impossible the grand-duke should really love her; in vain represent to her that he only assumed the appearance of affection to amuse himself at her expense; and urged upon her, by

every consideration of pride, of self-respect, and womanly feeling, to rouse herself from so dangerous, so fatal a delusion. To all this, Natalie only made reply by confessing the most entire faith in her lover's protestations. After a prolonged and painful discussion, the princess sought her husband's advice upon the matter. He took it up most seriously, and threw himself upon his sister-in-law's compassion, imploring her for all their sakes, to combat and control her unfortunate passion; adding, "If once it reach the ears of his majesty, we are all ruined."

Next day the princess besought an interview with her majesty, which was immediately granted; and throwing herself at the empress's feet, she implored her to pardon what she called her guilty negligence in not having foreseen such a possibility, and warned her sister against yielding to it, declaring her own and her husband's perfect innocence in other respects. "Command us, madame, and how gladly and implicitly shall you be obeyed! I will watch over my unfortunate sister night and day: never shall they meet again: never shall any messages or correspondence pass between them; only, I entreat your majesty, keep what has transpired a secret from the emperor, or we are all lost."

The empress, mollified by her candor and submission, promised to think over it and see her again. Three days from that time, the two sisters were on their way to Italy, as the rumor ran, to cultivate to the utmost the great musical talent of the younger lady, which had so recommended her to her imperial mistress' favor. In itself, this would have excited no surprise; but the downcast looks, ill health, and evident depression of spirits under which the grand-duke labored, gave rise to many whispered hints, that took form and shape gradually, and which did not escape the eagle observation of the czar; therefore it was with more authority of manner than in his first discussion with his son, that he commanded him to prepare for a tour into Germany, for the express purpose of selecting his future consort.

Three years passed away, and the short and brilliant reign of Natalie Polensky had been almost forgotten in the triumphs of later and more fortunate beauties; the Grand-duke Alexander had recovered his usual health and spirits, and even the likelihood of his approaching nuptials with

the Princess Mary of Darmstadt began to be currently reported. In the meantime, Natalie had gradually faded away like a flower transplanted to some uncongenial soil, and with the heat of the noonday sun pouring down unsheltered upon its head. She had altered day by day, wasting and fretting away to a pale, delicate, spiritless girl. Her medical men pronounced her illness to be a decline; there seemed not so much of actual disease, as utter prostration of strength, and an overwhelming lassitude and languor, from which nothing could arouse her; and they suggested that, as a last resource, revisiting her native land might be beneficial, as, indeed, it seemed to offer the only hope of recovery.

Then, for the first time, the Princess Gagarine ventured to forward a petition to the emperor, stating her sister's case, and soliciting most humbly permission to return to Russia. On the first presentation of the request, it was refused most peremptorily; but the empress, hearing how pale, and feeble, and altered her old favorite had become, interfered with such success, that not only were they recalled to the capital, but on the first anniversary, after their return, of the day of St. Nicholas, their names again appeared among those honored by an invitation to the court-ball.

On that evening, let us enter the boudoir of the princess an hour or two before the time appointed for their attendance. It was the first time Natalie had ventured to appear in public; and on this occasion she lay back on her sofa, propped up with pillows, so weak and exhausted that the most uninterested spectator would have dreaded for her the excitement and fatigue of such an exertion. But it is needless to say that neither of them for a moment hesitated to obey the flattering command which summoned them once more within the orbit of the court. I have said Natalie lay resting quietly on her sofa; the princess sat opposite to her buried in thought, anxious and nervous about the fate of the evening. She did not speak to her, not daring to ask even how she felt, and far less venturing to make the slightest allusion to past events. Indeed, by tacit consent, the one topic had never once been touched upon since they left Russia.

There was a strange contrast between the crimson velvet cushions and the white transparent face, pale and pure, with every

feature sharpened and refined by her wasting and undefined illness. The large dark eyes looked larger than ever, now that they seemed to usurp more than their due proportion of the face, and the thick masses of dark hair fell loose and disarranged round her shoulders. Never had her sister seen her look so touchingly beautiful.

Her dress for the evening, of white lace, lay on a chair near her, and with it the wreath of lilies of the valley, one of the commonest of Russian wild flowers, which she had selected to wear. She lay back abstracted, turning round and round her thin finger a simple little enameled ring she had worn night and day for the last three years—a ring she most jealously refused to take off, and which, she confessed, had words engraved inside it which none but herself and the giver knew of; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the princess could never ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the *refrain* of a little German song, an especial favorite of the empress—an adieu, full of unshed tears. At last, the Prince Gagarine entering, with some remark on the lateness of the hour, broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court-ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts! The eyes of the empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence; but while she had stood before her, her lips had uttered only cold and commonplace regrets for her illness. Beside her stood the emperor and the grand-duke; and every shade of color faded away while she felt what scrutinizing eyes were noting, with merciless exactness, every point of difference in her appearance since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over; and pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her

old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said she had already met face to face the heir-apparent of the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The grand-duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was too late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and, above all predominant, she knew the emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the grand-duke retained Natalie's hand so long in his grasp that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur; the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the emperor stepped forward, and without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and, after seeing her safe in her sister's care, returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home, the emperor was announced, desiring to speak to her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive, then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:

"Natalie Polensky, you know that I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare: tell me now, what are your prospects for the future?"

"Sire," she replied, "I can answer you

without a moment's hesitation, since to-morrow I leave St. Petersburg for Varenège, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again." She stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

"Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me," resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. "This must not be; I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced last night with Count Maurenosoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you, and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case, I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace."

Natalie knew too well what this meant, the kind, calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under other circumstances, might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the czar:

"Sire," she murmured, "hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me, O let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!" The stern, impenetrable Nicholas was touched by her appeal, and, taking her by the hand, said:

"My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me of was a childish one. I doubt not *he* also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot, follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All rests with you, and I cannot doubt what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess so to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!"

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: "Sire, I am your majesty's slave."

It was true what he had said; it was no high-sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private

feelings to what he believed his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately, and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure, nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridesmaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenosoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands, proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned toward the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the grand-duke with the present empress took place very shortly afterward.

Within a year after her marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenosoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St. Petersburg, and will be recognized by many, who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

(For the National Magazine.)

RISE, DECLINE, AND FALL OF REV.
JOB SHADDACKY.

I THINK it may be laid down as a safe maxim that will startle no one by its novelty, nor amaze anybody by its profundity, that men in general are dissatisfied with their several callings. It would, indeed, be an easy thing to announce this plain truth with such solemn notes of preparation as would make the vulgar wonder what is coming, and take unthinking minds by surprise. But as I choose to be honest with my readers, I will not resort to the art of magnifying an old truism into a new proposition, but give it to them as a thing with which they are already quite familiar. I suppose that one reason of this general discontent is, that the men of each trade or profession know by experience what is disagreeable in it, while they are almost totally ignorant of the difficulties that attend the pursuits of others. Another reason is, that occupations are selected for us in an arbitrary way, as chance or caprice may direct, without the slightest reference to our physical or mental adaptation for the chosen pursuit. One of a feeble constitution is sent into a ship-yard to build seventy-fours, while another, who has strength enough to make an anchor, is condemned to grow sickly and pale in a counting-house or store. A natural orator, who might, by his eloquence, sway great assemblies, and win the gratitude of his country, is doomed to study Galen and Hippocrates, and employ a miserable life in feeling pulses, looking at furred tongues, and writing on slips of paper,

Hydrarg. Sub. Mu. grs. viii.
Jalapæ, " " " xii.
Rhei Pulv. " " " x.

while a young gentleman of phlegmatic temper, and nearly tongue-tied, is sent into a pulpit to alarm or persuade stubborn and fastidious sinners into repentance and a new life. All this is as much out of place as if the eagle's beak had been given to a dove, or the wings of an albatross to a wren. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that nature's suggestion having been unheeded, men should grow weary of their employments, quarrel with the difficulties of their vocation, and indulge the restless desire for change. It often happens, however, that a misplaced genius seeks and

gains its natural calling, and success the most splendid rewards a different pursuit, illustrating the blunder of having ever begun the first; just as a fragrant plant, covered by a flat stone, forces its way under the obstruction, lifts itself into the clear air, and spreads a grateful odor all around. But it is the misfortune of many to find their mistake, or the mistake of those who chose for them, when it is too late to repair the mischief; when long habit has destroyed the flexibility of their minds, and they are neither fit for what they are, nor good for anything else. Nature, or nature's God, which means the same, cut them out for one thing, but education made them another. The consequence is a sad misfit, and a spoiling of the material in the bargain. But lest I should weary the reader's patience by carrying these reflections to a tedious length, I will here drop them, and get at once to the story.

In an interior county of the great State of New-York, there lived and flourished a family bearing a name neither common nor euphonious. Adonijah Shaddaky was the male head of the house, and Patience, his wife, was a helpmate exactly suitable in every respect. Adonijah was ignorant of letters, and his wife was not more knowing than himself. They were both religious, industrious, and frugal. The heaviest wheat covered their fields, the finest apples grew in their orchards, and the fattest mutton grazed the rich pasture of their meadow lands. In process of time this worthy couple had five sons and three daughters. Job Shaddaky was the youngest, and, of course, the favorite child of his parents. As his four brothers came of age, they married and settled on farms, the gifts of their father. Job was intended for higher things. As no literary light had ever been set on a candlestick to give light to the house of Shaddaky, it had long been the cherished purpose of both parents to bestow that shining distinction on him. He was first to be made a scholar, and then a clergyman. Accordingly, with the full benefit of all the learning he had received in the Valley school-house, he was sent to college at eighteen. At twenty-one he was regularly entered, as a student of theology, in the ancient and renowned theological seminary of —. At twenty-six he was ordained and made a minister, according to the forms of the church of which all

his father's family were members. Thus was Job's literary and divinity education completed, and the wishes of his fond parents realized in the fact, that their son was now to be known and respected as the Rev. Job Shaddaky.

He returned to his father's house a prodigy, such as the only educated member of a family always appears to the rest. He was the joy of his parents, the admiration of his brothers, and the pride of his sisters. They were all ignorant of the extent of his acquirements, for knowledge, like the unfathomed depth of the sea, is measured only by itself. As he sat before the chimney fire, silently reviewing his studies, or, perhaps, lost in profound meditation on the dinner that tumbled about in the huge iron pot, his sisters would cast curious glances at him, and wonder meanwhile where his great thoughts were straying. His mother, who sat working at the spinning-wheel, was tempted, over and over again, to ask him that infidel question, though not in an infidel spirit, where Cain got his wife. And his father actually did venture to put the question by what mysterious process of nature Jacob got such a large flock of ring-streaked cattle. Job answered that, "Whether the affair was fortuitous and quite outside of the operation of natural laws, such as might reasonably be supposed to happen once in the history of a world; or whether it belonged to a class of psychological phenomena, the result of some occult and hitherto inexplicable physico-intellectual power of nature; or whether it was simply providential to insure a hard-working man his wages, were solutions about which the learned had differed *toto calo* from the most remote antiquity down to modern times, and still the question is mooted with about equal plausibility in behalf of the various discordant theories. My opinion, though it has not yet settled into permanent conviction, coincides with the last view of the case." Job's father was not only satisfied, but overwhelmed with the answer, and from that day gave up the long-cherished project of trying peeled willows as a means of raising a ring-streaked brood. This learned answer to a very difficult question tended, however, to deepen the reverence of the family for Job's erudition. They all now looked upon him as the adventurer Cortes and his crew looked upon the mysterious Mexican empire, after they

had fingered some small specimens of its gold. Visions of indefinite mental wealth rose before them. And to say the truth, the young man was as learned as eight years of laborious study in the highest schools could make him. In Hebrew he was sufficiently skilled to have held a correspondence, on small things, with Jonathan Ben Uzziel himself; and as to Hebrew roots, he could dig them out with as much facility as his father or brothers could turn up potatoes or carrots. Of Greek, if he was not a master, he was at least a slave, having toiled for it with such recompense as it capriciously bestows. In Latin, he was so perfectly at home, that before he left college it began to be whispered about that he must have found some new theory—some labor-saving method for outstripping all his compeers. But with all this immense learning, Job was only a scholar, and a scholar without judgment, worse fitted for the duties and struggles of life than when he left the plow. His educated mind had about it the stiff and inflexible aspect of a full-length Egyptian portrait. He had nothing of the easy carriage and appropriate style of a sound judgment, which, after all, gives to learning its full value and weight. In a word, he went forth from college into the world like a man who lands from a wreck on an uninhabited isle, with a shipload of iron rails and a locomotive—valuable enough elsewhere, but to him of no earthly use.

As he was now a clergyman in full orders, some of his friends thought it best that he should marry a wife before he undertook the care of a parish, as it would save him all the inconvenience of a future courtship, with the time it would necessarily take from parish duty. It would also prevent the idle and ill-natured gossip which is apt to arise among his parishioners when it is known that their pastor is on the by-path that leads to matrimony. No man was more clearly of this opinion than old Jacob Thornhedge, whose daughter, Angelina, was rapidly advancing toward a doubtful age, and who had rejected suitor after suitor, until young gentlemen began to treat her with the civility due to ladies much older than themselves. The old man sought an opportunity, and with singular candor gave Job his opinion and advice, and added, that, as a clergyman, he should be careful to select a wife whose years and gravity of manners would become him

in his sacred character. Something of this world's goods, also, he thought, would not come amiss as an appendage to her other qualifications. Now it was well known that Angelina had of late become serious and thoughtful, and it was just as well known that whoever gained her hand would gain with it a snug little farm worth about \$6,000. I need not tell the rest. In a short time, Angelina Thornhedge was the wife of the Rev. Job Shaddaky.

Having thus gotten a helpmate in every respect fully worthy of him, and a little over, he now began to look round for a church. But he soon found that it was much easier to get a wife than to make her the mistress of a parsonage. Many churches were vacant, and many hungry sheep, in different folds, had for a long time been feeding on such occasional supplies of spiritual fodder as had been brought to them by roving shepherds. What they wanted was *the very man*; but, unfortunately, they could come to no general agreement as to who that man was, or where he might be found, and ten to one if they found him, whether he would not turn out to be a gentle and contented shepherd,

"Who ne'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

Job offered to feed several of those destitute flocks in different parts of the country, and went about, from Sunday to Sunday, giving specimens of his skill in preparing food for them. But they never once seemed to relish the provision which he offered; and no wonder, for mistaking the grass-loving nature of the animals, he threw before them tough meat, gristle and bone, which would have made a suitable repast for carnivorous natures, but altogether unsuited to the digestive organs of sheep. Among many other vacant places, there stood the "*Old Rock Church*," within three miles of the farm whereon Job was raised. It had been destitute of a pastor for more than a year, simply because the official corps was hard to please. A dozen candidates had done their best to gain the good opinion of the influential men and their wives. They had preached from the old pulpit their ablest sermons—doctrinal, practical, exegetical, and sentimental. One had pitched into Popery with boots, spurs, and all on, supposing thereby to get the vote of a leading man who was zealous against Rome.

Another came down on slavery, in a style that sounded terribly like the crack of a horse-pistol, insomuch that a fugitive slave, who sat in the gallery, before he was aware of it, roared out, "*Pull again, boss.*" This was to please a wealthy gentleman of well-known anti-slavery sentiments. A third went against the liquor-trade like the sound of many waters. This pleased the majority, but offended the most liberal man in the church, whose aid in financials was indispensable. A fourth preached on moderation in all things, and pleased nobody. Him they set aside by a unanimous voice. Finding that it was hard to agree, an aged member rose in a meeting of the officials, and proposed to invite Job Shaddaky to the pulpit. A sneering smile crept out on the face of every man present, for they all knew Job from his boyhood, and were well acquainted with his father before him. But though these worthy men would not have asked him to the pulpit in sober earnestness, yet they were willing to gratify their curiosity, and that keen love of amusement which is relished all the better under the restraints of a religious service. Many a man who can be grave at a comedy, finds an irresistible propensity to laugh in church at the least ludicrous occurrence. They asked Job to preach on the ensuing Sunday. He accepted the invitation with an understanding that it might be followed by a call. At the appointed time his parents slipped quietly into church and took seats under the gallery stairway. His eldest brother placed himself behind the organ, while his sisters took a side pew near the pulpit, that they might hear well, as they afterward said; but the real motive was to exhibit to the congregation the persons of Jemima, and Jane, and Grace Shaddaky, the sisters of the preacher. As Job was now on trial for a call, and before a congregation that knew him well, he had resolved to do his best. His sermon consisted of a very learned discussion of the question whether the Hebrews borrowed circumcision from the Egyptians, or whether the Egyptians borrowed it from the Hebrews. If the subject was not well chosen, it was at least uncommon, and there was not a man in the assembly who could deny that it was illustrated with all the light that learning could throw upon it. Against the Egyptian origin of the rite, he refuted the testimony of Herodotus,

Diodorus, Apion, and Sir John Marsham, names, not one of which had ever been heard in that house before. Then he brought up his reserves in fine style, intending a perfect rout to the whole infidel host. The Talmudical authorities, he said, were unanimously for the Mosaic account. The Targumical writers were, without exception, on the same side, from the great Onkelos down to pseudo Jonathan and the Jerusalem Targum. He finished his references to great names by quoting the judgment formed of them by the accurate Eichhorn, and rather too facetiously for so grave a subject, concluded his argument by saying that whoever denied the force of such testimony must be content to rank as a *greenhorn*.

For what earthly or heavenly purpose he preached such a sermon, the ablest thinkers present were at a loss to conceive. His father knew not what to think, only that his son was the most learned man that he ever *did* hear. His oldest brother, who was a man of sterling mother wit, kept himself behind the organ until the sexton locked the door and left. He then jumped out of the window, and walked home through the swamp to avoid being seen. As the congregation retired, the three sisters, who were almost dissolving with eagerness to know how the sermon was received, placed themselves near different groups for that purpose. Such curious listeners may sometimes be gratified with what they hear, but they are as often disappointed. In this instance they heard nothing to please, but many things to mortify them. One wanted to know who that Ike Horn was that had been quoted, and whether he was related to old Horn who kept the saw-mill. Another wondered what kind of gum it might be that was made of tar, as he had never before heard of tar-gum. And as to the Talmud, it was generally supposed to be a new kind of manure, good for worn-out land. These rustic strictures were of course beneath the notice of a man of Job's learning, and yet a man of sense would have turned them to profitable account. He might, at least, have seen that his plow was set entirely too deep for that part of the country. But if these criticisms, ignorant and sour as they were, failed to make an impression on his mind, when his sisters reported them, there was another class of remarks

far more effectual. Before the congregation was half dispersed, it leaked out that the sermon had been preached with reference to a call.

"What," said one, "call Job Shaddaky to be our minister! Why I went to school with him in the Valley school-house, and saw him get licked many a time for bad spelling! Job Shaddaky, indeed!"

"Yes!" said another, "and I have pitched pennies with him a hundred times behind his father's barn. I thought of it this morning while he was dealing out tar-gum, and came near laughing right in his face."

"Why," said a third, "I would quit the church if Job were called here. I have never liked the Shaddaky family since last election, when they all tried to keep me out of office."

An ill-natured maiden lady of forty said "they would have a blessed time of it with Job for a minister. Them Shaddaky girls would get so high that their old aunt Tamar, who nurses in the poor-house, would hardly know them. They would have a fine carriage before a month, if they had to sell every cow on the farm to pay for it."

The last pleasant remark which the poor girls heard, as they went home, was from a surly fellow who never was known to give a cent to the church, though he was always in a quarrel with the church officers. He said that "Job had better go to work, for he was sure that nothing but downright laziness had ever induced him to take to the pulpit for a living."

As I have intimated, these spontaneous criticisms and casual observations were indignantly reported by the girls at the dinner table, and Job there took his first lesson on the trials of a minister's life. The proof was satisfactory that, wherever else a prophet may have honor, he is not likely to get a very liberal share of it in his own country. Then, for the first time in his life, it occurred to him that the Man of Nazareth began his ministry away from home. But if he felt the edge of these sharp sarcasms, his wife felt it much deeper. She had heard the sermon, and, as became the wife of a minister, had worn out a pair of new gloves during the hour of its delivery, by unconsciously rubbing and biting them. Although her good sense went against such a display of erudition, yet she sympathized with her

husband against his bitter persecutors, and declared that she would give them a bit of her mind the first time she saw them. Poor woman! She was not yet aware that while the privilege of the tongue belongs to all others, hers must cleave to the roof of her mouth.

About two hours after dinner, as the family sat in the porch, an old horse, hitched to a vehicle sadly in want of repair, was seen coming up the lane. Who can it be? they all inquired. In a few minutes the venerable form of the Reverend Doctor Dock alighted from the carriage. He had been pastor of the Rock Church for forty-nine years, and was compelled to retire on a very inadequate provision. His resignation had caused the present vacancy, and he had watched, with becoming concern, the late efforts to supply the pulpit which he had left. He had heard Job's sermon in the morning, and now both the old folks and the girls were sure that he had come to congratulate them all. On what other errand could he possibly have come? The object of his visit, however, was never fully known to any one but Job himself; for after exchanging salutations with the family, he took the young minister by the arm, and walked with him to the lower end of the orchard, where they sat down on a bench, in the shade of a large apple-tree. Here, without doubt, he gave Job such prudent counsel as age and experience delight to impart. After a long conversation they both returned to the house. The aged divine stepped into his carriage, and rode home. As soon as he was gone, the family wanted to know what they had talked about. Job was silent for some time. They pressed him for information until, at last, he said that "the infirmities of age must be borne with, and its narrow counsels received with respect, but disregarded in practice. Such men," he continued, "have outlived the generation which they were qualified to serve, and seem to be left in the world for no other purpose than as trials to the progressive spirit of youth. I will never consent to bury my learning. Why did the doctors of the university teach me all this, and why did I labor for years to acquire it, if it is only to lie and rot, like useless lumber, in my memory?"

Jemima said that "the old man must be grown childish."

Jane thought that "having become too old to preach himself, he was as little qualified to advise others how to preach."

Grace declared that "the old man would like to be followed by one as dull and dry as himself."

The old folks said that "though Doctor Dock was old, yet he was always considered a smart man and a good counselor, and perhaps it would be as well to follow his advice, whatever it may have been." Age only can fully sympathize with age.

Before the sun went down Job made up his mind that he would cast no more pearls before such swine as assembled weekly in the Rock Church. He would follow the advice given him, and often repeated by the whole college faculty. He would aim high. He would not waste that genius on a country church which was intended to blaze in cities, and augment the glory of the metropolitan pulpit. He would go to New-York, where learning is appreciated, and great talents always command a premium. To the mighty names already there, he would add another of rival renown, and the startled world should soon repeat, with unmeasured applause, the immortal name of Shaddaky.

"There is commonly a wide difference between speculative possibilities and actual performances." If the reader is unable to judge from the sound of that sentence who wrote it, I leave him in ignorance. But the sentence itself is a text brilliantly illuminated by the history of Job's city career. Within three months he was in New-York, and known as a candidate for whatever pulpit of his denomination was vacant. It so happened, however, that there was but one vacancy at the time, and, unfortunately, it was in a church which for years had been a fit subject for a melancholy poet. The building stood in an obscure street. Behind it was an ancient graveyard, where faded old tombstones told of men who had lived and died before the great city bore its present name. A walk there could not fail to remind a thoughtful man of the theologian's eternity past, as well as the eternity to come. On the opposite side of the street stood a brewery, where beer barrels were piled on the pavement three deep, and great draught-horses waiting to take them away. On the right stood a row of rotten buildings, where our adopted fellow-citizens ate, and drank,

and fought, and gave abundant work to policemen and priests. On the left, a bone-boiling establishment scented the air with its peculiar odors. The church itself was neither of Corinthian, Ionic, Gothic, nor Romanesque style, but decidedly Swedo-Dutch. It was built of stone and covered with a hipped roof. The dumpy steeple rose just sixteen feet above the roof. An iron rod went up through the top of the steeple. Half-way up the rod, four curved prongs stood out, bearing on their points the initials, N. S. E. W. These were the four cardinal points of the compass. Above the letters a weather-vane, which had changed with the winds of a hundred years, had at last become fixed by rust, and steadily pointed in one direction, as if it would say to the worshippers below, "*Be not carried about with every wind of doctrine.*" A great sounding-board hung over the rotund little pulpit. The pews were commodiously large, with straight backs, and so high that no one could see his fellow-worshippers, or even look out without looking heavenward, a good arrangement for restraining wandering eyes and vagrant thoughts. Altogether, it was a little, old, spunky-looking house of prayer, which had stood valorously against time, and fashion, and the boys, who had made no impression on anything about it but the small panes of the large front window.

I have already intimated that the prosperity of this hill in Zion was sadly checked. Family after family had grown rich, and moved away, and were now worshipping under frescoed ceilings, forgetful of the place from whence they were digged, and the rock from which they were hewn. Only a few tried and faithful souls remained; not that it was either convenient or agreeable to worship in a surrounding solitude of empty seats, but because they were attached to the venerable walls and dingy pews which had witnessed the baptism of their grandfathers, the marriage rites of their fathers, and the funeral solemnities of their families through three generations. If this feeling is not a sentiment of nature, it is the earliest graft of piety, and deserves not the rude handling of a utilitarian age. It should never yield but to that stern necessity which demands the removal of consecrated houses, only when, like the tabernacle in the wilderness, the cloud

of the Divine presence is lifted away. Such was the feeling which held a few pious worshippers to the old church after the wealthy and the gay had ceased to tread its ancient aisles. They were too poor to engage the service of eminent talents, and but for the income from two houses that belonged to the corporation, they must have suffered a famine of the word. As it was, the old church was a convenience by which obscure talent might become known, and becoming known, might receive a louder call. Here Job began his city labors according to definite agreement; he to preach the word, and they to give \$600 per annum for his temporal support and comfort.

During the first three weeks the congregation was larger than it had been for years. The sexton, who was in the regular habit of counting heads, boasted that he had seen no such assemblies in that house since Doctor Treacle had left them for an up-town church. Alas! that such fair hopes should be doomed to disappointment. Decayed churches, like decayed nations, are hard to revive. In this instance the sign of returning prosperity was as deceitful as the flush that reddens the consumptive's cheek. The love of novelty was soon satisfied, and the congregation began to fall off. It soon reached the old number of one hundred souls, slightly more or less. There it stood in defiance of all the usual arts of increasing the attendance.

Job gave out his texts in advance, but the people stayed away. He published his topics in the newspapers, and invited the public to hear sermons on the most common-place subjects, such as "Christian Heroism"—"Christian Humility"—"The Hope of the Righteous"—"The Joys of the Righteous"—"The Death of the Righteous"—"The Recognition of Friends in Heaven," &c. But the scheme worse than failed, for the people heard so much of heaven, that, like the effect of a surfeit of honey, they began to loathe the very mention of it. In the meantime Job kept his ears open to hear the first intimations of another call. It had been whispered about for some time that there was a feud between Dr. Doolittle and a large number of his congregation, which was likely to come to an open rupture. Job heard of it with pious regret, and yet he was well sustained by the hope that, should the mat-

ter come to the worst, a kind Providence would overrule it so as to give him a sphere of labor much better suited to his talents. The report, however, came to nothing. A case or two of clerical bronchitis gave him a much stronger hope; not, indeed, that he wished any one to go to Europe, or to a much better country, for his special benefit, but he was willing that Providence should have its way in all things. "The incidental results of a calamity," said he, "may be advantageous to others who neither desire such a calamity nor rejoice on account of it. The ill wind that strews the shores with wrecks may bring relief to the panting population of the land. They should thankfully accept the relief, and as sincerely deplore the disasters that attended its coming. Or, the poor man who is made rich by the death of a relative, may be as sorry for that death as a man can be who is raised by it from poverty and toil to affluence and ease. And why should not I," he continued, "rejoice in hope of a better charge, though the acquisition should be gained by the providence which lays another aside, and which I could not help if I would." But this hope failed also; for the bronchial cases were both cured by a new nostrum which the brethren paid for in the usual way, by giving certificates of its astonishing effects.

Finding but little reason to hope for an early call elsewhere, Job resolved to make the most of his present position. So one Sunday night, after preaching to his still waning congregation, he went home, and with some twinges of conscience, and a sting of self-reproach for the meanness of the thing, sat down and wrote a flattering eulogy of the sermon he had just delivered. On the Tuesday following it appeared in the most popular paper of the city, and thus public attention for the first time was fixed on the name of the Rev. Job Shaddaky. The notice of the sermon read as follows:

"It has seldom fallen to our lot to hear such a magnificent pulpit discourse as we listened to on Sunday evening last, in the old church on Duncannon-street. The Rev. gentleman's text was, '*The stone with seven eyes.*' We smiled at first to hear such a sentence read from the Bible; but as he proceeded to develop the mysterious meaning of the singular text, we became interested, then absorbed, then lost in amazement. We venture to say, that for comprehensive grasp of thought, logical acumen, depth and breadth, and general amplitude of learning, expressed in eloquence the most original and

startling, there is no clergyman in this city, where the reputation of the pulpit is deservedly so high, that can surpass, and not more than one who can equal him. The lovers of great preaching have two opportunities on each Sunday of hearing this gifted genius. We understand that his name is the Rev. Job Shaddaky. He has our hearty wish for success in building up this ancient congregation."

This was a bold experiment, and somewhat hazardous; but, having ventured upon it, he determined to follow it up. Accordingly, the next Saturday's papers contained the following announcement:

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Rev. xii, 1. The Rev. J. Shaddaky will preach on the above text to-morrow morning, at half-past ten o'clock, in the Old Church in Duncannon-street. The public are respectfully invited to attend. *Pæus to let.*"

The next morning, about twenty minutes before the hour for service, the sexton—a stunted but tough old man, who wore great round glasses, set in a horn frame, and whose invariable habit was to keep on his Scotch plaid cloak till the beginning of dog-days—came running to the parsonage, and nearly out of breath told the preacher that the house was already full to overflowing, and that he would have to hurry up if he expected to get in himself. He added, as if he had prepared the speech for the occasion, that he "*knew now that the old garden of grace was going to kill the fattest calf, and put on the whole armor, and run the race for the prize with the most finest houses up town.*" Job laughed outright at this medley of figures, and was still more titillated at the success of his scheme. He resolved, however, to make the most of the occasion, and remained at home until all the church-bells in the city were done ringing. There is dignity in delay, and he who would thrive by the public curiosity, will often contrive to be too late. He reached the church about fifteen minutes past the time, and seeing a crowd before the door, naturally supposed that every word the sexton had told him was true. "Here," said he, "is an opportunity not to be lost. I will not try to get in at the door, but climb through the rear window. It will be a telling fact. The newspapers will report it, and my fortune will be made." Now, if Job had been a man of sense, as he was a man of learning, he would have tried to gain ad-

mission at the door, and thereby saved some disagreeable consequences. But, like a weak-minded man as he was, he decided upon the rash experiment by the first impulse. He turned aside, and entering the alley-way, went to the back window, which he found already hoisted. He laid his hands on the rotten sill and slowly lifted himself up, and then as deliberately let himself down to the floor. Turning to walk to the pulpit, he was greatly disappointed to find that nobody stood in the aisles, and that one-fourth of the pews were empty. The singers in the gallery, who had been surprised and delighted by the sudden increase of the congregation, had prepared a voluntary to be sung at the instant the pastor should make his appearance; and, accordingly, without perceiving the accidental satire, as soon as he was seen entering, they struck up, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Unfortunately, the music was so arranged as to require the fourth repetition of the last words, "*doves to their windows.*" This was too much. Human nature is too keenly alive to the ludicrous to bear such a temptation. The congregation snickered. Some laughed right out, and even the venerable elders covered their faces with huge bandannas to save their credit for gravity. Job walked from the window to the pulpit in that ungainly manner in which a confused man always walks, one leg almost tripping the other at every step. He could not help it, and few men could help it while smarting under the ridicule of laughing eyes. He went through the first devotional services under a double mortification, ashamed of the blunder of climbing in at the window, and self-reproached for having brought so large a congregation by such a questionable trick. When the choir were about finishing the hymn, immediately before the sermon, Job felt in his side-pocket for his manuscript. It was not there. He felt in the opposite pocket. It was not there. He searched all his pockets, and looked into his hat. It was in none of them. In the fullness of his joy at the sexton's exaggerated report of the overflowing house, he had forgotten to bring his sermon, and was now in that interesting predicament so happily described by a modern vulgarism in the two little words, "*done for.*" The last note of the organ was dying away, and the

people were adjusting themselves to hear the eloquence which had been so applauded in the papers. Sweat broke out all over him and ran into his boots. He was undecided whether to explain his awkward position and beg off, or venture the discourse from memory. After hesitating a moment, he rose with a neck-or-nothing kind of feeling, and began to read his text. Half choked with confusion he read, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a *woman*—" here he stopped and coughed. Crusty bachelors relaxed into a satirical smile as they looked round on the ladies; and husbands, fond of teasing their wives, caught a new idea to be laid up for future use. He began again, and this time succeeded in reading the text quite through. He paused. The blood rushed to his cheeks. The first sentence of his written discourse seemed about a thousand furlongs from his memory, and still flying off. The congregation were as quiet as mice, watching and listening with eager eyes and ears, and wondering meanwhile whether this long pause was intended for rhetorical effect. At last he began with a mere mechanical utterance of the first fugitive thought that entered his mind. "The book of Revelation," said he, "is mysterious—profoundly mysterious. It is, *as it were*, full of mystery—so utterly and unfathomably incomprehensible, that very few have thoroughly understood it, *as it were*. Bishop Newton, in his celebrated dissertations, *as it were*, fully admits this. My friends, I am inclined to think—" That was true. He was "inclined to think;" but what to think, or what to say, was just now with him the great question; so, after a most dreary pause, he said, "*My friends, I am sick.*" Sudden sickness is the ready excuse for bewildered and failing speakers. No auditor can say that he knows it to be false, whatever he may suspect; and it is according to both law and Gospel that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the side of charity. Job wished the audience dispersed as soon as possible, and accordingly gave the usual benediction, and sat down. They retired, and left him in the care of the elders, who naturally wished to know the symptoms of his attack. There is nothing so annoying to hypocrisy as inquisitiveness. To all their questions, therefore, he answered that it was no one thing in particular, but a sudden and general break-

ing down of both body and mind. His wife seemed less troubled about the sickness than might reasonably have been expected, for she occupied a pew from which she had seen him searching in vain for his manuscript, and was therefore prepared for a humiliating failure. She was a great deal more angry than sad. The bustling old sexton, who had been the cause of all the trouble, offered to accompany him home, which he refused in a style that made the little man say, "*It is queer that some people can't get sick without getting so awful waspish.*"

When Job reached home, he went directly to his study, where he found his manuscript lying on the table. He loathed the very sight of the text; and as he tore the sermon to pieces, declared to his wife that he was now forever done with preaching. A great trouble is often a great blessing. It comes like the terrible flash of the thunder-cloud to the traveler who has gone astray in the dark, and reveals his error and the way he should take. It was so with Job. "I see clearly now," said he to his wife, "that neither nature nor grace has given me the qualifications of a minister, and I shall contend with impossibilities no longer. I shall from this day retire from the gaze of observation, and henceforth seek neither to please nor profit the public, whose favor it is hard to gain, and when gained, like a large estate, brings a weight of anxiety which destroys the pleasure of the acquisition, and leaves nothing but the burden. Verily for these six months past I have had a sad life of it. My time has been spent between solicitude and labor, excepting those intervals when both were combined. My pen has been busy from morning till night, interrupted only by calls to the chambers of the sick, in which I have no pleasure, and the funerals of the dead, which I dislike still more. In preparing my sermons every power has been tasked, and the hard labor of the week, as a kind of alternative, has been doubled on the Sabbath. The Sabbath has come, and meager congregations have exasperated my pride and quenched the spirit of my compositions. The evil has propagated itself, increasing dullness resulting in a decreasing audience. Beside this, I have been obliged to bear with weaknesses which I despised, and court the good will of fools, who, in any other relation, I would have passed with-

out notice. I regret my education itself, and especially my education for the pulpit. It has made me ambitious of distinction which I cannot gain, and ambition has made me unscrupulous as to the means. I entered the ministry as a profession, and have so far discharged its duties with views merely professional. I thought that I might make it the business of my life, as a man devotes himself to medicine or law. But I see the mistake. Providence has given me no sign of encouragement, and the humiliating result of to-day's stratagem has determined me to quit the pulpit forever."

"Truly," said his wife, "this is the best speech I have heard from you yet, and it suits my feelings best. It may be the duty of others to continue in the ministry, but if what you say is true, it is just as clearly your duty to leave it. As for myself, an experience of six months has quite satisfied my ambition for the honors of a pastor's wife. I am sick of kissing all the old women for popularity's sake, and tired of the cautious policy that scarcely allows me to speak. I hardly know whether I should rejoice or weep over the event of to-day. If it was necessary to drive you from the pulpit, much as it mortifies me, I am heartily glad of it."

"But what shall we do?" asked Job.

"Starve, if we must," answered his wife; "pick rags from the gutters with an iron hook; gather bones from the street, and sell them to the bone-boilers near our precious 'garden of grace,' as the old sexton called it; do any honest labor outside of a pulpit, and I am content to share it. I shall decline no toil as long as I remember that I was once a minister's wife! But you know, Job, that we have a little farm, that my father gave us on our wedding-day. Let us go to that."

In the middle of the following summer might have been seen a man in coarse clothes, leading the reapers in the field through the day, and reading the Eclogues of Virgil in the evening; retiring early to bed, and rising with the dawn; a man who had thrown away ambition, and was happy that he had thrown it away. It was the late Rev. Job Shaddaky—a striking example of the truth, that no degrees of education can supply the deficiency of native sense, or qualify a man for a position in the world for which he is unfitted by nature.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

THE several geological theories which have been held, in different ages, by philosophers of the greatest note, may be reduced to four: *First*, such as suppose the world to have existed as it is from all eternity. *Second*, such as attribute the formation of the world as it is to God, but still assert the preëxistence and eternity of matter. *Third*, such as deny eternity to the world, but assert the origin of it to have been by a casual concourse of atoms. And, *Fourth*, such as endeavor to explain the origin of the universe and all appearances of nature, merely by the mechanical laws of matter.

At present the theories, as such, are divided into two systems, or schools. One asserts that at a vast and indefinite length of time—far greater than six thousand years—the original matter of our globe existed in a chaotic condition, and by the joint action of water and heat was gradually brought to solidity and form; that it passed through many cataclasm, or destructive revolutions, by which the successive races of animals have been destroyed, and their remains *fossilized* in the different strata. The theory further asserts, that each cataclasm more and more prepared the earth for the residence of more and more perfect forms of animal existences, until, finally, it was rendered fit for the residence of man. This is called the "Continental Theory," as opposed to the other theory maintained by many English and American writers, particularly by Grenville, Penn, Fairholme, Lord, and Comstock.

These writers, and the school of which they are the representatives, contend that a period of six thousand years, which is usually called the Sacred or Bible Chronology, was sufficient for the formation of the strata of the earth; and that all geological facts which are well ascertained can be best accounted for on the supposition of the creation of the earth, with all animal and vegetable existences, six thousand years ago; and that man, and other animals, and vegetables, whose fossils have been found in the strata, were contemporaneously created. They contend that the period from the creation to the flood, the action of the diluvial waters, and the com-

bined operation of secondary causes to our age, are sufficient to account satisfactorily for all geological facts.

Many very learned and eminent Christian geologists join in the theory of "indefinite ages" before the existence of man, and accommodate this theory to the usual construction of the Bible chronology, by contending that the first verse of Genesis is to be taken independent of the following sentences; that it is intended to teach the great truth that God created the earth and the heavens, in contradiction to all heathen and atheistical notions respecting the origin of the world. They contend that, when Moses says, "In the *beginning* God created the heavens and the earth," the word *beginning* is used to express undefined periods of time, which was antecedent to the last great change that affected the surface of the earth, and to the creation of its present animal and vegetable inhabitants, during which period a long series of operations and revolutions may have been going on; which, as they are wholly unconnected with the history of the human race, are passed over in silence by the sacred historian, whose only concern with them was barely to state that the matter of the universe is not eternal and self-existent, but was originally created by the power of the Almighty.

In the present paper we accept the order of the strata, and the various fossil remains contained in them, as they are arranged and classified by the writers of the school of "indefinite ages" before the creation of man.

According to this theory, the stratified rocks may be divided into ten principal formations, each of which indicates an entirely new era in the earth's history; while each of the layers which compose a formation indicate but some partial revolution. Each formation contains remains peculiar to itself, which do not extend into the neighboring deposits above or below it; although there is a connection between the different formations, more strong in proportion to their proximity to each other. These formations, or systems, are as follows, beginning with the lowest:

1. The *Lower Silurian*; 2. The *Upper Silurian*; 3. The *Devonian*; 4. The *Carboniferous Formation*; 5. The *Trias*, or *Saliferous Formation*; 6. The *Oolitic Formation*; 7. The *Cretaceous*, or *Chalk Formation*; 8. The *Lower Tertiary*, or *Eocene*; 9. The *Upper Tertiary*, or *Miocene* and *Pliocene*; 10. The *Drift*.

It is in the *Lower Silurian* formation that we begin to mark the gradual preparation of the globe for the reception of its destined inhabitants. Before this period we may suppose, says Professor Ansted, that there existed a globe, whose surface exhibited alternations of land and water, the land having in some places a stratified appearance, and the thick masses of strata resting on huge bosses and peaks of granite and other igneous rock; but all was then bare and desolate; not a moss nor a lichen covered the naked skeleton of the globe; not a sea-weed floated in the broad ocean; not a trace existed even of the least highly organized animal or vegetable; everything was still, and with the stillness of absolute death.

Time rolled on; and as age after age elapsed, the earth became adapted to the reception of life, the waters swarmed with animated beings, and in the Silurian strata the organic remains of many and distinct species of shell-fish are met with in abundance. These were principally *Graptolites*, the very simplest form of animal existence; the *Polyps*, or *Corallines*; the *Crinoides*, and that most singular and interesting race of crustacea, the *Trilobites*, so called from the body being divided into *three lobes* by two fissures running through the length.

Beginning with the simplest form of organized beings, we find the species of *Polyps* called *Graptolites*, found in a fossil state. These seem to have been, says Professor Ansted, the horny skeletons of animals not unlike those which are often met with on the coral and sea-weeds of the coast of England. They were formed, like these, by a vast multitude of individual polyps attached to a tough central mass, the whole constituting a kind of compound animal, in which each individual works to increase the general mass; but each, also, has a separate existence, being provided with a stomach and arms to obtain and digest food, and capable of being injured or destroyed without the functions of the complete body being at all interfered with. These animals appear to have been among the very first of created beings.

So low is the organization of the group of animals constituting the *true corals*, that former naturalists denied their animal character, and from superficial examination of their external appearance, placed them among the wonders of the vegetable world.

But by far the most interesting fossil of this period is the *Trilobite*, an animal which appears at one time to have been spread over the whole earth, or in the waters on the earth. There were several varieties of this curious animal, amounting, according to M. Brogniart, to five genera and seventeen species. The fossil remains of the trilobite were long supposed to be those of insects; (*Entomolithus paradoxus*;) but, after mature investigation, they have been fixed in the class of crustaceans. The front part of the body of the trilobite was formed like a large crescent-shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad triangular tail, composed of segments, folding over each other like the tail of the lobster. This animal, remarks Professor Ansted, seems not to have had antennæ, and to have possessed short and rudimentary legs. From the absence of antennæ, and the want of powerful extremities, as well as from the manner in which these fossils are found, we may conclude that the different species lived for the most part in shallow water, not buried in mud, but floating near the surface with their under side uppermost, feeding on the minute and perhaps microscopic animalculæ that usually abound in such localities.

The most peculiar organ of the trilobite, however, was the eye, which was composed of *four hundred* minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated that at the animal's usual place, directly under the surface of the water, it could see everything around without moving from the spot in which it was lying.* Philosophers have remarked, with delighted surprise, the evidence afforded by the eye of the trilobite, that the air and light were generally the same in the early ages of the earth as now, and that the sea must have been as clear; for if the water had been that imaginary turbid and compound chaotic fluid, from the precipitates of which some geologists have supposed the materials of the surface of the earth to be derived, what use would the trilobite have had for such delicate visual organs?

A few fossil *plants* are found in this

* This kind of eye is also common to the butterfly and the dragon-fly, the former of which has thirty-five thousand and the latter fourteen thousand lenses!

formation, but all of the simplest structure, and indicating the existence only of marshy and damp grounds.

Tracing the history of our planet in these remote ages, we come to the *Devonian*, or old red sandstone group. Here we find that the corals, the shell-fish, and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *fishes*, chiefly, if not entirely, of the *Placoid*; and not until we reach the chalk age that we meet with the higher orders of fish, the most remarkable group of which are the *Cephalaspis*, or buckle-headed fish, the *Pterichthys*, or winged fish, and the *Coccosteus*, which Hugh Miller describes as "a cephalaspis with a scale-covered tail attached, and the horns of the crescent-shaped head cut off."

The cephalaspis, or buckle-headed fish, is described as having its whole body covered with scales, which varied in shape in different parts, and seem to have been disposed in series. But the head was the most singular part of this animal. It has been compared to the crescent-shaped blade of a saddler's cutting-knife, the body forming the handle. It is extremely broad and flat, extending on each side considerably beyond the body, and the bones appear to have been firmly soldered together, so as to form one shield, the whole head being thus apparently covered by a single plate of enamelled bone, and when seen detached from the body, hardly to be distinguished from the head of a trilobite. M. Agassiz supposes that the singular shape of the head served as a sort of defense to this animal in case of an attack.

Judging from the fossil remains, the waters during the period we have been considering must have been full of fishes, with the habits of those now abounding in the seas and oceans. This period seems as full of *fishes* as the previous period was remarkable for the fragments of corals, shells, and creatures of inferior organizations.

We come next, in our ascending order, to the Carboniferous formation, which has been styled by geologists the "Golden Age of the Pre-Adamite World." The earth is now clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetæ, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew, and lived, and died, in vast and impenetrable forests,

while the bulrush and the cane occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires and materials for our tools and machinery. Doubtless the earth then presented a lovely aspect; the mighty forests, unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing winds; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze, all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing solitary grandeur. There we should find the tapering and elegant form of the *Sigillaria*, the gracefully drooping *Calamites*, while towering alone in solitary grandeur, the stately *Altingia* reared its lofty head. There also appeared the *Megalichthys*, or great fish. This was an animal of great bulk, and probably of immense strength. It had a large head and powerful jaws, provided with formidable teeth, some projecting beyond the rest, and many of them measuring two inches across the base. Its scales were five inches in diameter, and its powerful tail would give it great rapidity in swimming. Judging from its jaws and teeth, it must have been a carnivorous creature of dreadful voracity, and capable of great destruction to the inferior races.

On arriving at the *Triassic* series, or New Red Sandstone formation, we find entirely new orders of vegetables and animals. This is sometimes called the "Age of Reptiles." The most singular fact connected with this period is the impression, in solid rock, of the footsteps of vast numbers and varieties of the lizard tribe, and of gigantic birds and tortoises. It is evident from these footmarks that crocodiles and lizards of various forms and gigantic dimensions roamed through the earth. Some of the most remarkable of the reptilian animals of this period are the *Plesiosaurus* and the *Ichthyosaurus*.

Baron Cuvier asserts the structure of the *plesiosaurus* to have been the most heteroclit, and its character altogether the most monstrous, that has yet been found amid the ruins of a former world. To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a

chameleon, and the paddles of a whale! The most striking peculiarity in the *plesiosaurus* is the great length of its neck; the giraffe, a very long-necked quadruped, has only *seven* vertebræ of the neck; but the monster we are speaking of had no less than *thirty*, and sometimes as many as *forty* vertebræ. The jaws were large and strong, and armed with upward of one hundred long, pointed teeth. It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach." Some curious particulars respecting these creatures have been obtained in an extraordinary way, namely, by the discovery of fragments and half-digested remains of their food, found in the situation once occupied by the stomach and bowels of some specimens, the animals in these instances having died before its last meal was digested. Nor is this all, for the pellets ejected from the intestines of the plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus (*coprolites*) have been found in vast quantities, and in these are fish scales and fragments of the bones of reptiles.

The ichthyosaurus was a determined and unrelenting enemy to the animal just described. The ichthyosaurus, or fish lizard, has been found in a fossil state from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, and ten species are enumerated. This reptile has the head of a lizard, the vertebræ of a fish, which were more than a hundred, and the sternum of the ornithorhynchus as instruments of elevation and depression. Its paddles were composed of a great number of bones, about a hundred, which gave the animal great power in swimming. The tail of the animal was of very great length and strength; its eye was enormously large, being in its longest direction from thirteen to sixteen inches. It had a peculiar construction, which enabled it to convert it into a telescope, or microscope, at pleasure, so that it could see objects at a great distance, either in the water or on land, or objects near by. This creature must have been a powerful swimmer, and its length of vision, tremendous jaw, and short, strong neck, made it a destructive and

terrific animal, well qualified for the office for which Providence designed it. Its prey was followed with unerring certainty, whether near or remote, by night or by day, seized with wonderful power and crushed in an instant, so that, though an executioner, its victims scarcely knew suffering. There is not a creature upon earth combining the powers of this fearful animal, and probably not a single creature of his time dared to meet him in combat. He was probably ever, except when gorged or asleep, in the pursuit of prey, devouring it, or contending with his enemies.

The Oolitic group derives its name from a kind of limestone conspicuous in it called oolite. This group is sometimes included in the lias formation. The principal marine animals of this group are the oolitic coral, (*astræa*;) star-fish, an extinct genus of sea-urchins, (*cidaris*;) the oolitic shrimp, (*megachirus*;) the ammonite and the belemnite, and a large animal called mosaurus. The land animals, however, are the most interesting creatures of this period. Among them are the megalosaurus, the petrodactyl, the iguanodon, and the hylæosaurus, or reptile of the woods.

The fossil remains of the mosaurus were first found near the city of Maestricht. It was a gigantic animal, resembling the lizard race, and was about twenty-five feet long, with a head four feet long. Its tail was long and flattened to serve as an oar in propelling the creature through the water. He had four paddles, with which he raised himself at will to the surface of the water.

But by far the most curious animal yet described is the *Pterodactyl*. Mainly a reptile of the lizard kind, its body possessed some of the characteristics of the mammalia; it had the wings of a bat, the neck of a bird, and a head furnished with long jaws, full of teeth; so that in this last part of its organization it bore some resemblance to the crocodile. Their eyes were enormously large, so that they could see in the dark and in the water. It was equally able to fly, to creep, or to climb. Dr. Buckland writes:

"From their wings projected fingers, terminated by long hooks, like the curved claw or thumb of the bat. Thus, like Milton's fiend, all qualified for all services and all elements, this creature was a fit companion for the kindred reptiles that swarmed in the seas or crawled on the shores of a dark and turbulet planet."

The *Iguanodon* was a huge animal, of the crocodile species, nearly resembling the iguana of South America, which lives upon seeds and vegetables. The length of this reptile was about thirty feet, and its body measured *fourteen feet* in circumference! A curious projection, resembling a horn, grew out of its head. The circumference of its thigh bone is *seven feet*! This is larger than that of the elephant.

The megalosaurus was a huge carnivorous land animal, of great voracity, and enormous size and strength. In form it must have resembled the hippopotamus of our day.

The *Hylaosaurus*, or reptile of the woods, was another reptile of the lizard kind, and of huge dimensions. Professor Ansted says:

"This animal was probably about fifteen feet long, and of a height proportioned to that of the Megalosaurus. It was covered with a scaly armor, the plates being oval or circular, and therefore not fitting one another, but studded in unconnected order over the surface of a tough skin. It has been supposed by Dr. Mantell, that certain broad bones found with the skeleton formed a fringe on the back of the animal, but Professor Owen has suggested that they may, with greater probability, be ribs which defended the abdomen, analogous to a corresponding contrivance in the ornithorhynchus."

Passing on now to the chalk period, we find the land in many places submerged. The fossils are *marine* in their character. Sponges, corals, star-fish, and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, which must have presented a wild waste of waters, full of living, active creatures. Buckland says:

"The sterility and solitude which have been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The ocean is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth, accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land."

We will not stop to describe the fossils peculiar to this formation, there being few of any interest.

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, undisturbed by earthquakes and other igneous forces. Our planet is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of man, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals.

To this era belongs a huge quadruped, known as the *Great Mastodon*, of which

we have several very complete skeletons. In height, the mastodon seems to have been about twelve feet, a stature which the Indian elephant occasionally attains. But its body was greatly elongated in comparison with the elephant's, and its limbs were thicker. In its structure it resembled that of the elephant, except in one point. This was the cheek-teeth, which are divided, on their upper surface, into a number of rounded, obtuse prominences, arranged, not like the elephant's, but like those of the wild boar and hippopotamus; whence it is concluded, that, like the latter animals, the mastodon must have lived on vegetables, roots, and aquatic plants. The lower jaw of a skeleton, found on the Hudson River, is two feet ten inches in length, and weighs *sixty pounds*!

The world now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs, rich with verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses, and shrubs, and inward lakes, to which the elephant, the megatherium, the huge ilinothierium, and many other extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early period in the history of our planet. Professor Ansted gives a vivid picture of the state of the world at the period just before the creation of man. He says:

"Our world then, perhaps, presented a condition of vegetation, especially in South America, little different from that still characteristic of it; numerous clumps of forest trees were dotted about at intervals, and the intervening country was covered for the most part by rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the half-swampy tracts, or in the pools formed by the shifting of the beds of the rivers, the toxodon then dwelt; and over the broad plains the macrauchenia slowly paced. At one spot numerous bare trunks of trees, stripped of their verdure, rotten, and half decayed, or alive again with the busy tread of millions of ants and other insects, mark the vicinity of the great leaf-eating tribe. The glyptodon, with his heavy tread, slowly advances under the weight of a thick and cumbrous coat of mail, and finally clears away the half-destroyed vegetation. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic ilinothierium, raking and grubbing with his huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools or shallow lakes; or, as Dr. Buckland describes him, 'sleeping with his head hooked on to the bank, and his nostrils sustained above water, so as merely

to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface.

"But presently the megatherium himself appears, toiling slowly on, from some great tree recently laid low, and quite stripped of its green covering. The earth, as he proceeds, groans under the enormous mass; each step bears down and crushes the thickly growing reeds and other plants; but the monster continues to advance toward a noble tree, the monster of this primeval forest. For a while he pauses before it, as if doubting whether, having resisted the storms of so many seasons, it will yield even to his vast strength. But soon his resolution is taken. Having set himself to the task, he first loosens the soil around the tree to a great depth by the powerful claws on his fore-feet, and in this preliminary work he employs himself for a while. And now observe him carefully. Marching close to the tree, watch him as he places his monstrous hind feet carefully and earnestly, the long-projecting claw taking firm and deep hold in the ground. His tail is so placed as to rest on the ground and support the body. The hind legs are set, and the animal, lifting itself, up like a huge kangaroo, grasps the tree with its fore legs at as great a height as possible, and firmly grapples it with the muscles of the trunk, while the hind limbs, animated by the nervous influence of the unusually large spinal cord, combine all their forces in the effort about to be made. And now conceive the massy frame of the megatherium convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fiber reacting upon its bony attachment with the force of a hundred giants. Extraordinary must be the strength and proportions of the tree, if, when rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, it can long withstand the efforts of its assailant. The tree at length gives way; the animal, though shaken and wearied with the mighty effort, at once begins to strip off every green twig. The effort, however, even when successful, was not unattended with danger. The tree in falling would sometimes by its weight crush its powerful assailant, and the bulky animal, unable to guide it in its fall, might often be injured by the trunk or the larger branches. To guard against some of this risk, the skull, the most exposed part, is found to exhibit more than usual strength and thickness. It is more cellular than usual with other animals, and the inner and stronger plate is covered with an outer plate and intermediate walls to resist a sudden and violent shock.

"Meanwhile the waters are not destitute of inhabitants. Here we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-Adamite seas as he now does amid the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean; the walrus and the seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical manati; while the rivers were peopled with gigantic crocodiles, turtles, and tortoises. In the forest, troops of monkeys might be seen skipping lightly from branch to branch in the various trees, or heard mowing and chattering in the deep recesses of the wood. Of the birds, some, clothed in plumage of tropical brilliancy, were busy in the forests, while others, such as the eagle and vulture, hovered over the spots where death had been busy. Gigantic serpents might have been seen insid-

iously watching their prey. Other serpents, in gaudy colors, were darting upon the smaller quadrupeds and birds, and myriads of insects glittered in the sunbeams. All these indications of life and activity existed, and that, too, not far distant from the spots on which are now placed proud cities."

Before we conclude we may add, that many general readers do not perceive the difference between the geological terms, "*Fossils*" and "*Remains*." The first word is applied to the forms of animals and vegetables which have become *petrified*, that is, changed into stone. These are always found in the various secondary strata, and hence these strata are called "*fossiliferous*." The second word is applied to the bodies or limbs of animals, or vegetables which are not *petrified*; but the bony structure remains, and in rare instances the *flesh* also, as in the well-known case of the body of an extinct species of elephant, called Mammoth, found imbedded in the frozen mud and sand of the River Lena, in Siberia, the flesh of which was so completely preserved as to afford food to the dogs of arctic fishermen. These remains are found in the diluvium, or drift, and alluvium formation or strata.

The preceding discoveries of geology cannot be read without wonder, and, we would think, without reflecting on the power and vastness of the Creator's works. Even considering the low scale of intelligence exhibited in many races of animals, we are still struck, when we dwell on the lowest enjoyments of animal life, what an amount of enjoyment must have been felt, by the myriads of mollusks, fishes, saurians, &c., and of insects that have lived and died on our earth. Who that has observed the evident signs of not mere life only, but of actual pleasure in the motions of mollusks and fish in their native element, and of the insects fluttering in the sunbeams, can doubt of the benevolence as well as wisdom and power of the great Creator?

It is true, geology treats of the past ages of our world. But we are not to suffer it to impart any melancholy ideas of the extent of the ravages of death, as seen in fossils and remains. Natural history gives abundant facts to show, that life, in all its degrees and modes of enjoyment, is still all-pervading, and, to our ken, unlimited. "How manifold are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all!"

THE TRUE DEVELOPMENT.

JOHN ROBINSON'S declaration, that there is more light to break forth from God's Holy Word, has been fully verified; though in a manner different from what is pretended by many who are fond of quoting his words. No new revelations have been made, no new books have been added to the sacred canon, nor has any light from heaven come in through transcendental flashes. The light has come from the Scriptures, and not from sources foreign to them. The Church has had the eyes of her understanding opened, to read new and wondrous things out of God's law. In this respect, individual experience and church experience are alike. Both are capable of growing in grace and knowledge. The experience is ever and anon drawing new light from the Word of God. The Christian is growing in knowledge, and yet the Bible is to him ever the same—an unchangeable source of light. None of its old principles become obsolete, and no new truths are added to it. But to-day, through a new experience, he gains new views of truth. The providence of God illustrates the Word, or the Spirit of God opens the heart for a new illumination.

In like manner, the church has her seasons of new illumination, from the same unchanging source of truth. The elements of eternal truth come to bear on the public mind, in successive stages of development. No new principle of faith or piety—no new truth that was not in the Scriptures before—has been discovered; and yet important light has broken forth from a new development. So it was at the time of the Lutheran Reformation. The doctrine of the supreme authority of the sacred Scriptures, and the doctrine of justification by faith, then came forth upon the world, as a sun new risen. These truths had been overlaid by Romish corruption; and never, since the sacred canon was closed, had they been brought forth with such distinctness as in the preaching of the Reformers. But it was only a new light breaking forth from God's Holy Word, or rather the light that was then uncovered anew.

A hundred years later came the Puritan development. Then again Christianity travailed in birth for a new force to act on the heart of the world. Puritanism,

or Christ's proper government of the Church, and those other cognate truths which constituted the peculiar elements of Puritanism, opened upon the world a new course of events, causing the civil and social order to crystallize anew around itself. These truths, always contained in the Scriptures, then, for the first time, entered largely into the views and experience of men.

Still a hundred years later, a new light again broke forth; a result of the preceding. We allude to what is called the Great Awakening, or the remarkable revival in Great Britain and America. This outflow of the vital force of Christianity was in some sense new and peculiar. Yet it was a consequence, both of the Lutheran Reformation and of the Puritan movement preceding it. It went forth in the power of the doctrines of the Reformation. But it brought forth, from the apostolic writings, views of more thrilling power, and made truth to bear on the conscience with unprecedented effect. The simplest idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, an offer of mercy, an opening of heaven, filled the hearts and fired the tongues of the preachers of that age.

In about forty years that development also had become complete; but its beneficial results did not pass away. The same glad tidings continued to be proclaimed with happy effect; while a new evangelic power, proceeding from the bosom of this, but acting with an energy peculiar to itself, was about to come forth. The era of missions now opened. This was something more than a transfer to heathen lands of the spirit of the revival era. It brought into play a different order of motives and emotions, and gave prominence to a class of objects that had not before been so distinctly discerned. The habits and views of the Church have been revolutionized by the spirit of missions. After this work had fully commenced, it might have been said that old things were passed away, and all things had become new. The tone, the dialect, the topics of thought, the occupations of the Church, had changed with wonderful rapidity. The revival era had brought the vital energies of religion to act with a new intensity. While that concentrated, this diffused. The revival era brought the light of heaven to bear on the individual soul. The mis-

sionary era came in as a beam of day covering a broad expanse. The personal piety that is nurtured with the missionary spirit, contrasts, in some respects, with that which grew up under the revivals of the last century, or in the Puritan age.

Though the missionary era has completed its development, considered as the introduction of a new order of motives, the work to be done under that order is but just begun. A mode of procedure for evangelizing the world has been established, and the results in years to come are to be a hundredfold more than what they have been. Yet the age for the *development* of the spirit of missions has passed; and the way has been opened for the development of another class of Christian motives. Hence, in later years, the zeal of the public mind has taken a direction toward the relief of bodily suffering, through the medium of various reforms in the personal habits and social conditions of men. This has proceeded, not unnaturally, from the preceding developments. The Gospel quickens the conscience, and compels us to seek the salvation of others. The care of the soul comes first; but that of the body is sure to follow. The missionary abroad discovers and reports the bodily wants of the millions. Sympathies, drawn out in that direction, return upon the sufferings of men nearer home, the victims of vice, or lust, or oppression, or slavery. It is true that Christianity ever had an eye to the temporal wants of men. But that development of Christian compassion toward them which is giving its character to this age, is taken on a broader view, and a more intense realization of the Christian motives to compassion.

As it has been, so it will be. There is in revealed truth a latent power, of which we may form some general and safe conclusions as to the future. From time to time Christianity will be read and pondered in a new light. The Lutheran Reformation wrought its wonders only by bringing men to read and discover in the Bible what they had not so plainly discovered there before. The revival in the days of Wesley and Whitefield produced a similar result, and brought out a new light from the Scriptures. So the missionary zeal of the last generation has given us, in one department of duty, as it were a new Bible; or rather has brought

out from unexplored portions of the word of God, passages that had slumbered long, as so much latent power. It has converted the Bible into a missionary manual. In ages gone it would not have been right to condemn the ministry for the neglect of these missionary texts, as we should now deserve to be condemned if we were to neglect them.

So it is still, as to portions of the Bible relating to other matters of which we have too little thought. Under the most familiar passages there slumbers a force and vitality of which we are little conscious. There are passages, which, when the time of awakening comes, will break like thunderbolts upon us. The preacher will tremble when he utters his text, and hearers will tremble when he expounds and applies it. But what, in that case, will be new? Not the text; not the critical learning that has dug out a fossil sense never dreamed of before; but the new mind and heart opened to receive and apply one of the simplest truths of the Bible.

But there are many, who, in the general, admit the Divine source of the Scriptures, to whom all the power of the written word is in a measure a latent power. The light which has put life into successive generations, has never exerted any living force upon them. What they need is, to have the mind brought in contact with an undeveloped power in the word of God. What they want is, not critical skill to tread the maze of any dark passage; not a profounder intellect to fathom the deeper mysteries of revelation; but a heart to apprehend, feel, and apply the plainest and most palpable of its truths.

If this view be correct, then any new development of the truth does not displace or make obsolete that which is old. When we gain new and more impressive views of any truth, the new throws back a richer light upon the old. What are called the doctrines of the Reformation have no less of value and force now than when they first came forth in that remarkable era. But all the successive developments have condensed an additional power and energy upon them. What is wanted in forming Christian character is a combination of all the light from the Scriptures. Our piety must lay its foundations in the doctrines of the Reformation, and must embody in itself

the characteristics of the Puritan age, the life and simplicity of the revival era, and the benevolence of the missionary development. And then this large experience, and generous Christian growth, will put us into a posture to receive and appropriate whatever light is further to break forth from God's holy word.

THE POLITENESS OF THE ARABS.

POLITENESS is nowhere more generally at home than in the Orient; and the most courteous Orientals are those branches of the Arab race, whose forefathers ruled in Spain during the Middle Ages, and who had opportunities, through their intercourse with the equally ceremonious Castilian and Aragon chivalry, to enrich their store of formulas with all the severe precepts which governed that knighthood. Hence, no where are the courtesies of life more accurately and minutely defined by set ceremonies, no people are more sensitive to a breach of etiquette, and none censure want of decorum more than the Arabs.

Politeness is among this peculiar people not taught, as in Europe, by experience, but is treated as a science, carefully handed down by the father to his son, and by the master to his pupil, by precept and instruction, and in which they are examined, as we examine in mathematics, geography, &c.

The Arabs say, "Politeness is a coin, which every man coins for himself, and which is yet universally current." No one knows better than an Arab how to avail himself of those endearing expressions which render approach easy, facilitate admittance, or insure a good reception. No one understands so well how to suit his language to the exigencies of the moment, or the circumstances of his society; yet their politeness cannot be classed with that free homage paid to character or rank which distinguishes European urbanity, for Arabian politeness is exactly classified, graduated, and determined—every one receives what is his due, not a single word more or less. The laws and forms of this politeness descend, through assiduous tuition, from generation to generation, and from tribe to tribe, and not one tittle is taken from or added to tradition.

The children listen to the words of adults with that deep respect which they evince when they receive religious instruc-

tion, or when age descends to impart to youth its own wisdom.

It would be tedious to repeat the whole catalogue of formal sayings which pass uninterruptedly between equals whenever they happen to meet. The words are always the same. Until dinner it is always Good day! that your day may prove fortunate! After dinner, Good evening! that your evening may prove fortunate! And in addition to this at all hours—May your arrival prove to be in a good hour!—Be ye saluted!—How goes your time?—How do you do?—How are your circumstances?—How do your children do?

The inquiries after the health of the host's or guest's wife are most peculiarly roundabout. It requires considerable acquaintance with the scruples of an Arab, in every conversation alluding to his wives, to determine, by the various shades of inquiry, the object of the question. To name the wife, even on the most important occasions, is the greatest breach of good manners; therefore, the interest one wishes to display on her behalf must be exhibited indirectly. How are Adam's children?—How goes it in your tent?—How is your family?—How is your grandmother? Any too special description would rouse jealousy in the mind: He has seen my wife; he knows her, for he troubles himself about her!

In conversation, religious allusions are frequent, and the salute between members of the same tribe and persuasion have also a religious character, for the name of Allah, or of the Prophet, is sure to occur in each. The Arab displays considerable tact and politeness in avoiding these allusions when in the society of those who do not share his faith, or of those whose belief is unknown to him, for fear of offending their feelings. He then gives his salutation a different form, if he happens to salute a non-Mohammedan, or some one who is an entire stranger, partly not to bestow on infidels the blessings conveyed in a Mussulman's greeting, partly to avoid profaning the name of the Prophet in the salute of unbelievers, and partly to avoid wishing people blessings which to them are valueless or disagreeable; he greets them simply with, "*Salam ála hali*!" (Blessed be those who wish me well!)

Many Arabian families would, however, consider it a too great concession to an

infidel to desire him blessings on condition of wishing him well; they, therefore, endeavor to avoid conveying any benediction by making it ambiguous, and they say, "*Salam ala aul esalem!* (Blessed are the men of salvation!) or, *Salam ala men luba' el houda!*" (Blessed be those who obey the law!)

In the provinces under French dominion, fanaticism is indeed silenced by discretion, and the Arabs salute the conquering Christian with the greatest civility of which his language is capable; but in addressing Jews, that race so much oppressed and despised by the sons of Ishmael, they have not yet assumed the tone to which the equality of the French laws would seem to entitle them. When an Arab honors a Jew by speaking to him, which is only done in cases of emergency, when he desires to display a kindly feeling toward the Israelite, he greets him with, "*Allah yaicheck!*" (Allah permit your life!) or "*Allah youneck!*" (Allah helps you!) Both expressions are condescending to the Jew, but rude to a Mussulman.

The official etiquette of the Arabs is most peculiarly severe. Every word, every sign, is prescribed most accurately and minutely. The subordinate salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, or his knee, if he happens to be mounted.

The Marabouts (priests) and Talebs, (learned,) and all persons directly or indirectly connected with education and religion, understand very clearly how to conceal, under the garb of holy humiliation, the pride of caste, which more or less influences most of them. Thus they withdraw their hands with humble mien from the grasp of the pious, who desire to kiss them, only when these have given the most unambiguous evidences of an intention of paying this tribute of reverence; they at the same time permit all salutations which have no similarity with the marks of respect paid to the worldly great.

When a subordinate on horseback meets a superior also on horseback, he dismounts at a considerable distance, in order to kiss his knee. Equals, when they meet, salute each other's faces with their lips, or else they lightly place their right hands together and kiss the thumbs.

When a great warrior or prince passes by, those who are seated rise, riders descend from their steeds, and all cross their

hands on their breast and bend very lowly. This extraordinary mark of respect, for instance, was shown to the Emir, Abd-el-Kader. On the return of warriors from a successful campaign or a bold excursion, they are greeted by all the maids and wives of the tribe, congregated together, and uttering a species of rhythmical, sharp, and exclamatory sounds, which are not without their power of exciting the nerves.

An Arab will never pass a meeting of superiors or equals without exclaiming in a measured tone, "*Esalam alicoum!*" (Bless you!) and this is answered by "*Alicoum Esalam!*" (Be you blessed!)

The invariably earnest expression of countenance which the Arab preserves while greeting any one is in peculiar contrast to the friendliness which characterize our salutes.

If any one were to ask an Arab after his health in a light, happy tone, or to greet him smilingly, he would look upon it as the greatest insult, and as a gross breach of good manners. They are, therefore, quite unable to accustom themselves to the European mode of greeting, and are always reprehending the smile and happy expression with which European friends and acquaintances meet each other. "Is it then," they say, "such a laughable affair, that one can ask after the health of a friend, or the happiness of one's connection and family, only laughingly!"

Although Mussulmans consider it unnecessary to bare their heads when greeting any one, they yet feel bound, when meeting a superior, to remove the curiously formed straw hat which they wear in summer over the *kapuse*.

The unceasing interruptions made in all conversations by formal inquiries, make a most curious impression on Europeans. It is not rare that in the midst of a dialogue about peace and war, commerce, &c., one of the speakers commences to inquire, "How do you do?—How do you spend your time?—How are things in your tent?" and then resumes his speech exactly where he left off, without waiting for an answer to his questions. The number of these interruptions depends on the degree of friendship which one feels toward another, or upon the time which has elapsed since the last meeting. When any one sneezes, all present exclaim, "*Nedjak Alla!*" (God save you!) and the party sneezing, replies, "*Rahmek Allah!*" (God have

mercy on you!) Both these expressions are like those still used in Germany on similar occasions, and have, no doubt, the same origin. The motive for the introduction of this far-spread custom must have been very generally applicable—only very extensive epidemics, by which sneezing was so certain an indication of a crisis, that it did not escape the observation of the most various nations, could have given rise to it, as among the old Spaniards, who, no doubt, copied the Arabs in this view of the question. They do not consider hickuping unpolite; on the contrary, the party thus subjected looks above with a grateful expression, and says, "*L'haind Allah!*" (God be thanked!) and all present hereupon exclaim, in a fervent tone, "*Allah jatik saha!*" (God grant you health!)

Before their meals they pray somewhat in the following terms: "In the name of Allah! Good Allah, bless what you furnished for our meal, and when it shall have been eaten, then permit it to grow again!" An Arab dare only eat or drink with his right, but never with his left hand, for they say, the Evil One, who also eats with his left hand, blesses that which is eaten with the left. No well-bred Arab will permit himself to drink standing; if an Arab sees another drinking, he says, "*Saha!*" (Health!) and the drinker replies, "*Allah iselmeck!*" (God bless you!) An Arab drinks only once at each meal; and he prefers to do this after he has satisfied his appetite, for he says, "Drinking is not intended to stimulate appetite; one thirsteth after he has eaten, and drinketh, and therewith closes the meal." The hands are washed before and after each meal, and the mouth cleaned. The proper discharge of these duties constitutes the well-bred man.

The precepts of the Koran, which command the Mussulman to wash himself at different times of the day, have given the people of the East a reputation for great cleanliness; this reputation is, however, not generally deserved. No doubt the rich people and the aristocracy, especially among those tribes who have given up pastoral life, spend a good deal of time in the luxury of washing and bathing; but among the pastoral and wandering tribes of Arabs these laws have degenerated into mere forms, which, in practice, are frequently evidences of great dirtiness rather than of cleanliness.

On the occasion of a dinner given in the leather tent of an Arab scheik, which a gentleman witnessed in the year 1853, a tin can with a little water went round the table, in which the parties washed their fingers after their meal; and none of those present seemed surprised when, every now and then, a person receiving the water in which many had already dipped their hands, drank of the water after he had also cleaned his hands in it. While traveling in the desert it becomes frequently necessary to use sand instead of water, in compliance with the law of the Koran.

No one ever uses a knife at table. The meat is always cut up previously; and where a further separation seems necessary, the sharp finger-nails are brought into requisition.

Half-fluids are eaten thus: the fingers of the opened hand, up to the middle joints, are put into the plate, and then closed, so that the food remains hanging in the hollow formed by the full fingers. The hand is then lifted above the widely-expanded mouth, while the head is thrown far back, and the food is permitted to drop down. The manipulations of the Arabs, while eating, have, for a European, something very disgusting.

The Prophet has prohibited believers to blow on their food. A host making observations about the greater or lesser speed with which some of his guests might happen to eat, would run the risk of being despised. The Arabs return all such remarks with great energy. An Arab eating mutton with another, said to his friend, "If one saw the rage with which you devour this poor sheep, one would think that he had given you while living the points of his horn." The other replied to this angrily, "And the hesitation with which you go about the matter seems to imply that you were nursed by the mother of this sheep."

The host always sets the example of sitting down. No guest ever gives an order to the servants. No parting adieus are given, excepting when a journey is undertaken; at other times an Arab entering a company, speaks and leaves without bidding adieu. No Mussulman ever turns back after he has commenced a journey, even if he should have forgotten the most important matter. If this should render his journey fruitless, he looks upon it as a dispensation of heaven.

It is the custom to sprinkle water on the horse's feet of any one starting on a journey. This custom, which owes its origin, no doubt, to long journeys in the desert, where water and good fortune are synonymous, is observed strictly even by the most enlightened. Abd-el-Kader had made it a most positive obligation on his wives and servants to besprinkle his horse. The belief that a shower of rain at starting is a lucky sign, no doubt owes its origin to the same cause; the same with the prayer, "May your spurs be green;" which means, may blessings follow you like water, which also makes everything green.

It would tire the patience of the reader were we here to repeat the many little incidents which an Arab construes as good or bad signs; they surpass in superstition the Jews and the Romans; it would be equally tiring to repeat the innumerable quantity of sweet expressions in which prayer, gratitude, flattery, desire, and courting are communicated—with which this subtle, clever people understand so well how to get round and entangle those from whom they require favor, or seek an advantage, or with whom they hope to gain their point. Has an Arab, however, attained what he desired from you, and if he sees that you could be of no further service to him, then he shows you his indifference in the most vexatious manner. The man who, only a little while ago, overwhelmed you with the warmest demonstrations of friendship, the most humble supplications, can ride past you to-day most proudly; and if you accost him, reply, "Perhaps you may be known to my horse; I do not know you!" The motto of the whole nation is characteristic of their unprincipled cunning: "Kiss the dog on his mouth until you have obtained from him what you require!" The kisses given to the dog, the bait offered to the raven with the cheese in his mouth, are all stereotyped, among many others. We only give a few of the principal sayings: "May Allah never leave your belly to hunger!" "May Allah cover you over!" "May Allah remember your parents!" "May Allah allow you to be like a scraped fish!" (which cannot be caught.) "May the mother who bore you bring a hundred more like you into the world!" "May Allah open for you the doors!" "I pray you in the name of the likeness of Allah!" "Lord, I am your dog!" "Lord, your

mercy will be the thought of my understanding!" "Your vanity is more valuable than the virtue of hundreds!" "Allah count you among the friends of the Prophet!" "Allah permit you to die in the holy war, but the sword entering the bones!"

The courtesy of an Arab is not entirely confined to words or insignificant acts of politeness. Frequently this shows itself in important matters; thus, during some races, the horses of a judge and a great chief were running very close; the judge did all he could to be beaten, and was successful in his efforts. Those who know the vanity of Arabs as regards the qualities of their horses will be able to appreciate this sacrifice. After the races, the chief, who was well acquainted with the merit of the judge's horse, as well as with the skill of its rider, said to him: "Your horse is better than mine; how is it possible that it was beaten?" The kaid answered to this in the most natural manner: "In my country and in my tribe there never was an instance where the horse of a kaid beat the horse belonging to a chief."

Among Arabs these kind of civilities are pretty harmless, for no value is attached to them, and they are repaid in kind. But for Europeans they constitute dangerous snares, for the novice believes and sees behind all these attentions and courtesies some amount of good feeling, and, hence, he is often severely cheated. Over-politeness and humility in an Arab should induce in all strangers an increased amount of suspicion against him. Every one should, on all such occasions, bear in mind the dark intolerance of these people, the first law of whose religion preaches the carrying on of continual and implacable war of extermination against all who are of a different belief, and where that *course of life is held to be most acceptable, and the road leading most direct to Paradise*, which is made up out of a number of efforts at the destruction of Christians, Jews, and heathens, with all weapons "which God has given;" and how much more pernicious must such a creed become when the spur of selfishness unites itself to it!

Not less rich is the Arab in expressions of asseveration than forms of politeness, and it is questionable whether the first are more binding on him than the last. Thus, he exclaims: "By almighty Allah!" "By

the blessing of Allah!" "By the head of Allah's Prophet!" "May my belief become a sin!" "May I not be a Mussulman!" "Allah curse me and my wife!" "May Allah make my saddle empty!" "May I meet my sister on the grave of the Prophet!" "May I be buried like a Jew!" "May I give evidence with my feet!" "May to-morrow be the day of judgment, Allah judge, and angels my witnesses!" "By our master, Hamet-ben-Pussuf, Lord of Mileanah, who had a lion as his horse, and bridled it with a serpent!"

An Arab makes a reservation in his own mind when he takes an oath, or plights his faith; he could not, however, be easily persuaded to express this before witnesses, for in that case the courts of his people, in which the religious and civil power is united, would only give him the option, either to fulfill his plighted promise, or to obtain a dispensation from a Taleb. It is, however, to be borne in mind, that there is no great difficulty in finding one of these with a not too scrupulous conscience, who, for a large or small present, is prepared to absolve every promiser from his obligations.

It would be considered uncivil to praise any one himself, or any of his possessions, without exclaiming at the same time, that "Allah may preserve it." Thus, an Arab says, "What a beautiful horse, camel, and child, &c., Allah maintain its life!" Is this omitted, the party is at once put down as envious—whose praise is intended to destroy that which he praises, for the Arab believes in the magic of words which is known in Germany under the term *beschreiben*, and in Italian and French under the expressions of *mal ochio* and *mauvais ail*. The Arabs call it "*Aain*." Thus, magic may be exercised unconsciously by a friend, and intentionally by an enemy, but is supposed to be equally destructive in both cases.

It is a severe law of an Arab never to speak of the events to be brought in by the future, without asking for the permission of Allah, as we say, "Please God;" nor does he go hunting, riding, or even undertake the smallest action without exclaiming, "In Allah's name!" This continual reference, in all acts and sayings, to God, gives to the existence of an Arab something like the warmth of faith, and the energy and devotion of which is pecu-

liarily inspiring, and is brought out prominently on great and solemn occasions. Thus, an Arab meets no friend who may have been lately afflicted with some severe loss, without addressing some such sentences as these to him: "Open further your heart!" "God alone is immortal!" "Death is a tribute which we pay to God; there is neither favor nor unkindness in it!" "Already in the lap of his mother has God determined the day of his death!" "Hold your soul upright; God recompenses every loss!" "We are pottery, and the potter does what he likes!" "Thank God, that your children are grown up!" To a wounded person consoling observations are also directed: "You are happy; God has marked you in the holy war, and has not forgotten you!" "Your illness is the fire, and you are the gold; you will, after your illness, be brighter before God!"

The consolations offered to those friends who have had bodily punishments inflicted on them, are seldom without a vein of bitter satire. Thus, it is said, "Console yourself; God has made the stick for man, and not for woman!" "Remember, that love and pleasure, but also a good beating, await him whom his enemy detecteth stealing to his love, albeit that he is a young man!"

The congratulations are as numerous as the other modes of address. After a victory one says to the other: "May Allah permit our lord to be always so victorious!" "May our lord be a nail in the eyes of his enemies!" "Allah keep the warriors of Mohammed!"

At a wedding and christening, the customary congratulations are: "Allah gives, that through her your tent may be full!" "May the child live and not be the last!"

As has already been said, the forms of courtesy of the Arab are unalterably determined, and the law book of the same is as well known to the lowest shepherd in a pastoral tribe as to the noblest chieftain. The freedom of outward fashion is with them less peculiar to rank and position than with any other people. This is the origin of that true dignity of deportment which can hardly be denied to any Arab, and that urbanity in his manners, which, although to a certain extent superficial, is yet always calculated to make a favorable impression. The motto of the Arab in this respect is, "Play with the dogs, and they call themselves your cousins!"

This dignity of deportment is got not so entirely without an inner response, as the foregoing may lead to be inferred; it has a more solid and more deeply rooted purpose than the generally distributed polish of Asiatic manners. When an Arab of the lowest rank is seen, his head erect, and looking with a calm expression, a fearless eye, and without any signs of embarrassment or awkwardness, up at every one he meets, be he pasha, sultan, or khalif, it may be traced mainly to the fact, that every Arab has, from the first hour of his childhood almost, had impressed upon him the principle, that there is the same distance to Allah from the khalif as from the clown, and that both have the same right to God's power and assistance.

But beyond this pride of creed, he is possessed of another equally philosophical and religious feeling. He does not undervalue the advantages of power, might, and splendor, nor yet the pleasures of luxury and indulgence; but were he to observe this, even in the palaces of our kings, he would first say to himself: "God might have given unto me also, all this, and I would have blessed him! but as it is, I bless him also, for my portion is certainly the best, as I believe in the Prophet; these have their paradise, in this short life, on earth, that I, who acknowledge the Prophet, may enjoy it in eternity."

Unfortunately for them, there is no mutuality in this firm and immovable faith of theirs. They have the *belief*, but not the *love*; and they are, from top to toe, the most repulsive egotists. A precept of Islam has caused this selfishness, which renders the confessors of this faith so fearful: it is that which teaches that all our misfortunes here are caused by our own faults. The unfortunate is, therefore, accordingly also the guilty, whom to help, or even to pity, is a crime against the just will of God.

The anarchy among the Arab tribes has greatly contributed to give vitality to this odious, but to the *lucky* believer, most agreeable dogma. The social morality to which this has given rise is admirably depicted in the following Arabic saying, which is known and in use among all the Arab tribes under French dominion:

"The plague has come:
God grant that it may spare my people.
The plague is in the tribe:
God grant that it may spare my fellowship.

The plague is in the fellowship:
God grant that it may spare my tent.
The plague is in my tent:
God grant that it may spare me."

The saying requires no comment. It contains a confession as complete as it is simple; in it is the nature of Islamism in reality displayed.

JEWISH TRADITIONS.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

ADAM was nine hundred and thirty years old when he felt within himself that the hour which the word of the Judge had told him would come, when he said, "Thou must die!" was drawing near.

"Let all my sons appear before me," said he to the weeping Eve, "that I may see them once more, and bless them."

They all came on hearing their father's command, and stood before him: they numbered many hundreds, and they prayed for their father's life.

"Which of you," said Adam, "will go to the holy mountain? Perhaps he may find that there is mercy for me, and may bring the fruit from the tree of life."

With eagerness did they all profess themselves willing to go. Adam then chose Seth, the most pious, and sent him as his deputed messenger.

Seth departed with ashes on his head, and tarried not till he arrived before the gate of Paradise. "Have mercy upon my father, O most merciful One!"—thus did he pray—"and send him fruit from the tree of life."

Immediately a shining cherub stood before Seth; but, instead of fruit from the tree of life, he placed in his hand a small branch bearing leaves.

"Take that to thy father," said the angel, with a voice of love; "it will comfort him in his last hour; eternal life dwells not now upon earth; hasten, for death draws near."

Seth returned, and throwing himself upon his knees before Adam, spake thus:

"I bring thee no fruit from the tree of life, my father; the angel gave me this branch for thy consolation."

The dying man took the branch from his son; he breathed the air of paradise, and his soul rejoiced.

"My children," said he, "eternal life dwelleth not now upon earth for us, but you will follow me. From these leaves I

breathe the breath of a new life in another world."

He closed his eyes—his spirit had fled.

Adam was buried by his children, and they mourned for him thirty days. Seth alone did not mourn; he planted the little branch at the head of his father's grave, and called it the branch of new life, of resurrection from the sleep of death.

This little branch became a tall tree, and many of the children of Adam received comfort from the hope it gave them of another life.

Long afterward, it was a wide-spreading tree in the garden of David, until his foolish son began to doubt in the truth of immortal life; then the tree withered, but its seed had taken root in other lands; and when on the wood of this tree the Restorer of eternal life gave up his holy life, the whole world was filled with the breath breathed from the fountain of life and immortality.

NOAH'S DOVE.

EIGHT days had the father of the new world waited for the return of the raven, and at the end of that time he again assembled all the winged creatures around him, that he might choose a messenger from among them. The dove flew timidly to Noah and rested on his arm, praying that she might be sent.

"Daughter of truth," said Noah, "thou wouldst, indeed, be a messenger whom I might trust; but how couldst thou perform the journey? How couldst thou fulfill the errand? What wilt thou do when thy wing is weary, and when the storm seizes thee, and whirls thee into the flaming waves of death? Thy foot also shuns the mud, and thy lips abhor unclean food."

"Is there not One," answered the dove, "who gives to the weary strength, and to the feeble power? Let me go; I will be to thee a bringer of good tidings."

She flew away; she went hither and thither, but nowhere could she find a place whereon to rest; when suddenly she saw before her the mountain of paradise, encircled with a green summit. The waters of the flood of sin had had no power over that mountain, and it was not forbidden to the dove to fly there and rest. Joyfully she hastened on, nor tarried till her lowly spirit found repose at its foot. A beautiful olive-tree flourished there; she broke off

a leaf, and, greatly refreshed, she returned and laid the leaf on the breast of the sleeping Noah.

He awoke, and knew immediately that he breathed the air of paradise. Then was his heart strengthened, and he knew that the dove had been permitted by his Preserver to bring him the leaf of peace, as a token of mercy and good-will.

From that day the dove has ever been the messenger of love and peace. "Like silver shines her wings," says the song, and a ray rests upon her from the glory of paradise.

THE ROYAL PSALMIST.

THE royal psalmist had just sung one of his most beautiful hymns in honor of his Deliverer, and the holy air still floated around him, that day by day, with the rising sun, trembled through his harp-strings, and awoke their melody, when Satan stood before him, and filled the heart of the king with pride at the power of his song. "Hast thou," said he, "O most mighty God, among all thy mighty creatures, one who can praise thee as I can?"

At that moment a grasshopper flew in at the open window before which David was standing, and alighting upon the hem of his garment, began its clear morning song. Immediately a crowd of grasshoppers assembled around this one, and joined their voices to his. Before long a nightingale also flew in through the window, and was quickly followed by many more, all striving against each other for the sweetest notes in praise of their Creator.

The ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, of the grasshoppers, of all living creatures, the murmur of the brooks, the rustling of the hedges, the shining of the morning stars, the rapture of the uprising sun.

Lost in wonder at the universal and ever-sounding chorus that, unheard by man, proclaims aloud the praises of the Creator, the king remained silent, and felt that his song was below even that of the grasshopper, that still made its low chirp upon the hem of his garment. With a lowly and an humble heart he now swept the strings of his harp, and sang, "Praise the Lord, all ye his creatures! praise the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me praise his holy name!"

THE POPPY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FUSLIDZ.

WE are sadly mistaken in our belief that flowers can do nothing but bud, bloom, emit sweet odors, and then wither. Rest assured that however widely spread this view of the case may be, yet it has been forced upon us only by our own egotism, which would gladly make us believe that everything in nature exists for us alone, and that as we cannot discern a soul in flowers, they can, therefore, have none. But as we have already said, this is far from being the case. As each flower has its own character, the one being modest, another proud and vain, this one gay and cheerful, that one dull and melancholy, or in whatever other ways they may express themselves by their colors and habit, so has each one its own wishes, endeavors, joy, sorrow, and love. They all have a remarkable patriotism, an affection not only for the land, but even for the spot on which they grow, so that they cannot exist anywhere else; a feeling which many have declared to be wanting in man in these modern times.

But the flowers have also an organ of communication; and were there any one who understood their language, they would whisper many a poem, many a tale in his ear; he would willingly spend many a night (for that is especially the time for their communications, as we shall soon see) in listening on the flowery plain, and the variegated pictures there presented to his view, would almost seem like a beautiful poetic dream. The narrator of this tale lay one night in the dewy moonshine on the wood's flowery carpet, and listened—or dreamed, which many will more readily believe—when all at once he heard a thousand fairy voices rising from the flowers. Most probably some friendly elf, to whom he had once unawares rendered a service, had lent him its delicate ear for a night.

The melancholy Reed was whispering a long lyric poem to its next neighbor, who was listening most attentively. The Scarlet Poppy was chattering incessantly; it is the *chronic scandaleuse* of the flowers, and supplies the place of our gossiping literature. Not far distant some red Moss flowers were giggling together; they must have been saying something very witty! The Harebell was quite silent,

but she constantly confirmed what her neighbors said, by inclining her head to the right and left. The trembling Grass, on the contrary, was continually shaking her head, and would believe nothing that she heard.

Perhaps they had discovered the listener, and would punish him according to the old proverb, or perhaps it is a favorite topic among the flowers; in short, however this may be, their conversation turned principally upon the injustice of man, and the carelessness with which they were treated by him.

"O, dear!" exclaimed a cluster of Thyme flowers, "a man's heavy foot has again crushed some of our most lovely sisters."

"Yes, they have no respect for us," said a wild Pink, who so much liked to be noticed, and therefore raised herself as high as she could on her slender stalk, "although we do our best to make ourselves agreeable to them. Were they even to destroy us as they do the Hemlock, because we were hurtful to them, it would be more endurable; but nothing is harder to bear than the way in which they slight us; they do not even think it worth while to turn their foot aside from treading on us."

"O, no!" interrupted a Forget-me-not, in a low, appeasing voice: "to hear you, one would think that man was quite unjust toward us! But I can refute your charges! Are we not their chosen ornaments on all festal occasions? and are we not the messengers of their holiest feeling, of their love!"

"Those times are long passed," pettishly replied the Sorrel. "Does not man, in his inflated pride, consider himself entitled to meddle in the Creator's business, and even to improve upon his works, for he imitates and pretends to improve upon us in miserable, painted, paper things? And with what do they ornament themselves now, with us, or with those despicable copies? They only make use of us as the messengers of their love, when they have nothing better. This language of flowers is long out of fashion—is called sentimental and made ridiculous."

"All that would not vex me," said the Lily; "for how is it possible that man should respect our feelings since he does not know them? But he should not deny them where they are plainly evident.

For instance, when the night is over, and we look once more around us in the morning light, we always miss one or other of our playfellows, who was already drooping when the twilight came and bent her head, or whose leaves were scattered by a violent night wind. We mourn for her; tears stand in our eyes. Man sees this; but, without troubling himself to understand it, he denies that these drops are a sign of our feeling and of our pain, and says that it is dew with which the mists of the morning have besprinkled us."

This proof of man's injustice must have been so convincing that for the present no one had anything further to remark upon the subject. Not far from me I observed a group gathered round a splendid tall White Poppy. I had for some time noticed that those around her had been whispering together, and had taken no part in the conversation which had been so little flattering to us. When this pause occurred, the Cowslip rang her bells loudly, and cried: "Hush! hush! sisters, the Poppy will tell us a tale." "The White Poppy is going to tell a tale; hush! hush!" they all exclaimed, and all listened attentively, for the Reed had just finished reciting his long poem.

The Poppy drew herself up on her slender stalk, looked around, and made a few graceful inclinations. I had expected that she would want very much pressing, complain of hoarseness, or at least make a host of excuses; but that cannot yet be the custom among flowers, for the Poppy immediately began her narration. "You will give me your attention? Well, then, I will tell you how, according to old legends that have been carried down in my family from one generation to another, we poppies owe our existence to a remarkable occurrence; for you must not think that at the creation of the world all we flowers were scattered over the earth at one time. O, no; we appeared one after the other, much in the same way as now happens in Spring."

"What do you mean about the Spring?" interrupted her cousin, the Scarlet Poppy.

"The Daisy shall tell you that before I begin," answered the Poppy, "for it is always among the earliest who appear, but then you must not interrupt me any more afterward."

The Daisy, who generally received very little attention, and whom many even

think is a little foolish, while its cousin in the garden is something more esteemed, in consequence of its education, was equally pleased and embarrassed now that it had to address the company, and a blush tinged its white leaves, such as you have often seen on this modest little flower. It glanced thankfully at its lofty patroness, and then began its simple tale, without waiting to be asked again.

"I cannot tell you what we poor flowers have done to the Winter, that he should be so cruel to us, and opinions are very different on this point. It is, however, certain that he has an aversion to us, and cannot rest until he has driven us from the face of the earth. But his rule does not last forever, and when he is gone, Spring, our best friend, comes. He looks around him with a troubled countenance though, for of all the beautiful children that on going away he so warmly commended to the care of Summer, there is not one to be seen, and he must cover his head with a long, gray veil, because he has neither flower nor leaf with which to bind a wreath. He caresses the earth with his warm and loving hand, and beckons and calls upon his favorites, for not one of them ventures to raise its head; they are still too timid, so frightened have they been by the harsh Winter. This is no groundless fear either, for there are instances of Winter having suddenly returned after he had been long gone, and of his having then hit the poor flowers, who had ventured out, on the head. Some of the flowers, who are particularly amiable, do not keep the Spring long waiting, but show themselves very quickly. Such a one is the gentle Violet. But when it looks around and sees how bare the earth still is, and how few of its sisters are awake, it is frightened, and timidly draws in its head under its green leaves again. Man calls this modesty, but it is rather fear. And then a great longing for companions, which she expresses in sweet odors, arises in the Violet. Poor Violet! its desire remains ungratified, for when the other flowers appear its time is long over. But because it still continues to yearn for them, it sometimes appears again for a few days in the Autumn, when its longing is gratified. But that is the reason, too, that it no longer smells so sweetly as when it first flowers."

"Now you know what happens in Spring," said the Poppy, as she continued, "and much in the same way it was at the creation. One flower followed the other. At the time, though, of which my legend tells, the greater part were already assembled, and the earth was, indeed, lovely, for unity and joy reigned over it. Men and animals lived peaceably together, and there was nothing but pleasure the live-long day. One being alone, the only one in the wide, wide world, did not share this universal happiness, and wandered sadly over the earth: it was the Night. Why was she sad? you will ask. Because she was alone in this world, in which every other being had a companion;" and is there happiness when we cannot share it? In addition to this, the Night felt more and more, what she would gladly have hidden from herself, that she was the only being whom the others did not seem inclined lovingly to approach. For, although she voluntarily hung out a lamp, she was still forced to hide the beautiful earth from men and animals, and that estranged all hearts from her. You must not think that they found fault with her to her face; but in the joy with which they greeted the light of the Morning, it was sufficiently evident how little affection they had for the Night. You may be sure how this grieved her, for she was of a kind and loving disposition. She wrapped her head in a thick veil to hide her bitter tears. This moved us, compassionate flowers, deeply, and as every creature held aloof from her, we endeavored to give her as much pleasure as we were able, although we could do but little to lessen her sorrow. We had nothing to offer but our colors and odors, and the Night had never had any great partiality for colors. So we spared our most delicious scents for her; some of us, indeed, the Night-scenting Violet, for example, no longer emitted her sweet odors by day, in order that she might present them to the Night, and this habit she has adhered to, as you know. But all this could not comfort the mourner, and she threw herself in her sorrow before the Creator's throne.

"'Almighty Father,' she began, 'thou seest how happy every part of thy creation is. I alone wander about the earth, sad, lonely, and unloved, and have no creature to whom I can confide my grief. The Day flies before me, though I follow

him eagerly; and as he, so do all other creatures turn away from me. Therefore, almighty Father, have pity upon me, and give me a companion!"

"The Creator smiled graciously, and answered the prayer of the Night by creating Sleep, and giving him to her as a companion. Is it not evident that the Creator smiled as he created him, for is he not loved by all, and does he not distribute blessing, happiness, and comfort? The Night took her friend to her bosom, and now a very different period began. Not only was she no longer alone, but all hearts inclined to her, now that she brought Sleep, the favorite of all living creatures, with her, when she chased the Day from the face of the earth. Other friendly beings soon followed in her train, the children of Night and Sleep, the Dreams. They wandered over the earth with their parents, and were soon friends with men, who were themselves still children at heart. But, alas! there was soon a change. Passions awoke in the hearts of men, and their minds became less and less pure. Children are easily influenced by bad example, and so it happened that some of the Dreams, through their intercourse with men, became fickle, deceitful, and unkind. Sleep noticed this change in his children, and would have driven the degenerate ones away, had not their brothers and sisters entreated for them, and said: 'Let our brothers stay with us; they are not so bad as they seem, and we promise you to do our best to make reparation, wherever they do harm.' The father granted his children's prayer, and so the bad Dreams have remained in his company, but, strange to say, experience has taught that they always feel themselves most attracted by bad men.

"But man became worse and worse. One lovely night a man lay on the scented turf, when Sleep and the Dreams came up to him, but Sin prevented them from acquiring any influence over him. A fearful thought arose in his mind, the thought of murder, the murder of his brother. In vain did Sleep sprinkle soothing drops from his magic wand over him; in vain did the Dreams hover round him with their variegated pictures; he continually broke loose from their gentle bonds. Then Sleep called his children around him. 'Let us flee,' he said, 'this mortal is not worthy of our gifts!' and they fled.

They were already distant when Sleep took his magic wand, and planted it in the earth, half angry that it had shown so little power. The Dreams hung upon it the light and airy variegated pictures which they had wished to present to the bad man. The Night saw this, and breathed life into the wand, so that it struck out roots in the earth. It put forth green leaves, but still continued to conceal the drops which summon sleep. And the gifts of the Dreams became fluttering leaves, delicate and gay. And so we Poppies had our origin."

The tale was ended, and from all sides the flowers bowed their heads in thanks to the narrator. It was by this time dawn. When it was fully light, the leaves of a Centifolia came fluttering through the wood, staying a while by each flower as they passed it, and whispering to each one a sorrowful adieu. And tears stood in every flower.

PSYCHOLOGY.

MY theme is Psychology, or the doctrine of the human soul, embracing within its range every other part that properly enters into the composition of man, whether appertaining to his physical, intellectual, or spiritual nature. In the treatment of this subject I touch upon those points only which may have a practical bearing in aiding us to answer the Scriptural question, "*What is man?*" as well as to obey the familiar precept, "*Know thyself.*" Untrammelled by the theories of the schools, I propose to follow strictly the guidance of the Divine word, reserving, however, the privilege of making such practical reflections upon its teachings as may be justified by reason and experience.

Following, then, the guide we have chosen, we find man, though a strict unit in point of personality, at the same time also as strictly a trinity in his component parts, as saith the Record: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." (Gen. ii, 7.) The first part of man, according to this testimony, belongs to his body, formed from a portion of the earth on which he was to dwell, to intimate to him, without doubt, a partial relation to it by his physical nature.

The second part refers to his spirit, which was not a creation, but a procession from God, to intimate by the noblest part of man's nature, his endeared relation to his progenitor, God, the source of all life. The third part concerns that which was developed or formed in man by this union of the spirit with his body, "man became a living soul," manifestly a part perfectly distinct from either of the other two, though a kind of medium or connecting link between them both.

Whatever else this breathing of the Lord into the body of Adam may or may not signify, one thing is certain, this was the beginning of his animal, intellectual, and spiritual life. Moreover, this breath of the Lord must also bear some analogy to the breath of man, which is a part of his nature, though the smallest or weakest part of it. As by respiration man may impart certain characteristics of his own nature to others, so by this inspiration, or breathing of the Lord into Adam, the impartation of the communicable nature of God to man may reasonably be inferred. This very significant procession or emanation from God constitutes, also, the most natural ground of our entire dependence, as well as of our obligations to worship and obey Him as the *Father of spirits*. (Hebrews xii, 9.) That this sentiment is in entire accordance with this apostle is further proven by the fact that he not only endorses the Athenian poets, who said that we are the offspring of God, but he founds upon that fact, more than upon any other, his argument that all men, everywhere, should repent in order that they may be prepared to meet the Lord their God in the day of judgment. (Acts xvii, 28-31.)

If, then, we are the offspring of God at all, we must be so in some real and important sense, and in a sense somewhat analogous to the manner in which we are the offspring of our natural fathers—by emanation or procession, not by any special act of creative energy, at least not as to the spirit. And this we believe to be the harmonious teaching of the Bible. This, also, constitutes, more immediately, a foundation for our relationship to God over that of the beasts, because our spirits, originally the breath of God, the Divine impress or image in man, the noblest part of his nature, entitles us to such a claim of relationship with the Deity.

That this doctrine of emanation may be abused to the purposes of the delusive and dangerous dogmas of Universalism is not denied. But that those dogmas are a natural or even a plausible inference from it, is not admitted. If you allow men a mode of argumentation which has as little claim to logic as it has to experience or common sense, what precious truth may not be abused and distorted? Shall we be required to give up a well-ascertained and wholesome truth, simply because some people have chosen to abuse it to unworthy purposes? What precious truth may we not have to abandon according to this rule? The vicarious death of Christ, the influence of the Holy Spirit, the reality of regeneration, the direct witness of the Spirit, must they all be given up because they have been perverted and abused?

Why do not those inventors of arguments against the possibility of the everlasting destruction of the spirit of man, because of its Divine emanation, invent also such arguments against the possibility of the prostitution of the body to the vilest of purposes, to the habitations of devils, because of its Divine workmanship, its noble form, the crown and masterpiece of creative skill and wisdom? Is it to be supposed that he cares less for the body, upon which he has lavished so much of plastic wisdom and goodness, than he does for the spirit which he breathed into its nostrils? Why, then, do they not set up the same argument for the one as for the other? We have no misgivings in maintaining a truth which has sometimes been found mixed up with great errors, and has often been abused and distorted to unworthy purposes?

A trinity in man is also distinctly recognized in the New Testament Scriptures. Thus: "*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" (1 Thess. v, 23.) Here man's three parts are not only emphatically stated and distinguished, but each is separately said to be in need of sanctification and of preservation in that state until the day of Christ. St. Paul, also, speaking of the power of the divine word, (Hebrews xii, 9,) "*piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,*" must have been a sorry philosopher, and an

equally sorry theologian, if he believed the soul and the spirit to be one and identical. His saying, in such a case, would be equivalent to piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and soul, or spirit and spirit; that is, dividing between two things which are, in fact, but one and indivisible, if so be that the soul and spirit of man are but one.

The fact that in many places of the Bible the expressions soul and spirit are interchangeable terms, does no more interfere with our view of the subject, than does the command of Joshua to the sun and the moon to stand still interfere with the theory of Galileo, or than the words hell and the grave, which are also sometimes used interchangeably, prove that they are always one and the same thing. The fact is, that many of the speakers in the Bible, in matters purely natural and scientific, spoke often, according to the simple custom common among the people with whom they lived: their expressions on those subjects, therefore, need not mislead us, unless we choose to be misled.

Since the creation of the first man, the body, soul, and spirit of his posterity, are not a creation of God, as God ceased from his creative works after the sixth day; but they are an emanation from man himself, by natural generation, the body, as in the first creation, having priority in being, the spirit and soul being developed from it by means of breathing the vital atmosphere after its birth into the world. It is a well-ascertained fact that, prior to that period, there is in him no independent or personal life, either animal or intellectual, apart from the mother.

Some of the peculiar functions or offices of each of those parts which, collectively, we have denominated the trinity in man, now claim our attention.

The body, as the material or visible part of man, is the tabernacle of the soul as well as its workshop, or instrumentality through which it operates, looking out through the eyes, as its windows, upon the natural world. It is formed of those members and tissues, and has that capability of locomotion which fully answer the purposes, and obey the volition of the soul, and which are capable of being wholly controlled by it.

The soul, although invisible to our eyes, is not, in the most absolute sense, immaterial. It is of a simple and purely gase-

ous substance developed from the body, exceedingly delicate, incapable of decomposition, and therefore immortal. It is by its nature more closely allied to the body than is the spirit, giving it animation, living in its senses, seeing, hearing, and discerning through their medium objects belonging to the natural world. Its sphere of action is, therefore, properly speaking, more immediately in the regions of physical nature, or among objects capable of being discerned by the natural senses, its proper attributes, by which it perceives, classifies, and passes judgment upon them. The soul stands in the relation to the spirit as its body or tabernacle, from which it is inseparable. Thus, while the grosser body of flesh sleeps in the dust, the spirit, dwelling in the soul as its tabernacle in another world, awaits the resurrection of the body, which it will re-enter at the last day.

On account of this close union between the soul and the spirit, the actions proper to the one only are often ascribed to the other; in like manner the actions of the soul are often ascribed to the body, and called the lusts of the flesh and the works of the flesh. For this reason also *ψυχη* and *ζωη*, soul and life, are often interchangeable words in the Holy Scriptures.

The spirit is of a nobler nature than the soul, and forms that point of contact or link by which man is united with his God and the heavenly world, as he is by means of his soul unto the natural world. It is fitted for the highest sphere of intellectual action, for reasoning, reflecting, discerning between the most abstruse truth and falsehood; it is especially fitted also for the noblest exercises of devotion. Possessing a much higher intellectuality, and more free from sentient influences than the soul, it is peculiarly fitted for the apprehension of Divine things and the enjoyment of Divine pleasure. This, therefore, is the proper channel through which the Lord ordinarily communicates with man. And as this is the part which, in a more peculiar sense, bore the image of God, so, also, it has suffered the most seriously by the fall, drawing upon itself that death or losing that sense of union with God or the divine life, which is properly denominated spiritual death. Hence it is, also, that this part of man more immediately needs the regenerating

influences of the Holy Spirit to restore its capacity to know, to love, to worship, and to enjoy God, which is as a resurrection from death unto life.

According to this theory, all the Scriptures concerning the fall of man, and its legitimate consequences upon man's nature, may be explained. Thus, for instance, the apostle says, (1 Cor. ii, 14,) the natural man, not, however, *ὁ φυσικος*, the physical, but *ὁ ψυχικος ανθρωπος*, the soulish man, receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, &c., by which he means simply to announce this sober and solemn truth, that the unconverted man, not being conscious of having lost the higher intellectual life of his spirit by which he once could discern spiritual things, would fain now employ the lower powers of his natural soul for that purpose, powers, indeed, very well fitted for discerning natural objects, but which are no more capable of discerning spiritual ones than the hand is of seeing, or the eye of hearing. The language is emphatic, *ου δυναται*, it cannot by any possibility, because not formed, not at all designed for such a purpose.

It may be proper to remark here, that one of the apostles at least says, concerning the unconverted person, that he has *no spirit*. Yes, absolutely, he has no spirit—a strict and solemn truth, as his spirit, as to all important offices and capacity of knowing, worshiping, and loving God, is dead. He does not say that he has no soul, as that would not be true, all the functions of that part of himself being in full exercise and employment about the natural world, though, of course, much weakened and deranged on account of the influence of sin upon them.

Let us illustrate this more fully from experience. Behold the Christian stretched upon a couch of affliction; his sufferings are intense; he moans, and wails, and cries aloud, while at the same time he finds within himself a something, perfectly calm, resigned, often rejoicing as a distinct individuality, coming to the relief of that suffering one, soothing, comforting, and sustaining it. Now, what is this that suffers? *His body?* Surely not; but the sentient soul suffers. What is it, now, that offers this sympathy, this cordial to the suffering, afflicted, and mourning soul? Why, it is the spirit of man, animated and renewed by the grace and Spirit of God.

"The spirit of man may sustain his infirmities." Thus Christ speaks of his sufferings: "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death," speaking, no doubt, of his proper human soul, which in all respects was like our own, the derangement produced by sin excepted.

Far different is it when the unconverted man suffers. He is as fully conscious of his sufferings, indeed, as the other, because he possesses a natural soul like the other. His spirit, however, still in ruins, and dead within him, cannot afford his suffering soul any relief or consolation, being shut up within its own prison, without one channel of Divine communication. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

After a similar manner does the apostle speak: "The first man, Adam," i. e., every merely natural man, before his regeneration—"was made a living soul; the second Adam"—the regenerated man—"a quickening spirit." (1 Cor. xv, 45.) After the same manner also does the same apostle call the man, in whom the life of the soul, i. e., the *ψυχικός*, predominates, "a natural man," i. e., a man, living according to the impulse of the natural soul; the spiritual life, the more free and liberated and exalted life, not having come to a proper self-consciousness in him, he is still spiritually dead. "But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? but we have the mind of Christ."

If this be a correct view of the subject, we have found out the most easy and natural way of explaining the cause of so many contradictory systems of philosophy and divinity. We place before us two men, naturally, physically, and morally the same—the same also in their education; both reared in the same school, drinking together at the same fountain, and running together the same race for eminence in professions. They are still strangers to the life of God, or even to the first idea of the existence or the necessity of such a life, in order to a correct apprehension of God or of truth. What now is the result? The one, with his capital stock of classic lore, starts at full speed in his course, depending solely for successful running upon his education and the fecundity of his genius, and behold a beautiful, airy system of pantheism, or atheism, or polytheism, or every one of these isms in sad confusion

worse confounded. He produces a mythological, or patriotic Saviour, suffering prematurely a martyrdom in the cause of humanity. In fact, he is a Strauss, a prodigy of genius and of intellect indeed, but at the same time a prodigy of moral and spiritual ruin, like the bleached bones upon the field of vision, upon which the breath of the Lord has never blown.

Let us now look at the other. Before starting in his professional career, he hesitates, he doubts, he seeks a higher life. He brings all his accumulated stock of learning and knowledge, lays it upon the great altar of the cross, and receives a holy baptism from above. The thunder of the Divine word shakes his fabric of an empty vision from center to circumference, nor does its agitations cease until the whole tumbles down and is demolished in the dust. The lurid lightnings of the spirit of God strike into this mass of ruins, this fit fuel for its flames, and a conflagration ensues, which burns up the whole magazine of vain thoughts and empty theories, like chaff, and melts and fuses on, until the whole of old things are destroyed and passed away, and all things are become new. A new spirit life begins; the union between God and his spirit being restored, through spiritual regeneration, and the channel of communication between both being fairly open, a holy philosophy, a holy divinity, a holy experience, is the result, as well as a new heart and a right spirit in himself, which dares to labor, to suffer, and to live or die for God.

Having traced the spirit in its course until we find it again in its first and native element, let us return and bestow a few thoughts upon the other two parts of man.

If the human body is the outward man, the visible manifestation of the human soul, which, looking out through the eyes, views and contemplates the natural world, then everything belonging to it is significant. The posture, the walk, the glance of the eye, the features and expressions of the countenance, motions, voice, are all visible expressions of the soul and the mutations passing therein.

If, then, the body be the instrument of the soul, whereby it acts upon the natural world, and is, in turn, acted upon by it, then a great deal depends upon the condition and the capacity of the body. Strength and weakness, health and sickness, produce a great difference in the

instrument. But the fall of the spirit into sin has drawn after it the weakness and mortality, and all the woes and pains it can suffer; for there is no reason to believe that the body, though originally formed out of the dust of the ground, was ever, on that account, subject to any disorder or dissolution by death. It was doubtless designed, after the expiration of a holy probation, to be transformed, and then to be translated into a higher sphere of enjoyment.

The soul is not only a dweller in the body, but one also whose life is manifested through every part of it, so that the body may be very properly denominated a possession of the soul, and will, therefore, be restored unto it at the resurrection. It is dignified by its Creator above all other animal bodies. The beasts, even the most noble of them, bear their heads toward the ground; in all of them do the instruments of eating—the mouth—occupy the front or foremost part, while those of thought, the forehead, recedes; only man walks upright, his head pointing upward, with forehead foremost, giving prominence to thought and reflection, while the mouth is receding.

The human body may also be a temple of the Holy Ghost. The first man was such a temple, and every one may become such again by the grace of God. This indwelling of the Holy Ghost commences in regeneration, in which he operates upon the human spirit, the highest, noblest, and most reasoning part of man, begetting in him the divine nature, which in its operations works upon the sensitive soul, gradually correcting or restoring its deranged faculties to their original functions, while the soul, from its intimate connection with the body as its instrumentality, governs, influences, and corrects its tempers and actions; thus the man of God is made perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

But the body in whose human spirit the Spirit of God does not dwell, having never been manifested there by regeneration, and whose members, therefore, are not consecrated as instruments of righteousness unto God, is not a temple of the Holy Ghost, but a market-place, sometimes a public highway, often a hiding-place of shocking impurity and abominations, a wilderness, a down-trodden field, a temple of idols, if not still worse, a habitation of devils.

A VISION OF OLD BABYLON.

OUTLEAPING from the Present's narrow cage,
I floated on the backward waves of Time,
Until I landed in that antique age
When the now hoary world was in its prime.
How young, and fresh, and green, all things did
look!

I stood upon a broad and grassy plain,
Shrouded with leaves, between which, like a
brook

Dash'd on the turf, in showers of golden rain,
The broken sunlight mottled all the land.
And soon between the trees I was aware
Of a vast city, girt with stony band,
That hung upon the burning, blue-bright air,
Like snowy clouds which that strange archi-
tect,

The Wind, has with his wayward fancies
deck'd.

A wilderness of beauty! A domain
Of visions and stupendous thoughts in stone,
The sculptured dream of some enchanter's brain.
There did I see, all sunning in their own
Splendor and warmth, a thousand palaces
Where tower look'd out on tower; all over-
grown

With pictured deeds, and coiling traceries,
And monstrous shapes in strange conjunction
met,

The idol phantoms of an age long past,
In midst of which the winged Bull was set:
And I saw temples of enormous size,
Silent, yet throng'd; and pyramids that cast
Shadows upon each golden-freak'd pavilion,
And on the columns flush'd with azure and
vermilion.

And on the top of all the wind-blown towers,
The thronging terraces and ramparts fair,
And the flat-house-roofs scorching in the air,
Elysian gardens bloom'd with breadth of flowers
And clouds of moist green leaves, that tenderly
Cool'd the fierce radiance sight could scarcely
bear,

Or over grassy lawns hung fluttering high,
Like birds upon the wing, half-pausing there;
Shadows where winds droop'd lingering with a
sigh.

And there were fountains all of beaten gold,
That seem'd alive with staring imagery,
Fantastical as death; from which forth roll'd,
Like spirits out of Sleep's enchanted ground,
Far-flashing streams that flung a light all
round.

Babylon! But, as I look'd, a cloud of sand,
Slowly advancing with dead, sulphurous heat,
Burn'd up the youth and freshness of the land,
And all those gorgeous palaces did eat,
As locusts waste the harvest. One by one
Fell tower and pyramid, settling heavily
In the advancing desert's ashes dun;
And those fair gardens faded in the eye
Of that great Desolation slowly growing
Above the outer walls and topmost stones;
An arid sea, forever, ever flowing,
Without an ebb, over an Empire's bones,

Which, in these days, some stranger's close
inspection

Gives up, like History's awful resurrection.



MOSQUE OF SAID, AND STREET SCENE IN GRAND CAIRO.

A TRIP FROM CAIRO TO THE PYRAMIDS.

AT ten o'clock we reached the point where the donkeys were to be left to await our return in the evening. Arabs were in waiting with a couple of small boats, upon which we embarked. The sails were of but little use; but our dusky boatmen plied their setting-poles with

vigor, and in a short time we were within half a mile of the Pyramids of Ghizeh. The low plain skirting the Libyan desert, and half covered with pools of stagnant water, stretched away

"Like that Sirbonion bog
Where armies whole have sunk."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
Carlton & Phillips, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of
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The battle of the Pyramids had been fought at no great distance from the la-

goon up which we were passing. Owing to the shallowness of the water, the boats stuck in the mud many rods from the shore, and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of naked Arabs, clamorous for the privilege of landing us on their shoulders. Most of my companions selected two of them for that purpose, and even four were brought into requisition for the plethoric majors of the India service. I, however, trusted myself to the shoulders of a single stalwart Arab. Astride his neck, and holding fast to his head, I was safely transferred to the shore, although my man sank almost to his knees in the mud at every step. The Arabs were called into requisition half a dozen times in this manner before we reached the edge of the Libyan Desert, stretching away up and down the Nile,

"As long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Scampering up the sandy elevation, we stood in a few moments at the base of the Pyramid of Cheops.

The two giants of the group of Ghizeh, the Pyramids of Cheops and Cephrenes, can be seen from the Nile at a distance of forty miles. When ascending the river by night, I first saw them from Boulak, looming up dimly in the moonlight, the impression was grand, as it also was when I caught glimpses of them through the shady groves skirting the Nile. As I approached them on the morning of our visit, they did not appear to increase greatly in size, but when standing at the base of the Pyramid of Cheops, I could measure with my eye the immense blocks of which it is built, and glance over those retreating steps, apparently losing themselves among the clouds, like the visionary ladder of Padan Aram, I first realized the immensity of that only surviving wonder of the ancient world.*

"The mighty Pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Leaving Ibrahim to prepare our breakfast, the most courageous of the company prepared for the ascent to the summit.

* The Great Pyramid is about four hundred and eighty feet in height, and covers nearly thirteen English acres of ground. The stone of the Great Pyramid alone would build one thousand and sixty-two Bunker Hill Monuments.

We began to scale the stony cliffs afforded by the retiring strata on the north side of the Pyramid, near the opening to the chambers within. The steps varied from two to five feet in height, and were so broken away in many places that we were often obliged to deviate from a direct course. I was assisted by two Arabs, who, leaping from step to step with the agility of the chamois, dragged me after them by the arms with a violence that put me out of breath in a few minutes. Having ascended about one hundred feet in this manner, I sat down to rest. The slope of the Great Pyramid presents an angle of fifty-one degrees fifty minutes, and as I glanced down the steep descent, the effect was positively frightful. From that moment I looked only toward the summit, which seemed, indeed, to retire among the clouds as I advanced. The Arabs fell upon their knees before me and clamored for *backsheesh*. About half way up on the northeast corner several stones are broken away, forming a secure and desirable resting place. There I found Captain A——, who had preceded me. He declared that he could ascend no further, as his legs, arms, and heart had all completely given out. After all, thought I, courage is merely a relative quality. Here was a man who had hobnobbed with the magnates of Japan, sat down to dog-feasts with the king of the Sandwich Islands, and yet would venture but half way up the Pyramid of Cheops. I was determined to reach the summit, and pushed on as rapidly as possible. The steps diminished somewhat in height as we advanced, the ascent consequently becoming less difficult. A couple of pauses to rest, a couple of efforts, and I stood upon the topmost stone of the mighty Cheops. The Arabs fell upon their knees, and holding up their hands, besought me to give them *backsheesh*, as they had done at every stopping place. I told them they must wait until we had finished the day's work. "Head man hab all de *backsheesh* denn," they reiterated, alluding to the scheik below who watches the Pyramids for the pasha, and demands a dollar of every traveler who makes the ascent. I knew very well that he would say, "Arab man got all de *backsheesh*," but to quiet my men, if possible, I gave them each a small coin. That, however, did not avail, nor would they cease importuning me

until I threatened to throw them down the Pyramid, and withhold, in addition, all remuneration for their day's labor. The uneven summit of the Great Pyramid is about twenty feet square. It doubtless once terminated in a point like the Pyramid of Cephrenes, but the casing stones which covered the Pyramid until after the time of Herodotus having been broken away, it gradually became truncated as at present.

The view afforded from the summit of the Great Pyramid is second to none in the world. The valley of the Nile, expanding in one direction into the Delta, and winding away in the opposite direction between the Arabian and Libyan chains, Grand Cairo and the sites of Memphis and Heliopolis, cities of ancient and glorious memory, the desert bounding the eastern and western horizon, here resembling the ocean at rest, and there appearing as if mountain waves had been instantly transformed into sand; all these form a tableau at once grand and unique, crowded with present as well as with historical interest.

Now your eye sweeps over mosques, palaces, and picturesque gardens; now drinks in the soft charm of waving palm-trees and of gray hamlets half buried in the sea of verdure along the rushing waters of the Nile; and then, leaving the busy haunts of men, it rests upon "the countless sepulchers of above a hundred generations of departed life." There, on the northeast horizon, dimly rises the Obelisk of Heliopolis, raised by Sesortasan more than four thousand years ago, while to the left of the Pyramids of Abousir, Sakara, and Dashoor, built by kings whose uncertain names were unknown for two thousand years, are the mounds which once were the walls of Memphis, and forests of palm-trees growing from the alluvial deposit that for more than twenty centuries has been annually accumulating over her temples, and palaces, and halls of learning.

A multitude of names have been cut into the blocks of soft magnesian limestone which form the summit of the Pyramid. I noticed those of many French savans, who show a national vanity in that respect. When Chateaubriand was in Egypt he was prevented from visiting Ghizeh by the height of the inundation, but obtained a promise from the French

consul at Cairo to ascend the Pyramid of Cheops at the first opportunity and inscribe his name upon the summit. We can forgive, O reader, the vanity of mortal man in wishing to associate his memory with these immortal monuments, of which it has eloquently been said, "*Leur masse indestructible a fatigue le temps.*" Some enthusiastic traveler has cut the name of Jenny Lind deep in the topmost block of the Great Pyramid. Other names and inscriptions have been marred and obliterated by succeeding travelers, but that stands untouched. It will remain there for years, but Time's wasting finger will erase those simple characters long before the echo of her song shall have passed away from the hearts of men.

Having rested half an hour, we prepared to retrace our steps to the base of the Pyramid. The descent appeared much more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, from the fact that the eyes have to be directed constantly downward. I found it to be, however, directly the reverse. Letting my Arabs descend before me, I placed my hands upon their shoulders, and leaped rapidly from course to course with the greatest ease. The entire descent did not require more than fifteen minutes of time.

Ibrahim had, in the meantime, spread an excellent meal for us on an immense rock at the base of the Pyramid. The intense exercise of the morning had sharpened our appetites, and of the two donkey loads of provisions merely a few bones were left to be picked by the hungry Arabs.

The majority of the company now repaired to the opening on the north side of the Pyramid, for the purpose of penetrating to the chambers within. At the opening, said in the Arabic account to have been forced by the Caliph Al Mamoon, by means of fire, vinegar, and battering rams, the guides often fire their guns to frighten away the genii, by whom they suppose the Pyramids to be inhabited. The passage is but little more than three feet square, and descends at an angle of twenty-six degrees. Our dragoman carried lighted tapers, and as we slid from notch to notch in a stooping posture, the hot and mephitic atmosphere soon became so impregnated with dust that I could scarcely breathe. A long descent and an equal ascent brought us at last to the



BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

king's chamber, the largest yet discovered in the Great Pyramid. It is thirty-four feet in length, seventeen in width, and twenty-two in height. Its walls are formed of immense blocks of polished granite, those of the passages being for the most part of porphyry. Ancient inscriptions have been discovered on the chamber walls of many of the Pyramids, but I observed none in that of Cheops. There was nothing calling to mind the succession of ancient dynasties, no *tableaux* representing the royal banquets, or the loves of Isis and Osiris. In an exposed fragment of rock one of my companions discovered a splendid fossilized nautilus. To what interminable ages was my mind carried back by the sight of that ancient and solitary mariner of the pre-Adamic seas, first entombed in the everlasting

rock, to be re-entombed ages upon ages afterward in this Cyclopean mausoleum, which defies and wears the wasting hand of time!

There are narrow passages leading from the king's chamber, which terminate near the summit of the Pyramid. They have not been scientifically explored, but a cat, whose litter of kittens had been placed on the top of the Pyramid, having been let loose in the chamber, she was in a few minutes found with her young. M. Maillet contends that these passages were constructed for the purpose of letting down food to persons who buried themselves in this chamber, for the remainder of their lives, with their deceased king. The object of their construction was, doubtless, the ventilation of the chambers.

The sarcophagus in the king's chamber,

now greatly broken, gives, on being struck, a ringing and metallic sound. Instead of the ashes of an Egyptian king, it probably once contained a body typical of Osiris.

Our Arabs wished to perform a wardance around the sarcophagus, but we left as soon as possible to visit the queen's chamber, a solitary apartment many feet below the one just described. On our way from the latter we stopped to look into the mouth of the well near the grand passage.

The construction of the well in the Pyramid of Cheops must have had some mysterious connection with the Nile, as, being in all one hundred and ninety feet deep, its bottom is nearly on a level with the surface of the river. During the descent, which is by no means regular, it passes through two or three chambers.

The ascent to the summit of the Pyramid had so completely exhausted me that I did not attempt to explore the well. The latter is between two and three feet in diameter, and the explorer has to be lowered down by means of a long rope. The Arabs themselves are afraid to descend, on account of the genii supposed to inhabit the mysterious chambers. Dr. King, of Athens, once related to me a startling adventure of his friend and colleague, Mr. Fisk, in the well of the Pyramid of Cheops. Our distinguished countryman, whose grave on Mount Zion I visited when in Jerusalem, was lowered down by several Arabs standing at the mouth of the well. Having descended a great distance, his taper went out, leaving him in Egyptian darkness. The Arabs, also, in consequence of some mistake, suddenly checked his descent, and left



ENTRANCE INTO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

him suspended—he knew not how far from the bottom. They could not hear his shouts to lower or draw in the rope. His terrific situation, and the feelings he experienced while suspended there between life and death, can be more easily imagined than described. Mr. Fisk himself declared that they were terrible beyond the power of language. The walls were only three feet apart, and by firmly bracing his arms against one side and his feet against the other, he managed to descend slowly, yet fearful every moment of plunging into the dark abyss beneath. In this manner he crept down carefully between six and seven feet, and unexpectedly found himself at the bottom of the well, which, indeed, his feet had almost touched while he was dangling at the end of the rope. [This engraving represents the Grand Passage in the Pyramid of Cheops.]

Masoudi, an Arabic author, to whom I shall hereafter allude, relates the following story in the Akbar-Ezzeman: "Twenty men of the Fayoom wished to examine the Great Pyramid. One of them was accordingly lowered down the well by means of a rope, which broke at the depth of one hundred cubits, and the man fell to the bottom. He was three hours in falling. His companions heard horrible cries, and in the evening they went out of the Pyramid, and sat down before it to talk the matter over. The man who was lost in the well, coming out of the earth, suddenly appeared before them, and uttered these exclamations, 'Sak! saka!' which they did not understand. He then fell down dead, and was carried away by his friends. The above-mentioned words were translated by a man of Said as follows: 'He who meddles with and covets what does not belong to him, is unjust.'"

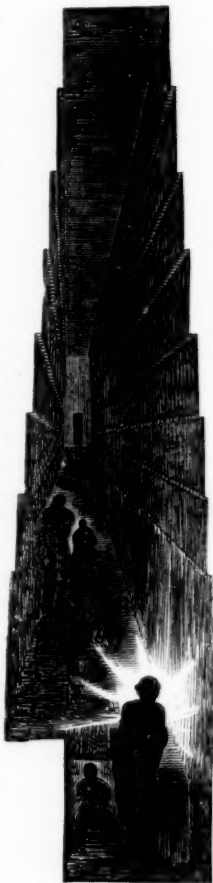
This is but one of the marvelous stories relative to the Pyramids given by the

Arab writers, whose accounts, I may add, *en passant*, have exhibited little or no variation for more than a thousand years. They appear to have repeated merely the traditions of the ancient Egyptians embellished with fabulous stories and incidents of their own invention.

We were just leaving the well when I heard the distant echo of a voice shouting

at the opening of the Pyramid, "He's dying! he's dying! where is the doctor?" Being the only physician in the company, I ordered Ibrahim to precede me with the taper, and we scrambled hastily up the narrow passage on our hands and knees. A square piece of the blue heavens soon became visible. Reeking with dust and perspiration, I emerged into the open air, and was hastily conducted by the Arabs to the northwest corner of the Pyramid. There, stretched out on the sand, at the distance of twenty-five feet from the base of the Pyramid, lay a naked Arab boy, streams of blood spouting from his mouth, nose, and several severe flesh wounds. Though unable to speak, he was not entirely insensible. The flow of blood was quickly staunched, the gaping wounds soon closed by means of a needle and thread borrowed from an Arab. A crowd of Bedouins looked on in mute astonishment when I set his broken arm, using for splints pieces of the date-palm baskets in which Ibrahim had brought the provisions and claret for our breakfast from Cairo. That finished, I first learned the cause of the terrible accident to our Arab boy.

While part of the company were exploring the interior chambers with myself, those resting outside had contrived to amuse themselves in a different manner, the consequences of which they cannot soon forget. A small wager, but twenty-five cents, if I remember correctly, was offered to the Arab who should ascend to the summit of the Great Pyramid and descend



again to the earth in the shortest time. Four Arab boys stripped themselves for the race, and skipped up the rocky slopes with the agility of monkeys. They all reached the summit at the same moment, and turned to descend. At such an immense height they looked like pigmies, but leaped down from strata to strata with a celerity that was truly marvelous. One of them gained a few feet upon his companions. He had made about one third of the descent when his foot slipped, and he came bounding down that dizzy height, now rolled into a ball, then with legs and arms extended, striking upon the sharp angular rocks every ten or fifteen feet, and at last stretched out upon the sand, where I found him at so considerable a distance from the base of the Pyramid. He must have fallen more than four hundred feet, and nothing but Bedouin toughness could have prevented his being dashed into pieces. Mr. Maze, an Englishman, threw himself down the Great Pyramid several years ago for the purpose, it is supposed, of gaining a reputation by his death like that of Eratostratus, who set on fire the temple of Diana at Ephesus. He in part succeeded.

Mr. S——, with the goodness of heart characteristic of that philanthropic gentleman, offered to have the wounded boy carried to the Cairo hospital at his own expense, although he was within the Pyramid when the accident occurred. The Arabs, detesting nothing so much as the roof of a house, would not listen to my friend's humane proposal, but carried him away to a neighboring Bedouin village.

He began to recover at once, and even on the following day could hardly be restrained from eating hurtful food. Before we left Cairo a contribution was made up for the boy and his almond-eyed mother, or, as Ibrahim piously expressed it, "for the pleasure of Allah."*

The purpose for which the Pyramids of Egypt were erected is a question that has been discussed from the days of Herodotus to the present time. The actual and mysterious secret of their origin

appears to have perished with the ancient kings and priests of Egypt, by whom it was never communicated to the people, not even to the strangers who came from distant lands to study their arts and their monuments. But modern science has at last wrung a reluctant answer from the Sphinx, and we can now speak with more confidence as to the design of

"These piles and monuments tremendous;
Whose very ruins are stupendous,"

than could the philosophic Plato, or Diodorus Siculus.

That they were erected for the mausoleums of kings ambitious of perpetuating their memory by having their ashes rest in indestructible tombs, for royal treasuries, or to serve as astronomical observatories, were the favorite theories of the ancients. Still more varied are the hypotheses, highly imaginative in most cases, of modern travelers, who have visited and written upon the Pyramids. By one they have been regarded as the granaries of Joseph; by another, as temples to the Egyptian Venus; while a third, with more truth, explains them as the tombs and monuments of the god Osiris. Says Sir Thomas Brown, "These dark caves and mummy repositories are Satan's abodes."*

A Coptic tradition, related by Masoudi, states that the two great Pyramids were built by Sarid, Ben Sol, one of the kings of Egypt, before the flood. He dreamed that the earth was overthrown, that the inhabitants were laid prostrate upon their faces, and that the stars wandered confusedly from their orbits, and clashed together with a great noise. Soon afterward, in another vision, he saw the fixed stars descend upon the earth in the form of white birds. The planets became dark and veiled with smoke. The king awoke and repaired in great consternation to the temple of the sun, where, with great lamentation, he prostrated himself in the dust. Early in the morning, the chief priests were assembled, and the inter-

*Some of the facts connected with this accident at the Pyramids of Ghizeh are of so incredible a nature that I feel obliged to give the names of two of my companions on that occasion, Wesley Smead, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Captain Adams, of the Japan Expedition.

*The alchemists affirm that the Pyramids contain the tablets of Hermes; and it was the opinion of the Prince of Monaco that they were great public works, built in order to prevent pauperism and mendicancy. The Pyramids are not alluded to in the Bible, except, perhaps, in the verse, "with kings and counselors of the earth, which build desolate places for themselves."

pretation of the two dreams was declared to announce that "some great event would take place." The astrologers, on being directed to ascertain, by taking the altitude of the stars, whether the latter foretold any great catastrophe, announced an approaching deluge. The king then ordered the Pyramids to be built, and the predictions of the priests to be inscribed upon the large stones belonging to them. He placed within them his treasures, and all his valuable property, together with the bodies of his ancestors. He also ordered the priests to deposit within the Pyramids written accounts of their wisdom and acquirements in the different arts and sciences. The passages were filled with talismans, idols, and many wonderful things, with the writings of the priests containing all manner of wisdom, the names and properties of medical plants, and the sciences of arithmetic and geography, for the benefit of those who could afterward comprehend them. He also constructed thirty repositories within the Pyramids for sacred symbols, talismans of sapphires, and instruments of war made of iron which would not become rusty, and for vessels of glass that could be bent without being broken. The following passage in Arabic, says the Coptic tradition, was then inscribed upon the Pyramids:

"I, Sarid the king, have built these Pyramids, and have finished them in sixty-one years. Let him who comes after me, and imagines himself a king like me, attempt to destroy them in six hundred. To destroy is easier than to build. I have clothed them with silk, let him try to cover them with mats."

In the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, Osiris represented the fertile land of Egypt, Typhon the scourge of the desert. Between these two existed an interminable conflict, a conflict to which we find frequent allusion in the mythology of the Greeks. Thus Hercules, the patron deity of architects, and of the builders of walls and dikes, is said to have visited Egypt, and there overcome Antæus, the Egyptian Typhon, in single combat. But this eternal conflict between Osiris and Typhon, the victory of one implying the reign of civilization and happiness, the victory of the other death and the solitude of the desert, was confined to certain points. The Nile is flanked by two mountain chains, the Arabian on the right, the Libyan on the left. Westward from

the latter stretch away the deserts of Sahara and Sahel, the latter being an almost boundless sea of floating, undulating sand. Against the advance of the latter, the valley of the Nile is protected by the Libyan chain, an elevated ridge, serving as a natural barrier. Now in the wall thus interposed between the valley of the Nile and the desert there are several breaks caused by ravines of greater or less width, and it is at these points of interruption, at these solutions of continuity, that the conflict between the two giants spent its fury. At the termination of such gorges were situated the ancient cities of Ombros, Abydos, and Antinopolis, ages ago numbered among the spoils of Typhon. The most important interruption, however, occurred in the province of Ghizeh, where the broad basin terminating in the Fayoom communicates with the valley of the Nile by means of seven smaller valleys or gorges.

It was also at these points, at the *embouchures* of the Libyan gorges, that the ancient Egyptians planted the sacred groves of acanthus, and constructed the canals, dikes, and walls, alluded to by ancient authors, and intended to serve as barriers against the advance of the sands of Sahel.

But when these means had failed, when city after city, and province after province, had been overrun by the desert, and the very existence of Egypt was in peril, it was determined to erect barriers in the way of Typhon of such Cyclopean magnitude as to prevent another irruption of the sands of the desert. These Cyclopean structures were the Pyramids of Egypt, the results of science and the noblest memorials of Egyptian civilization, rather than the monuments of ambitious folly and superstition on the part of her kings. That such is the fact seems probable from the following considerations:

The different groups of Pyramids are, without exception, built at the *embouchures* of the various gorges breaking the continuity of the Libyan chain. The Pyramids, constituting the individual groups, are so disposed with respect to each other as to form, as nearly as possible, walls across the valleys at whose termination they were built. They are placed *en echelon*. The Pyramids themselves are *oriented*, not with their corners uniformly in the direction of the four

cardinal points of the compass, as we have always been taught, but with their sides fronting the ravines, at whose *embouchures* they were constructed.

The pyramidal shape combined the chief elements of durability. Presenting four inclined triangles, they exhibited in this particular the triangular form of the Yoni, a sacred figure, worshiped by the ancient Egyptians as well as Asiatics, as symbolical of deity. A religious idea was doubtless associated with the erection of the Pyramids for the purpose of acting upon the common mind of the Egyptians.

The sands of Sahel had advanced to the very waters of the Nile. Typhon had triumphed, and "the body of Osiris was broken into a thousand pieces." It was proposed by the college of priests to build magnificent and imperishable monuments to the fallen god of Egypt. Moved by this tender and pious idea, the myriads of Egypt toiled patiently for years in the erection of the Pyramids, while at the same time their labors were so directed by the priests and learned men, who alone understood the secret purpose of these mighty structures, as to secure a great national benefit.

The Pyramids appear to have answered in part the purpose for which they were doubtless built. I found the sand but a few feet deep at the base of Cheops, and saw peasants cultivating the valley of the Nile scarcely half a mile from the group of Ghizeh. The Bedouin and the Fellah point to the silent and mysterious Sphinx as a talisman to prevent the advance of the desert; but, in the estimation of science, the Pyramids themselves are the monuments whose talismanic influence has protected the domain of Osiris from the fury of Typhon.

This is the theory of M. de Persigny, and has been adopted by several French savans, among others by M. Huot, the illustrious successor of Malte Brun.

Having completed our examination of the Great Pyramid, we repaired to the base of the Pyramid of Cephrenes. The latter appears taller than the former, in consequence of its being built upon higher ground. It is smaller, however, covering but little more than eleven acres of ground, and was opened by Belzoni in 1816. The granite casing has been removed from the lower part. That of the upper part, consisting of calcareous stone, still remains, and renders the ascent to the apex ex-

ceedingly difficult. The Arabs, however, offered to make the attempt for a few piasters. The hieroglyphics found within prove this to be older than the Great Pyramid.

A little further south stands the third Pyramid, vastly inferior in size to the giants of Cheops and Cephrenes, but surpassing them in beauty and in the magnitude of the stones of which it is composed. Part of the red granite casing with which it was revetted has also been removed. This desecration of the Pyramids was the work of the Saracenic Caliphs in their search for hidden treasures, or in order to furnish building materials for the mosques and walls of Cairo. According to the Arabic accounts, Othman Ben Youssuf determined to demolish the third Pyramid, but found that the wealth of the whole kingdom would not afford him the means of accomplishing his design. One of the later caliphs wished to blow up the Great Pyramid by filling the well with powder, but gave up the idea on being told that the explosion would cause the destruction of Grand Cairo, though the latter is twelve miles from the Pyramids.

In the vicinity of the three large Pyramids are six smaller ones. From the latter I proceeded to the Sphinx, which stands in a hollow valley, not far from half a mile southeast of the Pyramid of Cheops. And there it has stood for centuries, since the eighteenth dynasty of the Egyptian kings, the silent spectator of monuments that belong to the primitive architecture of the human race, and themselves gray with centuries, have no rivals to dispute their age. Away from the Pyramids it would appear colossal, the crest of the head being one hundred and forty feet in circumference, and the body, now partly covered with sand, one hundred feet in length. Caviglia uncovered most of this mysterious monument in the year 1818. The two paws of the monster were found to be fifty feet in length, and inscribed with Greek verses, one in hexameter and the other in pentameter, treating the Sphinx with divine honors. Between the paws was a small temple. A Frenchman has lately removed the sand from the north side, and succeeded in forcing a passage into the body of the Sphinx, where he found a large chamber evidently once used for religious purposes. Pliny visited the Sphinx, and says:

"It is even more to be mentioned than the Pyramids. It is the deity of the neighboring people. They suppose that the king, Semais, was buried within it, and assert that it was brought there. It is, however, cut out of the living rock, and the red face of the monster is worshiped."

The Sphinx has been sadly mutilated, but the Nubian features, the mild expression of its countenance, and the grandeur of its repose, harmonizing with the sandy hills and plains around it, are noble and beautiful to look upon. Eöthen says:

"Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world. The once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty, some mold of beauty now forgotten; forgotten, because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the pouting lips of the very Sphinx."

PAPER AND PAPER-MAKING.

MOST of the substances used as materials or as substitutes for paper are of vegetable origin. The papyrus of the Egyptians was made from a kind of reed growing on the banks of the Nile; and the paper of the early Chinese was made from the bark and other parts of plants. It is true that plates of lead and brass, bricks, stones, waxed boards, plates of ivory and of metal, and fish-skins, were used by various nations in early times as writing-tables; but, from the time when the Chinese invented a mode of making paper from vegetable fibers beaten or cut into a sort of pulp, this kind of material has gradually superseded almost all others.

The ragged fragments of woven linen and cotton are the chief source whence the materials for paper are now obtained. As there is sometimes a scarcity of these fragments, attempts have frequently been made to employ other and more abundant substances. Straw can be made into a strong wrapping and packing-paper; and at the present time straw-paper is manufactured sufficiently fine for writing-paper, although not equal to that ordinarily made

of linen rags. During the last century numerous experiments were made on the relative fitness of different substances for paper. Jacob Christian Schäffer, a native of Ratisbon, produced six small volumes, the leaves of which consisted of no less than seventy different kinds of paper. The various specimens were made of inner bark, of leaves, of rind, of moss, of straw, of reeds, and of stalky fibers; some were gray, some brown, and others presented various shades between green and blue; the appearance was dull, shiny, granular, or fibrous, according to the texture of the substance employed. Another small volume was published in 1786, containing a portion of the works of the Marquis de Villette, printed on paper made from the inner bark of the linden or lime-tree; and at the end of the volume are inserted several leaves of paper made from other substances, comprising nettle-fiber, hop-fiber, moss, reeds, weeds, couch-grass, hazel-wood, prick-wood, marsh-mallow, inner bark of oak, inner bark of poplar, and osier. The whole of the specimens are coarse and badly-colored. Many attempts of a like nature have since been made; and there has lately been announced a mode of making paper from deal shavings.

A clear understanding of the mode of making a sheet of printing paper, such as that used in the present book, will be sufficient to render intelligible the operations of paper-making generally. The first process, of course, is to prepare the rags for their destined work. When the bags containing them are opened, the rags are very minutely sorted. Linen is separated from other substances, fine linen from coarse, much worn from that which is little worn, colored rags from white, hems and seams from the unsewn portions. The rag-merchants separate the rags into five or six kinds or qualities; but the paper-maker has to carry this classification much further.

When the rags are dusted and sorted, they are washed quite clean with hot water and soda, in large vessels suitable for the purpose; and they are then ready to be ground or pounded into a pulp. There is a hollow vessel, in which rotates a cylinder furnished on its surface with numerous sharp knives; the rags having been partially opened and disentangled by a stream of water, are lowered into this

vessel; they are caught between the knives and teeth set in the bottom of the vessel, and are so cut and torn as to be brought to a state of great fineness. Not only are the warp and weft threads of the woven fabric separated, but every single thread is cut into minute fragments, and the whole forms a mere pulp or creamy paste. Some of the machines now employed have so many teeth in the interior, and knives on the cylinder, and revolve with such great rapidity, that they make from ten to twenty thousand distinct cuts every minute, each cut effecting something toward the separation of the rags into pulp. The rags are bleached with chloride of lime, or some other chemical agent, before they pass from the washing engine to the beating engine, but occasionally at another stage in the operations.

The transformation of this pulp into thin and beautifully-even sheets of paper is one of the most surprising operations in the whole range of manufactures. Whether conducted by the hand method, or the machine method, the results obtained are almost inexplicable to persons who are merely looking on, so difficult does it appear to spread out the pulp in a layer sufficiently equable. The machine method is but an extension of the older and simpler method of making the paper by hand; and therefore it will be desirable to describe this simple operation.

First; three men work together—the dipper, the coucher, and the lifter; and their chief working tools are the mold and the deckle or deckel. The mold is a square frame, a little larger than the sheet of paper about to be made, and covered at the top with a tightly-stretched wire-cloth. The parallel marks in foolscap paper, and the “water marks” in all paper, are produced by the wires of this cloth; but, when the wires are woven into very fine gauze, the mold will produce wove paper, smooth and without marks. The deckle is a thin square wooden frame, as large on the outside as the mold, and on the inside as the sheet of paper: when laid upon the mold, the two together form a kind of shallow sieve. Such is the simple apparatus; and the mode of using it is as follows:

The pulp is collected in the stuff-chest, where it is mixed to the proper degree, white or slightly tinted according to the sort of paper intended to be produced.

From the stuff-chest it is drawn off into tubs or vats, where it is kept warm by fires conveniently placed, or by steam-pipes. One of the workmen, the dipper, having thoroughly-well mixed the pulp, takes the mold in both hands, with the deckle closely pressed down upon it: he dips one edge into the pulp, draws up a little of the latter, pours off all that he deems likely to be superfluous, and by a series of peculiar movements causes all the rest to flow equally over the whole surface of the wire-cloth. When some of the moisture has drained through the meshes of the wire-cloth, the mold is laid down; the deckle is removed, and is placed upon a second mold, and the dipper proceeds to make a second sheet in a similar way. Meanwhile a second workman, the coucher, commences his duties; he holds the mold in an inclined position, to allow more of the moisture to drain off; he spreads out a piece of felt, and dexterously turns over the thin film of pulp from the mold upon the felt; he then hands the mold over to the dipper, who again uses it as before. The coucher places another piece of felt on the sheet of pulp, then another sheet, then a third felt; and the men thus proceed till they have accumulated a pile of sheets called a post, comprising six or eight quires. The pile or post is placed in a screw-press, where a heavy pressure expels the remaining moisture, and smooths and consolidates the sheets. The lifter then sets to work: it is his duty to unscrew the pile, separate the sheets and felts one from another, collect the sheets from several piles into a larger pile, and subject this to the action of a second press, which still further dries, smooths, and consolidates the sheets.

The sheets of paper are thus made; but much has yet to be done for their completion. They are separated into small portions of six or eight each, and these parcels are hung upon horse-hair lines in drying-rooms, where they are left till they are quite dry. They are then dusted, sized, pressed, dried, examined, and once more pressed; all the imperfect sheets are removed; and the good sheets are arranged and pressed, re-arranged, and re-pressed, until every sheet has given smoothness to, and received smoothness from, its next neighbor. The sheets are then collected into quires of twenty-four each, and into reams of twenty quires.

This simple but ingenious mode of making paper is necessarily slow, although three men can make twenty "posts" in a day; and it is natural that, in a mechanical age, some method should be sought of effecting it by machinery. In 1799, Mr. Didot introduced a paper-making machine in France, invented by one of his workmen, Mr. Robert. He obtained patents in England in 1801 and 1803, which were assigned to Messrs. Fourdrinier, who, by the aid of Mr. Bryan Donkin, the engineer, surmounted many practical difficulties, and introduced effectually the making of continuous paper by machinery. From that time scarcely a year has elapsed without improvements relating to some parts or other of these machines; until at length the paper-making machine has become quite a triumph of ingenuity.

The pulp is, in the first place, collected in a vat or tub at one end of the machine, and is kept constantly stirred or agitated; a jet of steam, too, keeps it heated to a proper temperature. The pulp finds its way from the vat to a strainer, which frees it from lumps and knots; it then flows over a kind of leathern apron, and falls upon an extended surface of wire-cloth. This wire-cloth is in some machines nearly thirty feet in length, by four to eight feet in width, according to the kind of paper to be made; and it is so fine as to have meshes less than one-sixtieth of an inch across: the cloth has movable raised sides or deckle edges, and it has a rapid lateral motion imparted to it. When, then, the pulp flows upon the wire-cloth, it spreads itself out, and the superfluous liquid portion is shaken through the meshes into a vessel beneath. The wire-cloth travels slowly onward horizontally, with its delicate burden of pulp; and in its course passes over a vacuum box, whereby much of the water becomes sucked out of the thin layer of pulp. Onward the wire-cloth travels, passing next between two pairs of rollers, which slightly press the pulp. The film then transfers itself to an endless web of felt, which passes between two iron rollers. The film, now consolidated into a tolerably firm sheet, passes from felt to roller and from roller to felt, and then over and under several steam-heated cylinders, and at length winds itself upon a reel or drum in a perfectly dry state. All this is extremely interesting to witness; for the paper forms an

endless, or at least continuous film, of which one part is being wound dry and smooth upon a drum, while another part is mere pulp just received from the vat: we can see the paper growing, as it were, under our eyes. The whole course of travel occupies less than two minutes; and it is really in this short space of time that the creamy pulp becomes converted into an endless sheet of dry paper.

And endless sheet it might be, so far as the principle of the machine is concerned; but practically there is, of course, a limit to the length. When the reel, or drum, becomes filled with as great a length of paper as it can conveniently retain, the paper is severed, and another reel adjusted. The cutting of the long roll of paper into sheets is sometimes effected in the paper-machine itself, and sometimes by a distinct apparatus. One full-sized machine will produce, at the very least, a mile of paper in three hours, and therefore the cutting into sheets becomes an important matter.

Some papers have a bluish tinge: this is given to them by a slight admixture of smalt or of artificial ultramarine with the pulp. Some have a detective red or blue line running through every sheet, as in post-office envelopes and exchequer bills: this is effected by introducing a silken thread in the film of the pulp. Some kinds of paper are hot-pressed or glazed; the hot-pressing is produced by placing in a screw-press a pile of heated iron plates and of sheets of pasteboard, with the sheets of paper interspersed among them; while the glazing results from passing the sheets of paper, interleaved with bright plates of copper, between pressure rollers; and, when these processes are both combined and repeated several times, the paper may be brought up to a high degree of beauty and finish. The names given to paper, to indicate sizes, are very numerous, and not less fanciful than numerous: antiquarian, double elephant, atlas, columbia, elephant, imperial, super-royal, news, royal, medium, demy, post, copy, crown, foolscap, pott. Some of the paper now made possesses extraordinary strength relatively to its thickness. During five or six months, at the Great Exhibition in London, there was a sheet of bank-note paper held up vertically, with iron weights suspended from its lower edge to the amount of two hundred and thirty pounds.

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

It is customary, at the commencement of a new volume of a periodical, for the editor to make his best bow to his readers. In doing so on this occasion we ask for a continuance of public favor, and in return, whoever may be appointed editor will, we have no doubt, by his own exertions, and the assistance of a large corps of able contributors, succeed in making THE NATIONAL worthy of the patronage it may receive.

COMPROMISES.—If one man asserts that twice two are four, and another insists upon it that twice two are six, and they refer the disputed question to a third party, who is more anxious for a compromise than for truth, he will probably split the difference, and decide that twice two are five. Coleridge, if our memory serves us, is the author of this illustration, but we see the principle carried out continually. Between what is right and what is wrong, between truth and falsehood, there can be no compromise which is not essentially wrong and false. The most recent illustration is that of the Bishop of Exeter, who tells us with great complacency: "It happened to myself a few years ago to have a complaint brought to me against a clergyman for putting a credence table within the chancel. My judgment in that case was, '*Change the name of the table, but let the table itself remain.*' This, I really think, was substantially the fittest decision I could make. It gave a triumph to neither party; that was certainly well; it was disagreeable to both parties; that too, probably, was not ill." "No," says the Examiner, "it can never be ill in the judgment of our Philpotts to do what is disagreeable to two, or, indeed, to any number of parties. His is not the weakness of endeavoring to please everybody; to succeed rather in displeasing everybody would leave him nothing on earth to desire. We can imagine his uneasiness in deciding a question lest he should impart any contentment. We see his care to give both some bitters. What a fool to him was the wisest of men. Solomon did not shape his celebrated judgment so as to steer clear of a triumph to either party, and to contrive to decide what was disagreeable to both. Our Philpotts in the same place would certainly never have consented to make the mother happy. What he would have done with the child, so as to give a triumph to neither claimant, and to decide disagreeably to both, it is impossible to conjecture; but certain it is that he would have found some way of splitting the difference, so that each party should have had a handsome share of vexation. The judgment of Philpotts is, indeed, the very antithesis of the judgment of Solomon. The credence table stood in place of the child, but there were not two claimants for it, but one; the Puseyite holding to it, and the other, a strict Protestant, abhorring, and crying away with it. How subtle the judgment. Let the table remain, but change the name; awarding the substance

to Puseyism, the shadow to Protestantism. It surpasses Bishop Bloomfield's celebrated decision on the candle question. Let the candles be on the altar, but do not light them."

COLOR-BLINDNESS.—An article in a late number of the *North British Review* gives some very interesting statistics relative to defective vision. The cases of those who are unable to distinguish colors are far more numerous than is generally supposed. We quote from the *Review*:

"Till within these few years this affection of the eye was supposed to be confined to a small number of individuals; but it appears, from the calculations of various authors, that one person out of every fifteen is color-blind. According to the experiments made by Dr. Wilson upon one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons at Edinburgh, in 1852-3, one person in every eighteen had this imperfection.

1 in 55 confound red with green.

1 in 60 confound brown with green.

1 in 46 confound blue with green.

Hence one in every 17-9 persons is color-blind.

"It is a curious fact, and one now placed beyond a doubt, that color-blindness is hereditary and runs in families. In some cases *five* and in others *fifteen* individuals of the same family have been color-blind, and it is proved that the imperfection is more common in males than in females."

A gentleman, in whose light hazel eyes no defect whatever can be discovered; in fact they are very handsome eyes, gives this account of their deceptive character:

"My *bêtes noires*, in the way of colors, are green and red. They are absolutely indistinguishable. Red sealing-wax and bright spring grass have absolutely the same color. The red sepals of the *Fuchsia* exactly match the leaves. Whether all greens are red, or all reds green, I know not, but I suspect the latter, as a regiment of soldiers look as cool and refreshing to my eye as an acre of vines. I am at fault also with *brwns*, especially the lighter tints and the darker ones. I think I recognize more by shade than color. Between purple, violet, and blue, I see no difference, unless in shade. Pink is dirty slate-color. A lady dressed in light-blue appears extremely gay; habited in pink, she might pass as a Quakeress. I am not aware of any confusion about yellow, but I think I detect its slighter shades by artificial light better than normal eyes. I cannot trace any improvement or alteration in my powers of appreciating color; and, from my own observation, I should have much more hope of educating a dull ear to sounds than a dull eye to colors. I have at times taken great pains to impress color on my optic nerve, for the want of it often sadly bothers me, in my little natural history pursuits, but quite in vain. The case which offers most identity with my own is Lord ———'. On comparing notes, I think we might have changed eyes without any damage to either contracting party. I think he told me he had sent a report of his case to Dr. George Wilson.

"As a sort of counterbalance to my color-blindness, I have a very acute perception of shade; and my wife tells me that if she wanted a brown ribbon and a red ribbon, of equal shades, I should select them better than she could, provided I was guided as to color. I enjoy engravings more than colored pictures; but you must not suppose that in regard to color I am in the same position as a person without ear is in regard to noise. I have the most intense pleasure from the colors of nature, and from the displays of polarization."

An officer in the British army says:

"The artifices used by persons afflicted with color-blindness to conceal their defect put me in mind of myself when I was a cadet at Woolwich. I was several years a cadet at Woolwich, and had to draw fortifications in which *carmine* is used to represent masonry. I have often put a blue line where *lake* should have been used, and when spoken to about it, was obliged to get out of the scrape as well as I could; but no one ever discovered my defect. Red, green, and brown are decidedly my stumbling-block. I cannot see a poppy in a potato field. I could not see a huntsman with his red coat riding alongside of a green hedge, if it were not for his white breeches. My wife had

once a brilliant green dress on. I asked her why she wore a *snuff-colored dress*! *Blue and yellow* I never mistake, unless sometimes when I mistake a *very light-red for yellow*. *Blue* is the color I like best. I see colors best by candle-light, but not perfectly. I can distinguish shades with the minutest accuracy. A great number of colors in a carpet confuse me so much that I lose all confidence in my judgment of them. I have in every other respect a peculiarly good sight. I had three brothers; two of them were affected by colors exactly in the same way as myself, but my eldest brother distinguished colors correctly. My mother's sisters were affected with color blindness, and their father had the same defect, so that it appeared in the males in one generation, in the females the next, and again in the males."

There appears to be no satisfactory theory by which to account for this defect, and its cure is deemed impossible. It is not even to be remedied by the use of colored glasses. Hence the reviewer says:

"It is obvious from these various considerations, that all colored signals should be abandoned both at land and on sea; and that our lighthouses should not be distinguished from each other by red lights. The exclusion of the color-blind from the office of signalmen would not give sufficient security either on ship-board or in railways. A temporary insensibility to colors, or a defective appreciation of them, arising from local or accidental causes, might give rise to collisions of the most disastrous kind, while a change in the colors themselves from causes independent of the observer, might lead the sharpest-sighted watchman to make the most serious mistakes. Should it be otherwise determined, however, on grounds which we cannot now anticipate, that colored lights are, under all circumstances, the most distinct and distinguishable signals, the exclusion of the color-blind from sea and railway service should certainly be adopted."

HOW THE LION WOOES HIS BRIDE.—A writer in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, in a highly interesting article on the monarch of the forest, gives the following account of the manner in which the gallant gentleman woos and wins his lady-love:

"Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place toward the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but, as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eyes of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion, with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree; the lion stopped on his path, and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distant growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and, as he came nearer, the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched toward her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go toward him; but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded toward his rival. The two crouched, and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain,

she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of my lady; whereas, the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions."

AN AUSTRIAN DIPLOMATIST.—Of the eccentricities of the celebrated Austrian minister, Kaunitz, much has been written; but the following, which we take from Dr. Vehse's new work, "*Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria*," will be new to the majority of our readers:

"Whatever could remind him of dying was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words 'death' and 'small-pox.' He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder; but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the 'inoculation of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox.' His birth-day was, also, never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raitz, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: 'Baron Binder is no longer to be found.' The prince, after some moment's silence, replied, 'Est-il mort?' It étoit dependant assez vieux.' The news of the death of Frederic the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's, with the notifications of King Frederic William. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, showing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven, 'Alas! when will such a king again ennobel the diadem?' When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words: 'The emperor signs no more.' The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner, he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him: Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favorite dishes, four years after her death."

From the same work we cannot refrain copying a short extract, on the vanity of the minister, which, if read aright, is not without a moral:

"Kaunitz had such a transcendent opinion of his own superior merits, that he once said: 'Heaven takes a hundred years to form a great genius for the regeneration of an empire, after which he rests a hundred years again; this makes me tremble for the Austrian monarchy after my death!' When he wished to bestow the highest praise on anything, he would say, 'Even I could not have done it better!' Prince de Ligne, who once introduced a Russian to him, heard him say to the stranger, 'I advise you, sir, to buy my portrait: for the people in your country will be glad to see the likeness of one of the most celebrated men, of a man who is the best horseman; who, as the best minister, has ruled this monarchy for the last fifteen years; who knows everything, is aware of everything, and understands everything.' Schlosser writes in a letter from Vienna, in 1788, 'Prince Kaunitz is upward of seventy; but he every day takes a ride in his *manège*, in doing which he gives himself the most ridiculous airs; he actually demeans himself on horseback like a madman. When he wants to run to the right or to the left, he pulls the reins to and fro with the full length of his arm; and if he reins in, he leans back with all his body. After having executed these manoeuvres, he said to us with great complacency: 'That is the way a finished horseman does it; so perfectly and quietly that you would suppose the animal was governed by means of some hidden contrivance.' He liked to argue with the tailor about the best cut, and with the shoemaker about the most suitable shape for a shoe. Even with a brickmaker he would dispute

about the best form of bricks. In fact, he thought that he knew all and everything better than any one else."

Notwithstanding his vanity, dread of death, and self-idolatry, Kaunitz was the necessary man for Austria. He managed the French alliance, and succeeded in disengaging the neck of Europe from the noose of Jesuitism.

AMERICAN PHLEGM.—One of our exchanges quotes the following story from the American experience of "a Monsieur Alfred d'Alembert," who having *tour-ed* this country through, of course published his ideas about it to the world at large:

"Far away from the great cities, half hidden in the foliage, was the modest log-butt of a man, half trapper, half fisherman, and more than half savage. Of course his name was Smith. He was married, and he and his wife in this one little chamber led the happiest of existences; for on an occasion she would not object to go twenty miles to hear the Baptist minister preach.

"One evening at sundown they were both together in their little cabin, she knitting stockings for the next winter snows, he cleaning the barrel of his fowling-piece—all the parts of which were lying dismounted about him—both busy and neither uttered a syllable.

"By degrees a dull but regular sound breaks upon the silence of the wilderness. The steamer is ascending the river, making the best of its way against the stream. But neither Smith nor his wife pay any attention; he goes on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking.

"The air, however, darkens; a thick smoke rises upon every side; a formidable explosion is suddenly heard; one would have said it was the discharge of several cannon at once. The boiler had burst; the vessel was sunk; everything was destroyed.

"Smith and his wife did not look up; he went on cleaning his gun, she knitting her stocking, for explosions of steamers are so common.

"But this was one which was to interest them more nearly, for scarcely had the explosion ended, before the roof of the cabin split in two and something heavy descended through the aperture. This something was a man who dropped between the pair without, however, disturbing either—he still cleaning his gun, she still knitting her stocking.

"But the traveler, so rudely introduced, seemed rather astounded at his descent. After a few minutes, however, he resumed his comeliness, and began to look about him, fixing his attention, at last, upon the hole through which he had just arrived. 'Ah! my man,' said he at length, addressing Smith, 'what's the damage?'

"On this, Smith, who had not given up his work, put aside his rifle, and looking up to estimate his loss, answered, after some little reflection, 'Ten dollars.'

"'You be hanged!' exclaimed the traveler. 'Last week, in the explosion I happened to be in with another steamer, I fell through three flights in a new house, and they only charged me five dollars. No, no; I know what's the thing in such matters. Here's a couple of dollars; and if that won't do, go and sue me, and be hanged!'

We have also some sprightly sentences extracted under the head of "American Axioms by a French Flaneur:"

"One readily admits that the states might be a passable residence if the French alone had peopled them.

"If you are determined on going to America to make a fortune, be sure of returning to France to spend it.

"It is a long way from Havre to New-York.

"Make your will before starting; you are an excessively lucky man if you return.

"In this delightful country the climate manages to be insupportable; it is too hot in summer, but in winter it is too cold.

"Believe the women, distrust the men, fear the children.

"In the way of flesh the country grows one good thing—the Cincinnati ham. Our coarsest bread, eaten at home, is better than roast beef eaten there.

"Go ahead; broken arms, legs, and fortunes; but as everybody is not killed—all right! go ahead!

"Nothing is so little like a Frenchman as an American.

"Look on each railway as a pistol aimed at your head.

"Railways are so much the fashion, that every American would seem to have a locomotive in his body.

"God has given the most beautiful country (France) to the best of natives, (the French.)

"In two hundred years America will be on a par with some European states. That will be the moment to emigrate."

A TICKLISH EXPERIMENT.—A curious event occurred recently in the University of Leipsic. Dr. Reclam, professor of legal medicine, was lecturing on nicotine, and, to show the deadly effects of the poison, he administered a large dose of it to a big dog. The animal, which was lying on its back, was immediately seized with convulsions, and ejected a considerable portion of the poison with great violence; it struck the professor in the face, and some of it entered his mouth. The doctor was immediately seized with all the symptoms of poisoning, but antidotes were promptly applied, and he was soon placed out of danger; but he suffered greatly, and had to be conveyed home.

WEALTH.—We find the following in one of our exchanges:

"The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterward. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, 'it is the title deed to sloth.' The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the man who comes into possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled pocket-book, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice."

CALIFORNIA SCENES.—Our California papers are getting to be as full of humor as the sands of her rivers are of golden treasure. One facetious editor makes us shake our sides over a scene he witnessed in a dagnerrrean gallery, and which he describes in a very amusing style. The poor artist had hung out a very handsome and showy sign over his door, on which was painted in large letters, "Babies taken at all hours of the day in two seconds." This sign soon caught the eye of a middle-aged woman; but we will let the Californian tell his story in his own way:

"Bless the Lord for that!" exclaimed the woman, who, with three or four young ones in her arms, stood gazing upon the happy announcement. 'Bless the Lord! Relief has come at last! Babies taken at all hours. I'll go right in and let him take his pick out of mine. I'm tired of them.'

"She started in, but was met by the worthy artist himself, who was on his way to the street.

"Good morning, my dear madam; walk up. What can I do for you to-day?"

"Two of the children commenced crying.

"Are you the man that takes babies?"

"O yes, with the greatest ease."

"The old lady cast a lingering look at her young brood, as if she was bidding them adieu forever.

"I guess you ain't particular what kind of babies you take?"

"It matters not, madam; I have taken all kinds."

"The woman gave the artist a suspicious look, as much as to say, what kind of a man are you?"

"You have taken all kinds! Then I guess you'll have no objection to taking these bawling things here?"

"O! it would give me pleasure, madam, to take these crying babies. Had I not better take all of them at once?"

"The woman drew back in astonishment.

"All at once!" said she. "And do you pretend to say that you will take all these dirty, good-for-nothing, squalling brats at once?"

"Nothing would give me more delight," answered he, in his usual agreeable manner. "I have taken more than that at once, fifty times."

"Well, you can take them," said she, as she approached him; "but before you do so I would like to know what you are going to feed them on?"

"The artist saw his mistake, and attempted to back out.

"On second thought," he said, "I will not take your interesting little group. It would be cruel to deprive a mother of so many of her beautiful children."

"O! yes," she insisted, "you can take them."

"But, my dear madam," commenced the artist, turning away in alarm, "recollect that—"

"Never mind that. Take them along. There's plenty more at home."

"The artist was compelled to explain the mistake, and the woman left in disgust."

TRIALS OF TEMPER.—Conversation Sharp relates of a friend of his, who was always advising other persons to keep their temper, that one evening coming out of a gambling-house, where he had lost a large sum of money, he saw a boy tying up his shoe at a lamp-post. Wishing to have something to vent his rage on, he kicked the boy over, saying, "Confound you, you impudent varlet, you are always tying up that shoe!" He considers this as a great improvement on the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, and an instance of ingenuity in finding a *casus belli*.

A BAD SPELL.—A friend of Dr. Francis wrote to him, on one occasion, the following note:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please write what I shall do for them."

The doctor, believing his friend to be a little *hippish*, replied as follows:

"DEAR P.,—For the cold, take a bath, night and morning, instead of supper or breakfast. For the little horse, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him the first time we have fair weather."

MARVELS IN THE MICROSCOPIC WORLD.—

"Let us look," says an enthusiast in microscopy, "at some of the animalculæ to be found in a drop of water. Of these creatures which differ in size from the thirtieth to the thirty thousandth part of an inch, one of the most remarkable is the navicula. Upon examination, it appears to be cased in an armor of flint, but it contrives to walk about upon twenty or thirty legs. If we watch it narrowly for five or six hours, no inconsiderable period in the existence of an animalcule, we shall note a thin, transparent line spreading across it in some direction or other. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes more visible every minute, and rapidly increases in width. At length the creature begins wriggling its limbs violently, the body splits asunder, and two new naviculæ are made out of one old one. This curious creature has something like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacula, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted, another is seen sprouting from the

other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected. The navicula comes to maturity at the age of twelve hours; and, under ordinarily favorable circumstances, divides itself into two every twelve hours. It is, therefore, reproduced upon Mr. Malthus's principle; that is, according to a geometrical ratio; and, at the end of a month, such is the result of geometrical progression, that, were there no checks to their increase, a single navicula would have produced over eight hundred millions of living beings. But it would seem that even such a rate of increase is not sufficient for the demand, because some kinds of naviculæ split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time."

COCKNEYISM.—Thackeray gives us, in the following lines, a fair specimen of the modern Cockney dialect. Yankeeism, with all its peculiarities, is thrown entirely into the shade by the Londoners' aitches, and vees, and viches:

"Gallant gents and lovely ladies,
List a tale vich late befell,
Vich I heard it, bolen on duty
At the Pleace Office, Clerkenwell,
Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear to Sundies
Them there poety little things!)
In the street there lived a housemaid,
If you partiklarly ask me where—
Vy it was at four-and-twenty,
Guilford Street, by Brunswick Square.
Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.
Vich he was a British sailor
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvas trowsies
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke."

HAIL! COLUMBIA.—The following history of the now famous song, "Hail! Columbia," from the pen of the author, Judge Joseph Hopkinson, will be read with interest by those of our readers who are unacquainted with its history. The author says:

"This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session at Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with *republican France*, as she was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher—I think not so high—as it did at that time on that question. The theater was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me one afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following day. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of

that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theater was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night for the rest of the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the whole audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties; at least, neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly *American*, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively *patriotic* in its sentiments and spirit."

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

Hail! Columbia, happy land,
Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize;
While offering Peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fall.

Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Sound, O sound the trumpet of Fame,
And let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
Our councils in the time of peace.

Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Chorus.—Firm, united, &c.

Leigh Hunt tells a story illustrating how calmly we view the most serious passages in another's fate. One day at Pisa, when Shelley, Trelawney, and himself were driving with Byron, the latter had a sudden and severe attack of colic, a complaint to which the noble poet was very subject. He was assisted to a sofa, where he lay writhing in agony, and crying out more

vigorously than a grown-up man ought to have done. After one of his loudest "O! ah! O! I am dying! this is dreadful," and so on, Trelawney said to him, "Hush, my dear fellow; don't make such a fuss about dying!" The polar coolness of this injunction made even Byron laugh.

WOMAN'S WILL.—An old bachelor—for who else could be so ungallant, *even though it were true*?—thus writes:

"Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay their printer; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musqueteo with a brickbat: in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*."

CHOLERA IN THE HAIR.—An anecdote is told of an English barber who observed to his customer that there was "cholera in the hair." "Then, I hope, you are somewhat particular about the brushes you use." "O!" said the barber, "I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the hair of the *hatsphere*."

DUST TO DUST.—Dr. Kemp, an English chemist, in a recent work on his favorite science, remarks:

"So it is, that as we all sprang from putrefaction, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so, in like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of putrefaction to the dead world. The muscle of the strong man, the bloom of beauty, the brain of the philosopher, must once more rot, as, doubtless, they have often rotted before, and are destined, in the continual phasis and circulation of matter, to rot again. The hand that writes this sentence, nay, the very brain that conceives the thought that the hand is marking down, was once earth such as we all trample on, and soon will be earth again, and, perhaps, ere even the writer's name has ceased to be mentioned by those with whom he holds familiar intercourse, will be transformed into the cypress of the cemetery, or the daisies of the country church-yard. Nay, also the matter of that eye that reads this saying, and of the brain that receives that saying, and is, perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of inorganic matter; and the time cannot be very distant ere some have to mourn over those terrible words read over it, of 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes.' The very tear of affection was once water and a little rock-salt; and after a little time it will be water and rock-salt once more."

PREPARATION FOR TROUBLE.—Of the alleged power of the cedar, on its native mountains, to close its branches on the approach of snow, so as to receive the falling flakes on the sides of a slender pyramid, Dr. Hamilton, in his "Emblems from Eden," recently noticed in these pages, makes this touching use:

"It is in a way somewhat similar that the Lord prepares his people for trial. Sometimes they have a presentiment of approaching calamity, and are led to cry, 'Be not far from me, for trouble is near.' But often, and still more morefully the coming evil is hid, and all their preparation is unwonted heavenly-mindedness. Like the cedar lifting up its boughs, they lift up their hearts, and know not that it is their Lord putting them in an attitude to bear the storm. They feel a joy unspeakable to-day, and find the explanation in the grief of the morrow. But still the joy of the Lord has strengthened them, the self-devotion and ascending affections of these preparatory moments have put them in the posture on which the tempest comes down most lightly."

THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.—A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," said he knew that it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

SELF-DENIAL.—What is self-denial? Is it sackcloth on the loins? Is it a wooden block for a pillow? Is it pulse or lentil-pottage for the daily meal? Is it a crypt or kennel for one's lodging? Ah no! In all this flesh-pinchings there is often a subtle self-pleasing; but when the temper is up to rule the spirit, and over a "manly revenge" to let Christian magnanimity triumph—that is self-denial. To take pains with dull children, and with ignorant and insipid adults

—that is self-denial. To hide from the left hand what the right is doing; to ply the task when fellow-laborers drop away and lookers-on wax few; for the Lord's sake still to follow up the work when the world gives you no credit—that is self-denial. When you might tell your own exploits, to let another praise you, and not your own lips; and when a fancy touch would make a good story a great deal better, to let the "yes," continue simple yea—that is self-denial. Rather than romantic novelties to prefer duty with its sober common-place routine, and to stand at your post when the knees are feeble and the heart is faint—that is self-denial. From personal indulgence, from the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, to save wherewithal to succor the indigent and help forward Christ's kingdom on earth—that is self-denial.

Book Notices.

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Henry B. Bascom, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Edited by Rev. Thomas N. Ralston, A. M. Vol. II. (Stevenson & Owen, Nashville, Tenn.) This second volume of Dr. Bascom's works contains five lectures on the Relative Claims of Christianity and Infidelity; an Inaugural Address; two Baccalaureate Orations; a discourse on Temperance; a Glance at the Philosophy and History of Agriculture; a Brief Address on the Centenary of Methodism, and the "Claims of Africa;" an address in behalf of the American Colonization Society, delivered at various places in the years 1832 and 1833. From this latter, which we remember to have heard the author deliver to a crowded congregation, we make a few extracts, fair specimens of the author's style, and containing sentiments which we hardly expected to see made public by the agents of a Southern publishing house at the present time. Alluding to the desperate bravery of the negro, he says:

"If this remark shall have excited a smile of contempt in any, let the bloody plagues and sanguinary fields of St. Domingo tell our paper politicians what the negro can do, when roused to action and battle by the impulse of desperation! Let the troops of Napoleon, the world's imperial master, who were triumphantly vanquished by undisciplined negroes, say whether they can fight! If such a victory had been obtained over the forces of France by some nation of distinction, it would have been enrolled in the archives of the earth and the bureau of war as the humiliation of Bonaparte! But because, forsooth, it was done by slaves, we could hardly get any body to print it!"

On the *color* of the African the orator waxes eloquent:

"It was once said that 'no good thing can come out of Nazareth;' and it is now thought that the mere *color* of the African places him under the general ban of nations, and renders preposterous and absurd the idea, that this race could ever have occupied a position of dignity, or contributed to the general advancement of the world. If external aspect (and the assumption admits of triumphant vindication) is considered a mere accident of being, how can it render nugatory all contravening evidence? If so, then reason is a cheat, and Bacon and Newton were sophists! Why the African is black, I know not, nor do I pause to inquire, any more than why you are white. One is as great a mys-

tery to me as the other. It may be the effect of climate and condition; or, which is much more likely, it may be a merciful arrangement of Heaven and nature, to prepare them for residence and suffering in the hot intertropical regions assigned them as the bounds of their habitation. I do not profess to be an adept in the science of climatology, nor can I fathom the deep designs of Providence. I leave both to be comprehended and explained by others. But certainly, if the mere extrinsic circumstance, the adventitious adjunct of *color*, is to expel the African from the pale of humanity, of which we deem ourselves such fair specimens, the decision reflects but too injuriously upon the magnanimity of earth and the justice of Heaven! If more than a hundred millions of negroes are to be disfranchised of the rights of brotherhood in this way, what will you say of nearly five hundred millions of the copper colored, the olive, and the tawny, millions of whom resemble yourselves as little, and myriads less than the negro, and thousands of whom are as ugly and hateful to the eye of a polished European, as the impersonations of Scandinavian mythology? Will you reject these too? And suppose, on the other hand, that this overwhelming plurality of the great family of man, shall turn on the high pretenders, and expel them by way of reclamation? How is the question to be settled? The result of the whole is, that they possess all the essential distinguishing elements of our common nature—the physical and moral constitution of man."

Of what Africa has been in the past, we are told that

"She has poured forth her heroes on the field. Look at the mighty Shishlak, the great Sesostris, the victorious Hamibab, before whose martial step the majesty of Rome trembled upon the Alpine battlements! She has 'given Bishops to the Church.' Ecclesiastical history enumerates seven hundred of them, that met in council in Africa to deliberate upon the fortunes of the Church of God. She has given 'her martyrs to the fire,' where they shouted the hopes of glory amid the flames that burned them up! And if this is not enough, let those who affect to think that negro physiognomy shuts out the light of intellect, visit the capital of the British empire, and there 'contemplate the features of the colossal head of Memnon, and the statues of the divinities on which the ancient Africans impressed their own forms, and see, in close resemblance to the negro feature, the mold of those countenances which once beheld, as the creations of their own immortal genius, the noblest and most stupendous monuments of human skill, and taste, and grandeur! In the imperishable porphyry and granite, is the unfounded and pitiful slander publicly, and before all the world, refuted!" Look at the world-astonishing consecrations of the genius of Africa, which so splendidly illustrated the morning of her bright and bold career! Her glory commences in the depths of a remote antiquity, and

holds the unbroken tenor of its way over the ruins of fifty generations, until we are presented with its consummation in the most polished of the three grand divisions of the ancient world! Africa has furnished her 'generals, physicians, philosophers, linguists, poets, mathematicians, and merchants, all eminent in their attainments, energetic in enterprise, and honorable in character.' But I see the smile of disdain curling upon the lip of a pragmatic politician, and he points me to the intellect of modern Africa. This is a most unfortunate reference, and one that should crimson the national cheek with shame! What could be expected from the intellect of modern Africa, when it is known that despair, ages since, sat down upon the same throne with reason, and disputed for empire? Hushed has been the voice of hope and the dream of fame; and even memory, among her children, bought and sold, whipped and brutalized, lingered only to survey the desolation, and to let fall a tear over the mighty ruin, and tell them all was lost! Yet the celebrated Blumenbach, the father of German naturalists, has a large library, exclusively the production of negroes; and he affirms, proudly and fearlessly, that there is no branch of science or literature in which they have not excelled, have not distinguished themselves! And Gregoria, ex-bishop of Blois, in France, has a large glass case filled with the works of negro authors exclusively, to which he points with exulting pride, as a refutation of all that can be said against the mental claims of Africa. Read her history, and you will find it a *thinking story*! You will meet with the studious and the brave; the masters of arts and of arms, and the heroes of many a tale of danger and of glory. Even now, in her mysterious records and moldering greatness, Africa stands, like her own Egyptian Iris, dark and impenetrable, shrouded in the mystic drapery, which ages, long neglected, have let fall upon her gigantic wonders!"

The *foreign* slave-trade is denounced in terms of unmingled bitterness, and we suppose a man of Dr. Bascom's good sense could not fail to see that all his denunciation applied with even greater force to the *internal* traffic in the bodies and souls of men. Wherein can it be worse to deal in native Africans, than to buy and sell Americans, born on the soil consecrated to freedom?

"The children of Africa have been the most unhappy of all the family of man. More oppressed, and more abused; I do not, I will not meddle with the question of domestic slavery, as sanctioned by law in this country. I speak of the oppression of Africa as a country—as a member of the great family of nations. I speak of the slave-trade, in all the extent and malignity of its hateful and hated visitations. And among all the national obliquities that the recording angel, in the councils of eternity, has ever reluctantly traced upon the damning page of Heaven's black register, is there any to equal this oppression? What can you think of the infernal man-stealer, the hell-incited kidnapper that would take by force, and drive a human horde from motives of sheer cupidity? Is he not an outlaw, alike from the reach of humanity and the mercy of Heaven? Is there a virtuous intelligence in God's universe, or even a devil in hell, that would not blush to claim kindred with him? Pardon me, my friends, I cannot disguise my feelings, sincerely, I cannot think of the woe-worn world of Africa, that once flourishing, but now desolate continent, without exclaiming, a thousand times accursed be the oppressor, that has withered the verdure of her banks and fields, and spread sterility over her soils! As the voice of God, conscience and duty cannot affect him, as he cannot be arrested by national or municipal law—as the claims of heaven, the fear of hell, and the interests of eternity, are recklessly blotted from his ledger of blood and murder, and he remains uninfluenced, even by the last hope of the depraved—a sense of shame he deserves, and should receive at once the execration of his species! The indignant scorn, the unrelenting, undying hate of humanity, should drive him out with the mule, to feed upon the thistle, and when he dies, the burial of an ass should give immortality to his infamy!"

An abolitionist, determined to trample under foot the Fugitive Slave Law, could hardly use stronger language than this:

"If you see your brother need, and close your bowels of compassion against him, the love of God is not in you. You might as well look for heaven and hell in embrace,

as to meet a man wantonly oppressing his brother, or refusing to assist him, possessed of the religion of Jesus Christ! What confidence can I have in the benevolence of a man, having it in his power to assist me, when misfortune entitles me to aid, and refusing to do so? Still less when, by acts of aggression, he proceeds to oppress me; and none at all when he seeks to deprive me of personal liberty. No! my *soul* is my *self*, and my body is my *own*! This compound of bone and muscle belongs to me, and he who would deprive me of it for purposes of gain, would do anything else for the same purpose that law and custom would seem to sanction. He would rifle the tomb of his father! he would light the graveyard thief, torch in hand, to the tomb of her that bore him! he would plunder the tree of life, and damn the nations by the sale of its fruit, if he could make money by it, and secure the gratification of his passions!"

Finally, we are told:

"It remains for you, therefore, to exert yourselves in wiping away the most defacing stain—that of slavery—that is seen lingering in the azure heaven of your country's reputation. I appeal to you in the name, and invoke you by the sanctity of the day and the occasion, lay not the flattering unction to your soul, that all is well! The volcano is sleeping, we know, but the fire is burning in its depths! Your altars are fuming with the offerings of liberty; your annual harangues glow with the scorn of servitude; every crowd you see is inflated with the boasted disdain of a *master*; but in the midst of all, the hated perpetual chain clanks the chorus of the song; and the eye rests but a moment upon the temple of liberty, until the ear catches the echoes of the groans and hot dungeon beneath!"

M. Colton, of Boston, has sent us *The Hundred Dialogues, new and original, designed for reading and exhibition in Schools, Academies, and private Circles*. By W. B. Fowle. If children must speak dialogues, and we suppose there is no help for it, seeing that even the Sunday schools have endorsed the practice, it will be of great advantage to teachers to have so good and unexceptionable a variety from which to make selections. So far as we have examined those in this volume, they appear well calculated for the object intended. The pieces are entirely original, and indicate great versatility and good judgment on the part of the author.

The School Harp; a Collection of pleasing and instructive Songs; Music and Words original and selected, designed for the use of Schools and Singing-classes. By E. H. Bascom. A neat little book, apparently well adapted to promote the important branch of education—too generally neglected—the cultivation of the voice. It is accompanied by numerous testimonials from teachers and others who have had an opportunity to test its merits, who concur in the opinion that "It is just the thing." It is sold for twenty-five cents a copy. Published by Morris Colton, Boston.

A similar little volume, of equal merit, we omitted to mention at the time of its publication. It is entitled the *Linden Harp*, and was compiled by a lady who assumes, as her *nom de plume*, C. M. Thayer. It has already had a wide circulation.

Letters from Europe, written for the *Western Christian Advocate*, by E. Thomson, D.D., LL.D., have been published in a duodecimo of three hundred pages, by *Scovestedt & Roe*. They are edited, says the title page, by D. W. Clark, D.D.; and there is an introduction, which will not weary the reader by its length, from the pen of Bishop Morris. The doctor's style is pleasant and lively, and he gives us a sufficiency

of anecdote and gossip. Queen Victoria, we are told, "has exhibited, at times, indications of approaching insanity;" and "the Prince of Wales, they say, is weak in the upper story." In the author's opinion, to which he has a perfect right, seeing he is himself an Englishman, these are matters of little consequence, for "royalty in Europe must sooner or later die out;" and as to England, we are assured that "she must be republican ere long." The letters were not written with the design of making a book, but in this form will find many additional readers.

The Wesleyan Psalter: a Poetical Version of nearly the whole Book of Psalms. By the Rev. Charles Wesley. Versions of some of the Psalms, by the Rev. S. Wesley, Sen., the Rev. S. Wesley, Jun., and the Rev. J. Wesley; and Lists of Versions by various authors; with an Introductory Essay, by Henry Fish, A. M. Edited by Thomas O. Summers, D. D. (Nashville, Tenn.: Stevenson & Owen.) This neat little volume contains many poetic gems, which are now for the first time made public. They were copied from a manuscript of Charles Wesley's, which, it seems, was once in possession of the Countess of Huntington, and accidentally fell into the hands of Mr. Fish. Dr. Summers, assisted by David Cremer, Esq., of Baltimore, has carefully revised Mr. Fish's volume, and added all the versifications of the Psalms of David which are known to have been written by the Wesleys. It is something more than a "recension," as the American editor calls it, unless, indeed, he uses that word in a sense as yet unauthorized. It is, in fact, a complete Wesleyan Psalter; and although the poetry is of very unequal merit, and some of it was hardly worth printing, there are portions which are equal to anything of the kind in the language. We make a few extracts, which will be new to most of our readers. For the peculiarity of the meter, as well as fidelity to the sentiment of Psalm xiv, 7, take the following:

"O that all the mournful nation
Might, with me, taste and see
Jesus's salvation!

"O that all who would rely on
Jesus' love, now might prove
Safety is in Sion!

"Jesus from our sins shall save us,
He shall soon claim his own,
He who bought will have us.

"When he frees our souls from prison,
Love and joy shall employ
All the Gospel season.

"As a wide-extended river,
Israel's peace shall increase,
Flow, and flow forever."

Several stanzas, in the versification of Psalm xviii, are in the author's happiest vein—faultless in rhythm and evangelical in sentiment:

"The Lord from heaven in thunder spoke;
The Lord most terrible, most high,
Sent forth his mighty voice, and shook
The battlements of earth and sky:
His wrath in storms of hail he show'd,
As burning coals his judgments glow'd.

"He sent his warrant from above,
And claim'd, and seized my soul for his:
He drew me by the cords of love,
Implunged in sin's profound abyss:
Redeem'd me from the tempter's power,
Nor let my stronger foes devour.

"Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the heathen world thy praise:
In songs of sacred joy proclaim
Thy riches of redeeming grace,
Till all the heathen world confess
And hymn the Lord our Righteousness."

David's ejaculation and prayer, "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults," is thus versified:

"O, if our thoughts in heaven are heard—
Ere form'd, if our desires are known—
If ill committed, good deferr'd,
Are obvious to the Holy One—
How oft we err, how oft offend,
Can we, e'en faintly, comprehend?

"What'er we think, or do, or say,
To build on proves a sandy ground;
And must be, in the trying day,
(Weigh'd in the balance,) wanting found.
By thy soul-purifying blood,
Cleanse me from unknown faults—my God!"

The sentiment that our thoughts are heard in heaven, is highly poetical and profoundly true. Three verses of Psalm xx, 7-9, are given in a favorite Moravian meter, which we were not aware that Charles Wesley had ever attempted:

"Some put their trust in chariots,
And horses some rely on;
But God alone
Our help we own:
God is the strength of Sion.

"His Name we will remember
In every sore temptation,
And feel its powers;
For Christ is ours,
With all his great salvation.

"We are his ransom'd people,
And he that bought will have us!
Secure from harm
While Jesus' arm
Is still stretch'd out to save us.

"He out of all our troubles
Shall mightily deliver,
And then receive
Us up to live
And reign with him forever.

The very spirit of the Psalmist's question and answer (Psa. cxvi, 12, 13) is felt in the following:

"O what shall I say?
What recompense pay
To the giver of all I possess?
I will gladly receive,
While he offers to give,
His unsearchable riches of grace.

"I will call on his name,
And with singing proclaim
The perfection of Jesus's love:
I will drink the full cup,
Till he beckons me up,
To enjoy his salvation above."

From the versification of Psalm cxix, the editor omits two stanzas, "as inappropriate to American Christians." The book not having been prepared for the use of congregations in public singing, it would have been, perhaps, as modest to have given us the verses, and left them to the judgment of "American Christians," unless, indeed, they were of an incendiary character. The prayer for the peace of Jerusalem is neat and epigrammatic:

"With all my heart, O Lord, I pray
For our Jerusalem:
The promise—with thy Church to stay—
In her behalf I claim.

"Fullness of gifts and graces shower,
And bless her from above
With perfect peace, and glorious power,
And everlasting love."

Psalm cxxxix has been frequently versified. We know not that it has ever appeared in a more faithful and poetic garb than in the following stanzas, with which we must bring our extracts to a close :

"Whither shall a creature run,
From Jehovah's Spirit fly?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screen'd from his all-seeing eye?
Holy Ghost, before thy face
Where shall I myself conceal?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

"If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown
Filling all the realms of light,
There thou sittest on thy throne!
If to hell I could retire,
Gloomy pit of endless pains,
There is the consuming fire,
There almighty vengeance reigns.

"If the morning's wings I gain,
Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from thee remain,
In a world of waters drown'd?
Leaving lands and seas behind,
Could I the Omniscent leave?
There thy quicker hand would find,
There arrest, the fugitive.

"Cover'd by the darkest shade,
Should I hope to lurk unknown—
By a sudden light bewray'd,
By an uncreated sun,
Naked at the noon of night
Should I not to thee appear?
Forced t' acknowledge in thy sight,
God is light, and God is here!"

Courtship and Marriage is the title of a series of highly-wrought tales, of which love is the staple, and improbable catastrophes and impossible characters are the warp and woof. It is from the pen of the late *Mrs. Catharine Lee Hentz*, whose portrait, full length, and pen in hand, faces the title page. The volume is well printed, and bound, our copy at least, in very red muslin. (*Peterson, Philadelphia.*)

The Roman Exile is a narrative of the early life of *Guglielmo Gajani*, just issued from the press of *Jewett & Co.* It is well written, and illustrates the present state of papal Italy, and the struggles of Italian patriots in favor of their native land. The author is now a citizen of the United States. His little volume, dedicated to Professor Silliman, of Yale College, deserves a wide circulation.

Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., and George Dickie, A.M., M.D. (*Carter and Brothers.*) The identity of the style and manifestations of the great Supreme, in nature and on the pages of his revealed will, is admirably illustrated in the well-known Analogy of Bishop Butler. The volume before us, a goodly octavo of five hundred and forty pages, is made up of a series of essays, in which this central idea is elaborated and expanded with skill and far-seeing ingenuity. Analogies which have hitherto escaped general notice are happily brought to light, and the work may be regarded as a text-book in a department of study destined to rank between natural religion and dogmatic theology. The style is flowing and easy, and the publishers are entitled to great praise for the handsome style in which these essays are made public.

Literary Record.

A VERY interesting work, by the late *Francis Baily*, entitled "A Tour in the Unsettled Parts of North America, in 1796 and 1797," has just been published in London. Mr. Baily was President of the Royal Astronomical Society; in early life he traveled in North America, with the view of establishing an agency for a commercial house, with which he was at that time connected. His enterprising spirit and love of adventure led him to wander amid scenes then remote from civilized life, though now the busy scenes of industry and trade. It is exactly sixty years since Mr. Baily made his tour in the United States, a part of his journal of which is now first published, and presents striking pictures of the state of society and the condition of the country, which contrast strangely with present times.

Colonel Benton is engaged in preparing a condensation of the debates of Congress from the beginning of the government to the present day. The full reports occupy about one hundred volumes, and the distinguished ex-Senator expects to reduce them to some twelve or fifteen octavo volumes, of about seven hundred and fifty pages

each. The abridgment will consist in omitting discussions on private bills, where no great political principle is involved; in leaving out repetitions in speeches, and in reducing their verbosity.

Last year a discovery, at Weimar, of a wholesale manufactory of forged autographs, mostly of Schiller, created a considerable sensation among the autograph collectors of Germany. The case, we hear from Weimar, has now been brought to a close, and the forgers have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labor. With what skill and industry these worthies (two young *employés*, we believe—one of them holding a situation in the Grand-Ducal Library) went to work, may be seen from the fact that even Frau von Gleichen, the surviving daughter of Schiller, was taken in by their tricks. She bought of them what she thought to be her father's letters and manuscripts, for an amount of fourteen hundred thalers: the Royal Library at Berlin bought papers for three hundred thalers. The honor of having first found out the spuriousness of these fabrications is due to Herr Carl Künzel, of Heilbronn, the present

possessor of the complete manuscript of Schiller's Correspondence with Körner, and whose interesting album of autographs we had occasion to mention some time ago.

M. Vattenmære, of Paris, reports that an appropriation has been made by government for the American Library in that city; that it now comprises over five thousand volumes; and requests American publishers to favor it with their new publications as issued.

The Hon. George P. Marsh, of Vermont, lately United States Minister at Constantinople, has in press, at Boston, a work on the Camel, which promises to be of great utility in view of the approaching introduction of that animal into this country.

The lost history of "Plymouth Colony," by Bradford, recently discovered in England, primarily through the researches of the Rev. Mr. Barry, and prepared for the press by Charles Deane, has been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

A very interesting discovery has lately been made at Mayence, which throws additional light upon the early introduction of the art of printing with metal types in that city. In digging in the interior area of a house, situate "Zum Gutenberg's Platz, (so named from its being well ascertained that John Gutenberg's earliest printing-office was situate there,) the laborers employed in the excavation turned a post, evidently a portion of a printing-press, on which were marked, in Gothic characters, the letters, J, G., and the numerals MCDXLI, signifying 1441, in a rather unusual mode of using the Latin letters, the C standing before the D being to be deducted like the following X before the L.

Under the title of "Ma Bibliothèque Française," a little volume has been prepared, at the instance of Mr. Stevens, the literary agent in England of the Smithsonian Institute, by M. Hector Bossange, for the use of American librarians and collectors. It is prepared on a good plan, and executed with the care which distinguished Mr. Stevens's little work, "My English Library." M. Bossange, however, adds some slight biographical as well as bibliographical notes to his lists; so that the man is made known to the purchaser of his books.

The Persian poet, *Nûraddîn Abdurrahman*, generally known by his poetical name, *Jâmi*, from the town of Jâmi, in Khorasan, which gave him birth, is said by writers on Oriental literature, to have been a most voluminous author. With the exception of his "Yusuf and Zulaika," few of his works are known even by name in Western Europe. Portions of an allegorical poem, *Salâmân and Absâl*, said to have enjoyed great reputation for nearly four centuries in the East, have been translated, the rhyming couplets of the original being rendered in blank verse, and are shortly to be published.

Heine, the poet, has left all his manuscripts to his nephew, Herr Emble, a resident of Hamburg, with the intention of having them revised, and, when put in order, incorporated in the entire edition of his works which is now preparing for the press. Herr Campe, the Hamburg publisher, whose name has come promi-

nently before the public, in connection with the alleged libels in Dr. Vohse's history of the German courts, of which a translation has been published, has made arrangements with Dr. Christiani, of Hanover, a relation of Heine, to edit the work, and to undertake the necessary abbreviations and omissions. Heine in his will forbids the removal of his body from France to Germany.

The library of the late Professor Hermann, of Göttingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Prague. It consists of eleven thousand volumes, of which four thousand are pamphlets.

Some rare impressions of early quarto and folio editions of Shakspeare were sold last month in London. A copy of the first folio, 1623, bound by Kalthoeber, brought £66; of the second folio, 1632, £13; and of the third folio, 1664, £14 5s. Among the early quarto editions of single plays, a fine copy of "The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet, as it hath beene sundrie times publicly acted," sold for £23; "History of Henrie the Fourth with the battell at Shrewsburie, &c., with the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe," second edition, 1599, £21 10s.; "The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth," &c., first edition, 1600, £18; and "The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew toward the said Merchant," &c., second edition, 1600, £17.

The University of Göttingen has just suffered a severe loss of the natural historian, Professor Meier, whose death took place at the ripe age of seventy-six, being born in 1782. His first work of note was a "Flora Hanoveriana," since which his contributions to various periodicals, on the subject of natural history, his favorite science, have been frequent and instructive.

Bayard Taylor is engaged in preparing a *Cyclopedia of Modern Travel*. It will comprise the voyages, explorations, and adventures of more than fifty celebrated travelers of the half century between Humboldt's journeys to the equinoctial regions and Dr. Barth's return from Timbuctoo. The mass of information contained in many of their works, though of great value and interest in every point of view, has never yet been made accessible to readers of the English language. The work will contain about eight hundred octavo pages, and will be sold by subscription only.

The Life and Explorations of John C. Fremont.—Colonel Fremont, one of the most adventurous spirits that has appeared in our time, some months ago placed in the hands of an eminent writer the papers containing his own remarkable personal narrative. His romantic history is to be illustrated from scenes taken in daguerreotype by himself while on his great expeditions.

At Venice has just been published the first portion of "The Secret and Anecdotal History of Italy," as told by the ambassadors of Venice. The editors of the work—which has been enriched by the contribution of several documents from one of the best-arranged and most interesting collections of "State Papers" in Europe, the *Archivi* at Venice—are Signors Barozzi and

Berchet. It is intended to publish in this work, in chronological order, a selection of the most interesting dispatches of the Venetian ministers to the various Italian courts.

The Public Libraries of New-York.—In an article on this subject, Mr. R. G. Horton gives the following interesting statistical information, which will be read with pleasure by our readers :

"If we are asked to point to our free libraries, we can, with pride, refer to that munificent monument of private liberality, the Astor Library, or, if more is asked, we may, with equal satisfaction, call attention to the 11,748 public school libraries of our State, containing, in the aggregate, according to the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, no less than 1,565,370 volumes. Nothing like this has yet been attempted in any country, if we except the effort made to establish libraries for teachers in France. There can be no doubt that in small collections and general diffusion of books, the United States is ahead of any country in the world. If we compare the different cities of Europe, as regards the number of books they contain, with New-York, "the Empire City" is shorn of its laurels. In 1848 Paris contained 1,474,000 volumes in her public libraries, while the aggregate number in our own city, at present, as we have ascertained it, falls short of 350,000. This is higher than it has ever before been estimated, *Norton's Literary Register*, for 1854, putting the number at 295,000. The same author gave the number of volumes in the libraries of Boston, as 150,000; Philadelphia, 238,000; Providence, 69,300; and Albany, 87,000. New-York has only fairly commenced her career of intellectual greatness. Most of the more prominent libraries have for years been laboring under severe financial embarrassments, and these difficulties have been augmented, in some cases, recently, by the building of new edifices, indispensable for their proper accommodation. Through the generous liberality of our citizens the darkest days of many of these institutions have been passed, and there is now before them a brilliant career of usefulness and prosperity. The charge is too often made, that we have neglected learning, and that the prodigious development of the physical capacities of our country has excluded advancement in the more polite and genial accomplishments of literature. This assertion is easily disproved by facts; for, considering the difficulties we have been forced to encounter, it is doubtful whether any people ever made an equal advancement in the same space of time with ourselves, either in

bibliography, science, or art. In the list of libraries we have noticed, there are some which do not come under the designation of public, but we have chosen to include them, in order to give a general glance at the attention which has been paid to the collection of books in our city. Besides those we have enumerated, there are several parish, church, and circulating libraries, in addition to which many of the ward schools have considerable collections of books for the use of the scholars."

At the last meeting of the *New-York Historical Society*, Mr. F. Depyster stated that he had received important papers from Charles A. Clinton, Esq., son of De Witt Clinton. Among these was a letter from Washington, written immediately after his discovery of the treason of Arnold, to General James Clinton, who was then with the northern army. The letter, being written on both sides, was placed in a frame, between two squares of glass. The paper is well preserved and the writing legible. As this letter has never been published, we give it in full :

"HEAD-QUARTERS, September 26, 1780.

"Dear Sir: I arrived yesterday on my return from an interview with the French General and Admiral, and have been witness to a scene of treason astonishing as it was unexpected. General Arnold, from circumstances, had entered into a plot for sacrificing West Point. He had an interview with Major Andre, the British Adjutant-General, last week at Jos. Smith's, where the plan was concerted. By an extraordinary coincidence of incidents, Andre was taken on his return with several papers in Arnold's handwriting that proved his treason. The latter unluckily got notice of it before I did, went immediately down the river, got on board the *Vulture*, which brought up Andre, and proceeded to New-York.

"I found the post in the most critical condition, and have been taking measures to give it security, which I hope will be to-night effected. With the greatest respect and regard, I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant, G. WASHINGTON.

"P. S. Smith is also in our possession, and has confessed facts sufficient to establish his guilt."

The various other papers received from C. A. Clinton were important Revolutionary documents.

Arts and Sciences.

A PICTURE, by *Gonne*, of the King of Saxony, is exciting considerable attention in Dresden. The artist has introduced into his picture a small statue of Dante, after a model by the sculptor Hanel, thus happily associating the name of the poet with that of the King of Saxony, who is one of the best translators of and commentators of Dante of the present day.

The officers of the Swedish Life Guards, with the Crown Prince at their head, are about to erect a monument to Sweden's greatest monarch, *Charles XII.* It is to consist of a cast-iron column, standing on a granite pedestal, and is to be erected on the spot where the warrior king fell bravely defending the fortress of Friederichstein, on the coast of Norway. At present a small wooden cross, bearing the name of the king and the day of his death, is all that marks the spot where he fell. The cost (\$3,200) is to be defrayed by a general sub-

scription in the army, regulated by rank, and any deficiency will be supplied by the present king.

A new museum is projected in London. It is to be called *The Scriptural Museum*, and its purpose is to afford a series of illustrations of Bible history, geography, and manners. The society, of which the Earl of Chichester is president, and the Rev. D. Edwards secretary, propose to embrace the following subjects in their collection: Landscape Scenery of Palestine; Models of Jerusalem; Productions—Vegetable, Animal, and Mineral; Illustrations of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity of the Hebrews; Military Discipline; Sacred Antiquities of the Israelites, Assyrians, and Egyptians; Tabernacle; Temple, *Proseuche*, and Synagogues; Dress of Priests; High Priests and Levites; Temple Vessels; Musical Instruments; Domestic Antiquities; Tents, Houses, and Furni-

ture; Dress; Coverings for the Head, Phylacteries, Raiment of Camel Hair; Signets, Rings, Sandals; Literature, Science, and Art; Writing Materials and Implements; Sinaitic and other Inscriptions; Manuscripts; Poetry; Painting and Music; Agricultural Implements; Arms and Chariots of War; Weights, Measures, Coins, and other articles relating to commerce; Treatment of the Dead and Funeral Rites. It is proposed to establish a library in connection with the museum; and also to organize courses of lectures on the topics illustrated by the articles in the society's collection.

A fine group has just been cast in bronze at the foundry of Count Einsidel, in Lauchhammer, Saxony. It consists of a *crucifixion*, the figure of Christ being life size, with the Virgin Mary kneeling weeping at the foot of the cross. This work of art is by Professor Rietschel, and though very beautiful in its execution, yet does not equal in beauty of expression most of the other sculptures of the renowned Saxon artist.

A fine inscribed Babylonian clay cylinder was obtained some fifty years back by Sir John Malcolm, at Baghdad, and was presented by that officer, on his return to England, to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, where it has ever since reposed, attracting but little observation. It has, however, been lately sent to London, by Dr. Whewell, for Sir Henry Rawlinson's examination, and it turns out to be a unique relic of its class. It is, in fact, a record by Neriglissar, King of Babylon, (properly *Nergal-shar-azur*), of the various works executed by him at Babylon and in the vicinity. Neriglissar is known to us from Greek history as the son-in-law of Nebuchadnezzar, having married the sister of Evil-Merodach; but there is nothing in the inscription on the cylinder to confirm this relationship. The king merely calls himself "son of Bel-adin-igur, King of Babylon;" the last-named individual having been, perhaps, regent of the kingdom during the minority of Evil-Merodach. With the exception of a few unimportant brick legends obtained by M. Fresnel's Commission at Babylon, no cuneiform records of Neriglissar were previously known, and the present inscription, therefore, of above one hundred long lines, is of great interest and importance.

Mr. Darwin, the eminent English naturalist, is continuing his experiments on the vitality of seeds, with a view to arrive at data as to the distribution of plants. Among the points involved in this interesting inquiry are, the length of time in which a seed will live in the intestines of a bird or other animal, and the circumstances under which it may be dropped in a distant place and germinate; also, how long will seeds retain their vitality when floating in the currents of the sea? The last question is now under investigation with seeds collected on the coast of Norway and at the Azores, whither they had been drifted by the Gulf-Stream.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, in London, a specimen of the *Towel-gourd* was presented which had been imported from the West Indies for the purpose of paper-making. The fiber of this remarkable plant is described

as a beautiful net-work; and it has been used, when bleached, for basket-work, reticules, picture-frames, and other ornamental articles. Specimens of products from Natal were also exhibited, a species of berry, (*atember*), the outer covering of which contains a powerful tannin, and is used in the manufacture of ink, while the kernel yields oil, a plant which among the natives is held to be a specific against the effects of sun-stroke, and another called the toothache-plant, (*tambesi*), said to be known on the frontiers of Cape Colony.

M. Duroy, of Paris, has invented what he calls the *Anasthesimeter*, an instrument to be used in the application of chloroform. It is ingeniously contrived, and promises to be eminently useful for its special purpose. To give a notion of the construction within reasonable limits is scarcely possible. It may, however, be described as a circular stand of wood, bearing a close cylindrical vase, into which descends a tapering stem from a bottle-like reservoir fixed above it. This reservoir is graduated with a scale, each division corresponding to one gramme of chloroform; so that the quantity of chloroform poured in can be accurately measured. Then, by turning a tap, according to the indications of another scale, the chloroform descends through the tapering stem at the rate of four, ten, twenty-five, or more drops a minute, into the vase beneath, from whence it is breathed, mingled with air, by a flexible tube leading to the patient's mouth. Thus, the quantity to be inspired can be determined beforehand, according to the nature of the case; can be increased or decreased at pleasure; and so danger is avoided, and the most weighty objections to the use of chloroform are overcome.

Navigating the Air.—Signor Angius, of Turin, has published a book, *L'Automa Aërio*, in which he believes he has solved the problem of controlling the movement of balloons. Heated air to be the motive-power; the car of metal, aluminum to be chosen because of its strength and lightness. He looks forward confidently to the time when voyages by air will be as common as by sea.

In digging in a *Vigna*, on the old Appian Way, not far from Rome, the laborers broke through into a passage excavated in the volcanic tuff of that neighborhood, which, on examination, turned out to be an unexplored branch of the great catacomb of St. Stefano; it is expected that it will produce, when a scientific search has been made in it, many very interesting relics of the earliest Christians, in monograms and inscriptions, and possibly frescoes.

Messrs Scarnmount and Bequerel have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl are hard enough to cut glass. Some curious effects, also, have been noticed in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture.